MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

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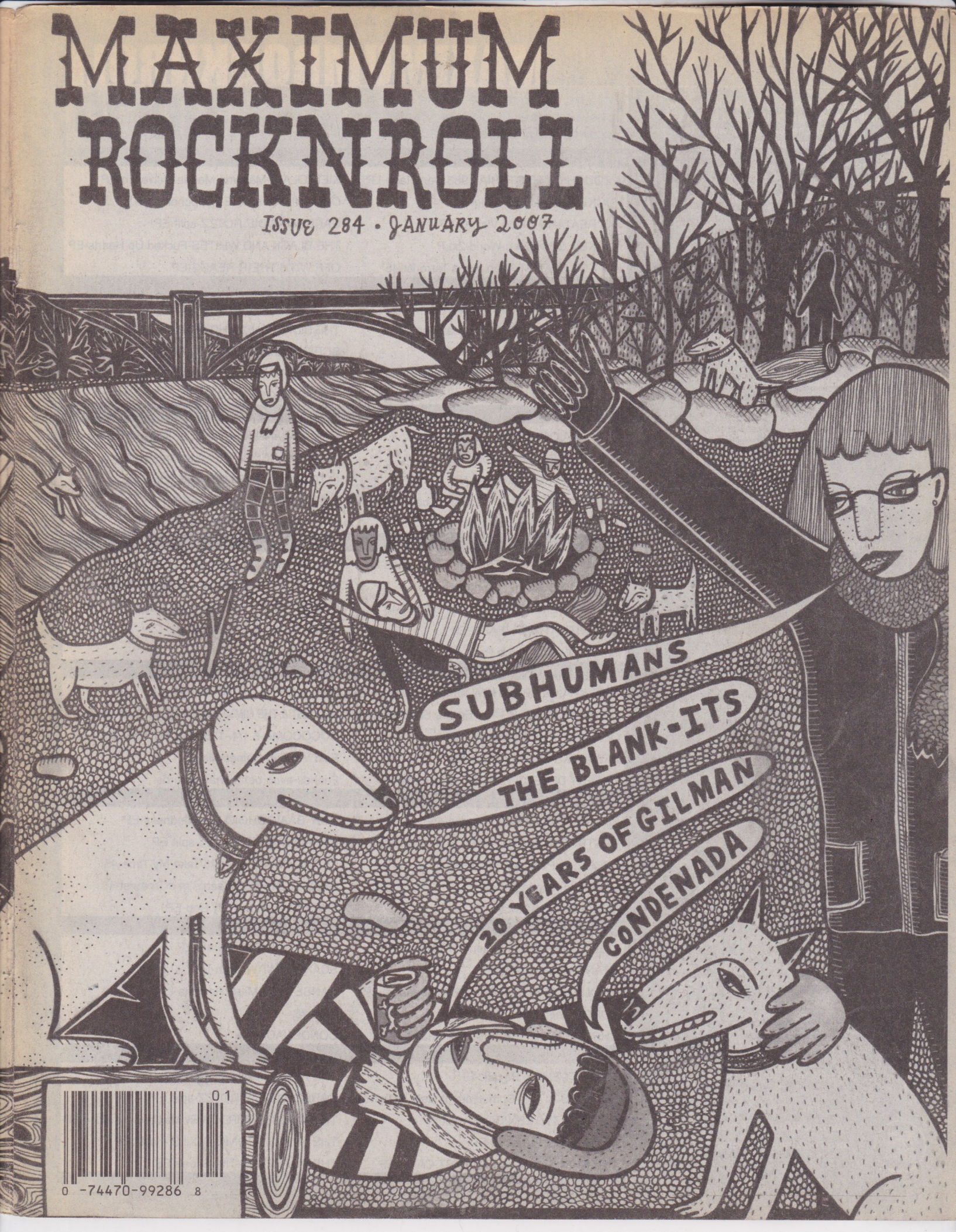

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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- Everywhere else: $10 each (air). 12 issue sub for $110 (airmail only). 6 issue sub for $57 (airmail only).

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
#148, 150-151, 153-154, 156 pts. 1 & 2, 160-163, 166, 172, 174-175, 179-181, 184-210, 214-216, 218-227, 229-283
See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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1/6 page: (2.5" x 5") $30
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1/2 page: (7.5" x 5") $150
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TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TIM BROOKS

A TOUCH OF HYSTERIA-1983 Demotape-LP	KIELTOLAKI-Mäailma Menee Helvettiin-EP
FUCKED UP-Humos Peligrosos-45	CHRONIC SEIZURE-Hypochondriac-EP
JAY REATARD-Blood Visions-LP	CARBONAS/DIE ROTZZ-split EP
FUCKED UP-Hidden World-2xLP	THE BLACK AND WHITES-Fucked Up Hearts-EP
DEFECT DEFECT-Yeah, I'm a Terrorist-45	OFF WITH THEIR HEADS-EP

MITCH CARDWELL

JAY REATARD-Blood Visions-LP	HIPSHAKES-Not Oblivians-EP
CPC GANGBANGS-Mechanical Man..-45	THE BLACK AND WHITES-Fucked Up Hearts-EP
THE LAMPS-Fred Astaire-EP	SCRIPTS/DIE ROTZZ-split EP
LIVE FAST DIE-Pissing on the Mainframe-EP	CARBONAS/DIE ROTZZ-split EP
DESTRUCTION UNIT-Death to the Old Flesh-CD	BUDGET ROCK 2006-live

ROB COONS

ÜÜÏŸ BÅAÎOØHØIØ-War Madness-EP	FIND HIM AND KILL HIM-Cut Them to Pieces-LP
FUCKED UP-Hidden World-2xLP	CHRONIC SEIZURE-Hypochondriac-EP
EXTORTION-Degenerate-LP	OUTLAW ORDER-Legalize Crime-CD
BOOM BOOM KID-...Smiles from Chapanoland-LP	THE FREEZE-Guilty Face-EP
JAY REATARD-Blood Visions-LP	EXPLODING HEARTS-Shattered-CD

PAUL CURRAN

A TOUCH OF HYSTERIA-1983 Demotape-LP	KIELTOLAKI-Mäailma Menee Helvettiin-EP
EXPLODING HEARTS-Shattered-CD	PRETTY BOY THORSON & FALLING ANGELS-CD
DEFECT DEFECT-Yeah, I'm a Terrorist-45	QUEER WÜLF-Preaching to the Choir-LP
OFF WITH THEIR HEADS-EP	RIBZY-'81-'85 Recordings-CD
APPENDIX-Top of the Pops-LP	MY DISCO-live

JONATHAN FLOYD

KING KHAN & BBQ SHOW-What's for Dinner?-CD	BOB BURNS & THE BREAKUPS -EP
COUNTRY TEASERS-The Empire Strikes Back-LP	ME FIRST & THE GIMME GIMMES-Love Their Country-CD
OFF WITH THEIR HEADS-EP	COCOCOMA-6 1/4–125/Take My Time-45
ZATOPEKS-Smile or Move-EP	Fest V-live in Gainesville
DEFECT DEFECT-Yeah, I'm a Terrorist-45	Friends-even better than records

LAYLA GIBBON

FIGURES OF LIGHT-It's Lame-45	ÜÜÏŸ BÅAÎOØHØIØ-War Madness-EP
DESTRUCTION UNIT-Death to the Old Flesh-CD	CARBONAS/DIE ROTZZ-split EP
FUCKED UP-Hidden World-2xLP	COCOCOMA-6 1/4–125/Take My Time-45
OTAN-El Indominable-EP	DEFECT DEFECT-Yeah, I'm a Terrorist-45
KORO-Speed Kills-LP	THE FATALS-Livin' My Bed-EP

CHRIS HUBBARD

KIELTOLAKI-Mäailma Menee Helvettiin-EP	EXTORTION-Degenerate-LP
OTAN-El Indominable-EP	SCAPEGOAT-Wrench-EP
A TOUCH OF HYSTERIA-1983 Demotape-LP	DANSETTEN-Mask Rouletta-LP
KORO-Speed Kills-LP	*TBH #3*
CHRONIC SEIZURE-Hypochondriac-EP	CONDENADA-live

KENNY KAOS

THE FITT-Elastic Pacafic-EP	THE FATALS-Livin' My Bed-EP
MEMPHIS BITCH-Sometimes It Gets Rough-EP	CARBONAS/DIE ROTZZ-split EP
GUN CRAZY/TEEN COOL-split EP	THE VARSITY WEIRDOS-Fly Me Up to the Moon-EP
MARY'S KIDS-Destroy-EP	THE APERS / SONIC DOLLS – split EP
THE NEINS-Crybaby-EP / FAST CARS-EP	THE POPSTERS-The Scene-EP

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION. ALL WORK IS DONATED AND NO ONE RECEIVES ANY SALARY. ALL PROCEEDS ARE EITHER INVESTED IN TECHNOLOGICAL IMPROVEMENTS OR GO TO OTHER SIMILARLY NOT-FOR-PROFIT PROJECTS. ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl or CD-only releases to the address on the previous page. See Demos section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

CAROLYN KEDDY

HIPSHAKES-Not Oblivians-EP	THE BLACK & WHITES-Fucked Up Hearts-EP
THE LAMPS-Fred Astaire-EP	CPC GANGBANGS-45 / LIVE FAST DIE-EP
COCOCOMA-6 1/4–125/Take My Time-45	DESTRUCTION UNIT-CD
FIGURES OF LIGHT-It's Lame-45	COUNTRY TEASERS-LP
HOWIE & THE HOTKNIVES-Want It/Young Fun-45	THE ORIGINAL SINS-live

WILL KINSER

CITIZEN FISH-side of split 45	THE FREEZE-Guilty Face-EP
DEFECT DEFECT-45 / KORO-LP	A TOUCH OF HYSTERIA-1983 Demotape-LP
OTAN-El Indominable-EP	APPENDIX-Top of the Pops-LP
SANCTUM/STORMCROW-split LP	IRA-Epidemida de Infexion Respiratoria Aguida-LP
GERM ATTAK-Canadian Concentration Camp-EP	KIELTOLAKI-Mäailma Menee Helvettiin-EP

RAY LUJAN

EXPLODING HEARTS-CD	ARTHUR LEE & THE AMERICAN FOUR-45
SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS-Do It Dog Style-CD	PROTOTIPES/TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET-split EP
THE POPSTERS-EP / THE COPYRIGHTS-both EP's	JETBOYS-CD / AFTER THE SIRENS-CD
THE APERS/SONIC DOLLS-split EP	PRETTYBOY THORSON-CD
BOOM BOOM KID-LP / DOA-CD	HOWIE & THE HOTKNIVES-45 / THE DAMNED-live

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

FUCKED UP-45 & LP / DEFECT DEFECT-45	CHRONIC SEIZURE-Hypochondriac-EP
THE CRAVATS-The Land of the Giants-2xCD	OFF WITH THEIR HEADS-EP
THE NIGHTINGALES-Out of True-CD	PAINTED BIRD-Selected Songs From-EP
SWELL MAPS-Wastrels and Whippersnappers-CD	LOSER LIFE / CANNIBALS-live
BOOM BOOM KID-...Smiles from Chapanoland-LP	HARPOON GUNS / RABIES-live

GOLNAR NIKPOUR

KIELTOLAKI-Mäailma Menee Helvettiin-EP	SCRIPTS/DIE ROTZZ-split EP
OTAN-El Indominable-EP	JAY REATARD-LP / DESTRUCTION UNIT-CD
A TOUCH OF HYSTERIA-1983 Demotape-LP	DEFECT DEFECT-Yeah, I'm a Terrorist...-45
ÜÜÏŸ BÅAÎOØHØIØ-War Madness-EP	CHRONIC SEIZURE-Hypochondriac-EP
FUCKED UP-Hidden World-2xLP	ACID REFLUX-demo / POISON CONTROL-demo

BRUCE ROEHRS

FUCKED UP-Humos Peligrosos/Carrera Amañada-45	SSSP-Last Call-EP
KIELTOLAKI-Mäailma Menee Helvettiin-EP	EVERYTHING FALLS APART-Escape-EP
ANS/DEADPONT-split EP	CRAWLERS-All My Punk Rock Children-EP
SANCTUM/STORMCROW-split LP	OTAN-El Indominable-EP
ÜÜÏŸ BÅAÎOØHØIØ-War Madness-EP	CHRONIC SEIZURE-Hypochondriac-EP

RYAN WELLS

FIGURES OF LIGHT-45	NOTHING PEOPLE-Problems-EP
COUNTRY TEASERS-The Empire Strikes Back-LP	THE LAMPS-Fred Astaire-EP
DANSETTEN-Mask Rouletta-LP	SCRIPTS/DIE ROTZZ-split EP
V/A-Stortbeat a Musical Collective-CD	CPC GANGBANGS-45
LA BANDA TRAPERA DEL RIO-1978-1982-2xLP	HIPSHAKES-Not Oblivians-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Born 20 Years Too Late #7	*Pubick Occurances #8*
Dirge #1	*Shotgun Seastress: A Zine by and for Black Punks #1*
Don't Have a Cow #4	*Some Hope and Some Despair #9*
Ideas in Pictures #15	*Tales of Blarg! #9*
Mutated Arms #1	*TBH #3*

MRR SHITWORKERS

Aragorn!	Peter Avery
Ariel Awesome	Michelle Barnhardt
Nicole Beyries	Julia Booze
Justin Briggs	Tim Brooks
Dean Carrico	Ariel Celeste
Rob Coons	Craigums
Paul Curran	Andy Darling
Mikel Delgado	Sean Dougan
Nic Eagle	Robert Eggplant
Jonathan Floyd	Travis Fristoe
Steve Funyon	Jane Ghotlos
Bob Goldie	Vernon Hadley
Harald Hartmann	Cassie Harwood
Jeff Heermann	Seth Hollander
Ben Howell	Mike Howes
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Spencer Horne	Ed Hunter
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Andy Larson	Vinnie La Russa
Michael Lucas	Ray Lujan
Jesse Luscious	Hal MacLean
Nick Mangel	Jeff Mason
Tobia J. Minckler	Ryan Murphy
Paco Mus	Ben Parker
Rotten Ron Ready	Casey Ress
Britton Roseberry	Ken Sanderson
Stuart Schrader	Fred Schrunk
Andy Shoup	Josh Stein
Brian Stern	Dionne Stevens
Stevo	Morgan Stickrod
Christy Thornton	Maxwell Tremblay
Tress	Thera Webb
Ryan Wells	Shane White
Erin Yanke	

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES...

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, the Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemtion 87, Torture Kitty.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity. "Education" theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11, Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#226/Mar '02. Queer punk special issue. Vaseline, Quails, Skinjobs, Italian queer punk report, Vaginal Davis, Feelings on a Grid, Sissies, Scott Free, Dumba, Columns.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl, Vrah.

#252/May '04. Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, "Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech scene report, New Zealand scene report.

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid zine, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, *Baboon of Sickness* zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, *Trust* fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

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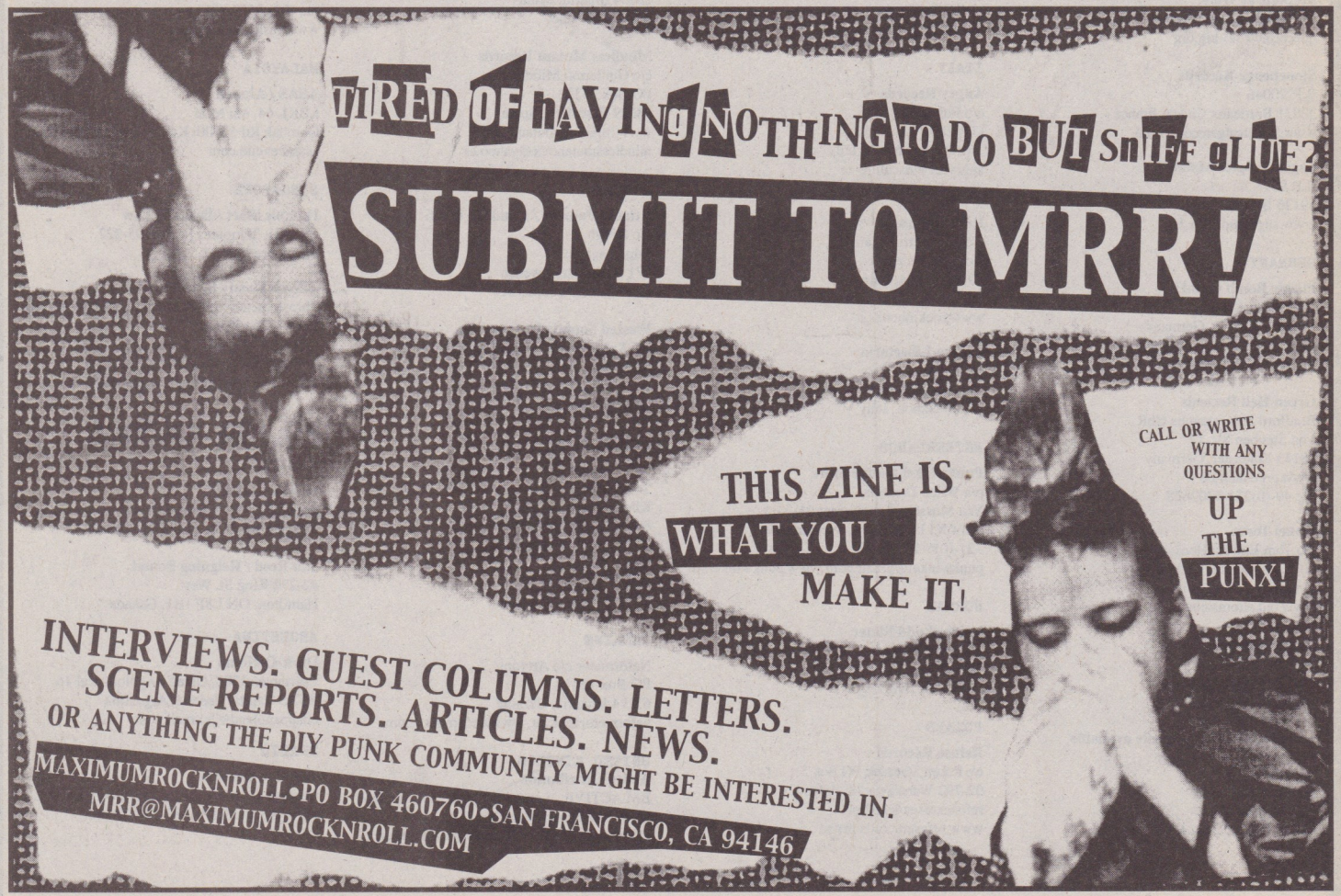

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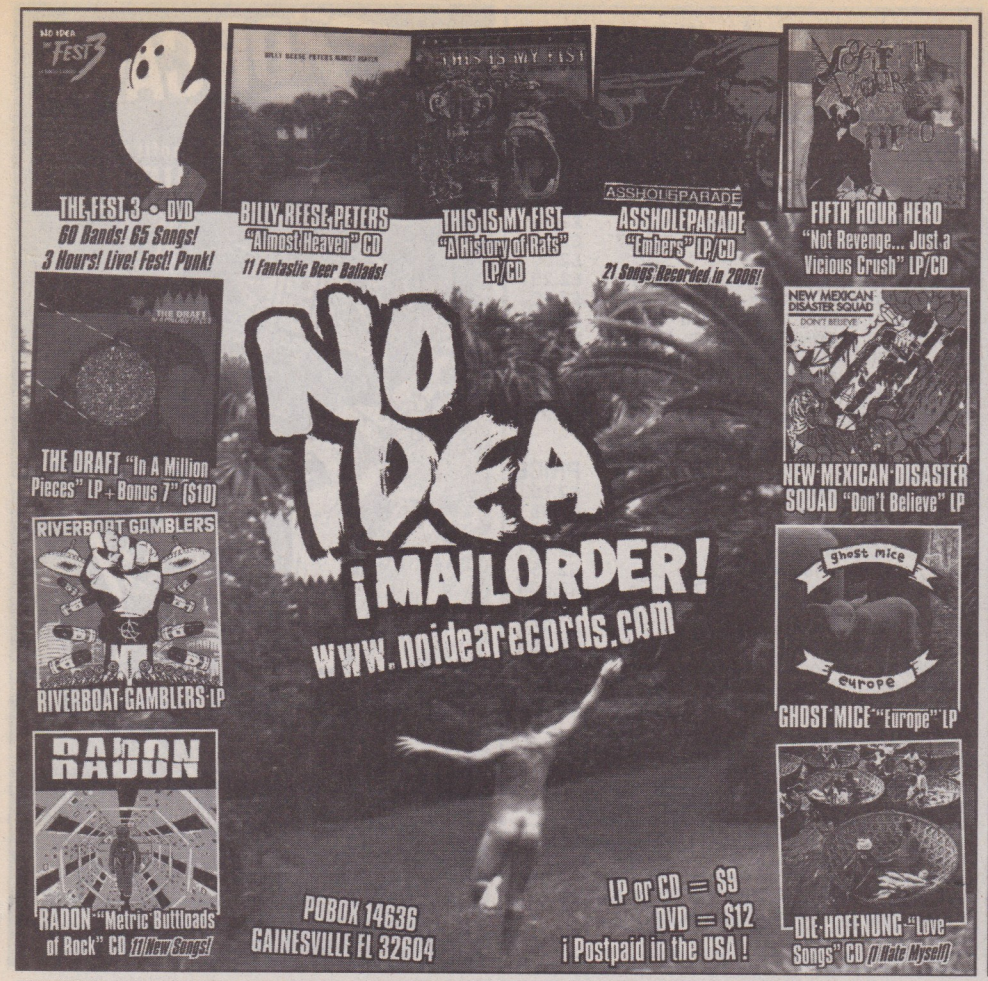

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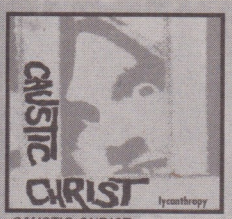

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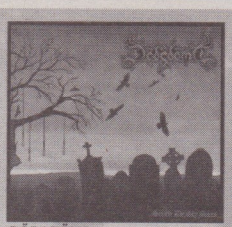

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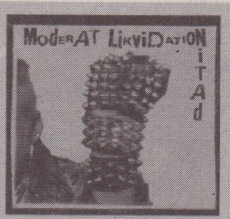

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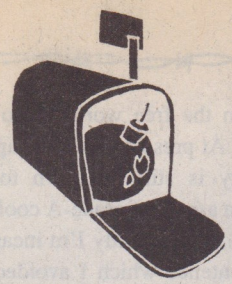

LETTERS

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MRR—

I'm halfway through part one of the "business" issues, and I'm already fuming with frustration and conflicting ideas about the whole thing...see, like a lot of my fellow punx, these are issues I care deeply about—maybe too much for my own good. I should probably "get a life," but I choose differently, I choose punk and a whole lifestyle and state of mind. So thanx for doing these theme-issues, it was much needed these days. I'm gonna try to make sense of the mess in my head...I was a little shocked that most of the people interviewed were from America, except for Dölf/Trust zine from Germany. In my opinion, US labels could learn from their European fellows, as the Euro DIY scene is mostly sticking to its roots and pretty preserved from major label interference and the vague possibility of "making it big." It could have been useful to hear what Armin from X-Mist thinks of the whole thing, for example. Although X-Mist is a "legal business" and not the cheapest distro around, it is also one of the oldest DIY punk label/distros in the world that has always worked with a respectful and no-bullshit attitude. Same for labels/distros such as Active from the UK, Stonehenge from France, or Trujaca Fala from Poland, who are examples to look up to, as they are in my opinion the incarnation of what DIY punk is all about. It seems that your choice was aimed at rather successful US labels (or "businesses", as they call themselves), some of which are already far removed from DIY ethics. Are we talking about keeping business out of punk, or are we giving "businesses" an opportunity to keep a punk credibility? To a lot of us here in Europe, it's just surreal that a punk record label would use publicists, street teams and totally capitalist marketing tactics and still be considered "punk." I think the US punk scene is living in a totally different bubble than the rest of the world's punks and maybe doesn't always realise it. Here you are basically discussing which aspects of business are okay, while there's a whole other world of punk rock out there, still trading records and playing in squats.

The whole debate about whether or not it's OK to make a living with punk is not two-sided and there are instances of people doing it right. The problem is people starting labels or "punk businesses" today with that goal in mind. Most people who ended up making their living with punk never thought for a second that they would be able to do so when they first started. If that's a goal of yours from the start, you're gonna be making decisions based on that, whether you realise it or not. Thinking from the start that you deserve your share of the punk pie isn't healthy. The other problem I have with that is the whole "rather do what you love than working a shitty job" and "being rewarded for all your efforts." Admittedly, I don't romanticize working shitty jobs for the sake of "purity." But it means putting a price on all the hours you're spending playing, writing, folding sleeves, printing, making packages, or whatever. How much will you ask to the punk scene for all your precious time and effort? Now, I'm not stupid and I know that this can be done in a not-shitty way, but I'm still worried by the mentality that says that time and effort has to equal money. I thought we were doing that out of passion, because we're alienated by this world of commodification and that we wanted to create an alternative. And I know that the more you grow up and stay involved in punk, the more grey areas there are and compromises you eventually do, but I still want to question the way modern capitalism colonizes even our own selves by making us apply a capitalist mindset on everything we do. That's what DIY punk means to me. Not "being your own boss" and running a nice little business. Some of the interviews are infested by liberal-entrepreneur bullshit.

I hate a sentence like: "I hope that *fans* will ultimately help support independent *artists* and *businesses* all around" (from the Jade Tree interview, emphasis added). You know what? I'm not a "fan" and I don't believe in putting people under terms like "fans" and "artists." What I believe in is the idea of a punk community with everyone participating to make it work with no regard for status.

We haven't abolished money yet, and that joyful day doesn't seem to be coming anytime soon... I'm well aware of the costs of releasing records and zines, touring and setting up shows, since I've been doing all those things over the years. There has to be money and it's nice when costs are shared between everybody at the show, instead of people rushing the door and the person doing the show paying the band from their pocket or the band losing tons of money. *But!* I want to comment on what Steve from 1-2-3-4 Go! Records said. Again, I don't know about your own respective place, but around here, not so many people can afford to buy records on a regular basis or go to the three or four shows a week that we have here. People just can't afford it. It's either it stays cheap and accessible to everyone, or nobody will come to your show or buy your record. And I live in France, I'm not even talking about poorer countries and places. You say that downloading can be bad for small labels. That makes sense on a strictly economic level. But what do you do with all the punks who don't have money? Shouldn't they be allowed to hear the music through burned CDs, tapes, and the like? Will poor punks be alienated because of their lack of money? I started listening to punk when I was 13 and at least until I was 19 or 20, I was rarely able to afford records. I taped stuff from my friends like crazy and traded tapes over the mail. I know a lot of people who have the same background of growing up listening to tapes. This is how punk started, evolved and how it has become what it is today!!! At 14, I was lonely, broke and alienated, hiding in my room listening to the same five punk tapes, and could've care less about whether or not a label in California broke even. You say that "putting the label's hard work for free on the internet before they break even is shitty." Do you mean that you'd rather have people not hear the music than lose money? Punk music should be accessible, even for those without money. When a label buys ads in *MRR* and *Razorcake* every month, it doesn't look like they're really struggling to me. Again, most of the people doing labels around me couldn't afford such ads.

LETTERS

Advertisement is taken for granted by most people and we often don't give it a second thought, but it's expensive and a capitalist marketing technique to begin with! It shouldn't be mandatory, there are other ways!

Something else that would be healthy for punk rock is the de-fetishization of vinyl records (and I'm as guilty of that as anyone else). As they are expensive to make (and this will get worse as fossil-fuels become more scarce), if you're so worried about "breaking even," maybe lowering the cost in the first place would be a good idea, instead of blaming the kids for not "supporting your business" enough.

But in the end, I think everybody should know (ahem, this will be my piece of wisdom, okay?) that there's only so much people who will be able to make a living with punk. Beause there's not that much money in our scene (I'm speaking of my local scene and others around me) or at least not enough for all the ambitious young entrepreneurs out there. Which means that those who want to do so will have to rely on crappy deals and competitive business practices more and more, and you know it's gonna suck, so why bother?
—Julien (tickingtimebomb@no-log.org)

Hey MRR—
I was just wondering why CD-Rs have to be submitted to a different address and get reviewed in a different section. Everything I've ever done has been on a CD-R and I don't understand why having your music pressed at a plant on a regular CD should make any kind of difference.
—Sam

Hey Sam—
Our review policy is our attempt to differentiate between an actual fully-realized album (including artwork, insert, etc.) and a rehearsal tape that someone burned onto CD-R and sent to us for review. Everything else falls in between—including a quality recording on CD-R with professionally printed packaging—and our decision to include all CD-Rs in the demos section is simply where we decided to draw the line. While in some senses it might seem arbitrary, it's also functional and objective and for these reasons we stand behind it. Either way, the music gets reviewed; hopefully you will at least agree to disagree and continue to send us your projects no matter what format they appear on.
—Chris

MRR—
I just wanted let people there know that over the last few days Mike Webber from the Nip Drivers and Robert Durham from the Shitgiveits passed away. Robert was an old San Fernando Valley punk and a really cool guy—he died from complications after suffering a heartattack. Mike Webber was recovering from heart surgery when he passed away. Mike would always find a way to get me into their shows for free where I would watch him grab the toughest-looking slammers from the pit and kiss them full-on, leaving lipstick on their surprised faces.
—Brian

Hi MRR—
This is Sakal of Noise Master Zine/Records and Rabies from the Czech Republic. In issue # 282 there was a review of the Rabies/Grex split EP. Unfortunately the reviewer included the wrong address. I wrote my address in a letter with this split EP, because, here in the Czech Republic there are few people who speak English!!!! The website listed in the review, www.csaf.cz, is an anarchist organization and has nothing to do with the record!!!! Please, if you can, print this correction. You can write, for example, Korek Records, Michal Korecky, Burketova 112, Pisek, 397 01 / xkorekx@seznam.cz, because my label's copies of the split EP are sold out.
Take care,
—Sakal
www.rabies.wz.cz

Freeze up muthastickers, this is a fuk up—
My name is Longtime and I'm writing from Arizona Prison Yard Kingman. Yesterday, in the midst of anotha long day of repetitiveness and coffee-induced over-thinking, I was suddenly whisked from memories and future-capers-in-planning during mail-call. The CO stopped at my house and dropped me a manila envelope with *MRR*'s return address. It was like everything went dark with just a spotlight on that envelope. As I recovered my senses, a smile appeared for the first time that day on my otherwise sullen mug and I tore it open like a kid on X-mas.

Now, I didn't order these copies (cuz my account balance is a sad joke) so I wanna thank whole-heartedly who eva took it upon themselves out there in the free world to do this great deed for me. At present this most-appreciated guilty party is still unknown to me (which adds anotha aspect of grade-A coolness and mystery to it!). So currently I'm incarcerated for a DUI sentence which I avoided for many years by being on the run. Really I was recording and playing shows with my band Social Reason! and too busy with a pirate's life to sit in prison. But eventually it caught up to me and so here I am, in care of the state for one and a half years.

There isn't a single other punk rocker on this yard so I'm pretty much alone in my music tastes, politics, and general attitude. I enjoy writing, so any and all punx who'd like to converse on paper feel free to drop a letter my way; it would be way cool. Last but not least, until I'm released and can record my third album with Social Reason!, check out some tunes from our second album on mohawkradio.com (a great website!). Many cheers and thanx to all the Phoenix punx and all those who support and contribute to making the world rock!
—Longtime
P.S. Communications can be sent to:
Lucian Rizzo
DOC #207344
ASPC – Kingman
Unit 5-A-47
PO Box 6639
Kingman, AZ 86402

Dear MRR & Readers—
I want to thank this zine for staying alive this whole time, and also for your ads and interviews. Because of you, I got a chance to see the Drunken Boat, Skarp, and a few others in the East Tennessee area. I know Knoxville gets passed up by bands opting to play Asheville or Chattanooga or Atlanta, which really sux. I wish the scene here was more tight—more bands, venues, record shops. Does anyone care about it anymore? Is this all there is? I want to submit my address for bands or people touring or traveling through to stop in and wake this town up. I know it can rock here, but only if more people get involved. If I can do it, I will. Keep in touch!
Come on by,
—Jared Cooper
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P.S. Scene reporting coming soon!

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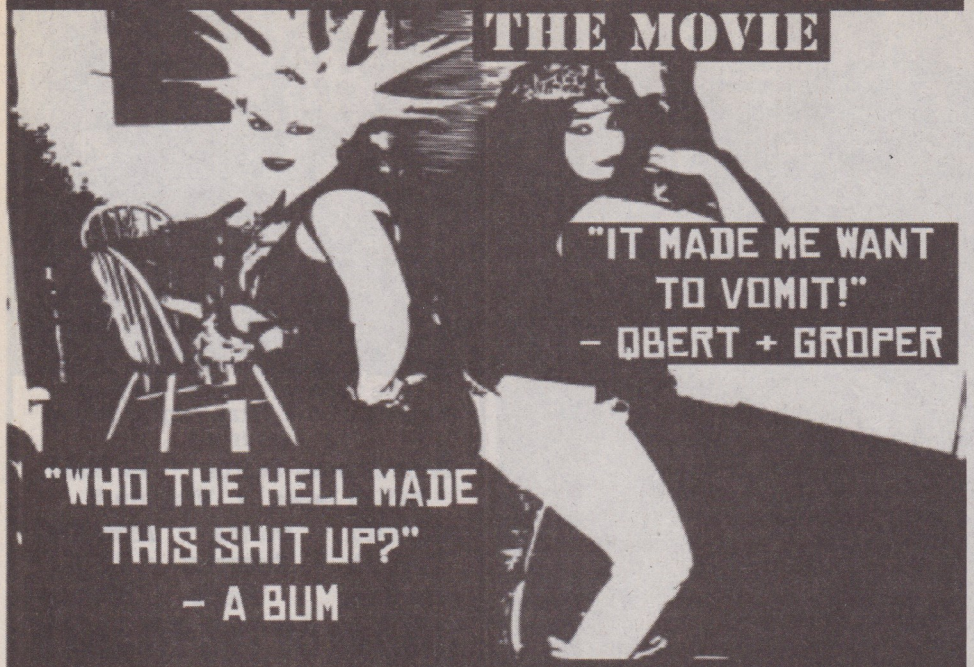

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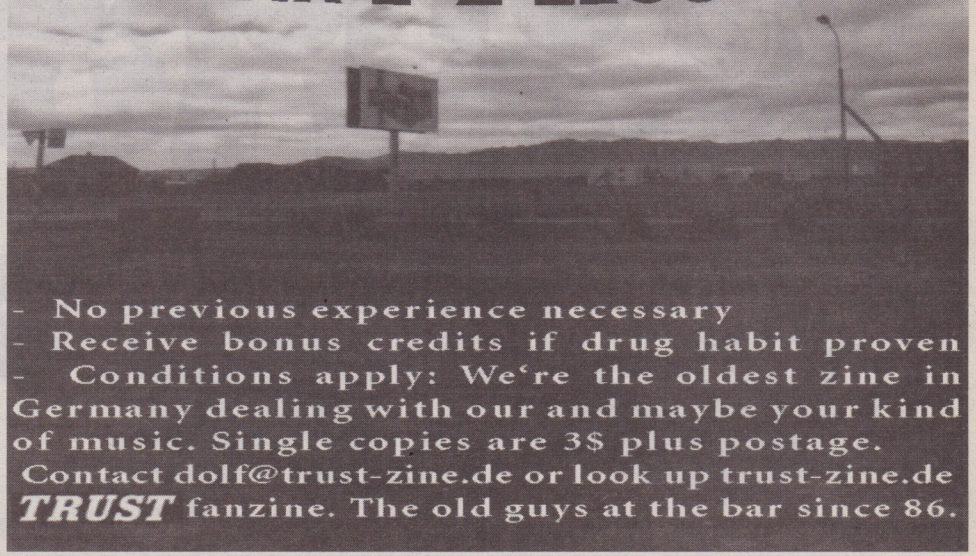

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COLUMNS

This column is being written a few days before the elections, and by the time this is printed, we'll know whether the Democrats have regained control of one or both houses of Congress. As I've said before, I know many readers of *MRR* want nothing to do with the electoral process, saying there's no difference between the two major parties, that we're fucked no matter who wins. After hearing the rhetoric of some of the more conservative Democrats running in the various races—ones who are pro-life, in favor of cracking down on "illegal" immigration, et al.—there may be some truth to that.

Still, there are issues to be concerned about. Let's talk about the attack on certain Constitutional rights. How about the Constitutional protection against unreasonable searches and seizures? That's the fourth amendment, in case you're keeping score. Have you heard about the latest tactic to fight the "war on terror" in "liberal" Massachusetts? It may be under the radar of the rest of the country, so let me fill you in. Now former Governor Mitt Romney announced not too long ago that there will now be random searches on the MBTA public transit system. Here's some of the story, from the *Boston Globe*:

"...the MBTA will become only the second transit system in the nation to conduct regular, random searches of passenger bags and packages for explosives... MBTA Transit Police—deployed throughout the system on commuter trains, subways, buses, and commuter boats—will randomly choose riders and use a chemically treated piece of cloth to swab the zippers, bottom, or handles of their carry-ons...officers will place the swab in a portable machine that can detect explosives residue. The process will take less than a minute per passenger. If there is probable cause, officers will ask passengers to open bags and packages... passengers who refuse the search won't be allowed into the transit system, and any person refusing to leave could be arrested. T officials pledged that the searches would not significantly slow the T's 1.1 million passengers on the average workday. In some cases, trains will be held so that passengers being searched will not miss their rides ...In addition to the random inspections, Romney said, Transit Police will deploy "impact teams" dressed in black tactical uniforms and trained in antiterrorism and behavioral recognition techniques, to deter attacks and crime by increasing police visibility."

As I've said in other columns, Romney is a probable presidential candidate in 2008. With the announcement about the searches, it's obvious he's trying to play up his "tough-on-terror" credentials. Of course, who cares if it's at the expense of civil liberties? While I doubt I'd be profiled on the T since I'm white and kind of "normal" looking, I imagine that these random searches will be conducted on people who fit a certain racial profile. You know, African-American, Latino, Arabic... But, hey, that's OK. And the SWAT-dressed cops will be using "behavioral recognition techniques"? How about homeless people? How about mentally ill individuals who have paranoid behavior patterns? My wife Ellen says that she's concerned how her former clients (she was a social worker for the Mass. Dept. of Mental Health) would act if they were randomly searched.

This isn't the first time these types of searches have been instituted in Boston. In 2004, during the Democratic convention, the same tactics were utilized. In fact, all individuals using the Orange Line on the "T" were searched. The National Lawyers Guild and American Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee sought an injunction to stop the searches, but they were upheld by a federal judge.

Nationally, Bush continues to tear away at the Constitution. He recently signed a bill that essentially eliminates the right to habeas corpus. That means that anyone can be arrested and detained indefinitely without charge because they're suspected of being an "enemy combatant." This runs contrary to the Constitution. According to www.usconstitution.net, habeas corpus means *"you cannot be held against your will without just cause. To put it another way, you cannot be jailed if there are no charges against you. If you are being held, and you demand it, the courts must issue a writ or habeas corpus, which forces those holding you to answer as to why."* William Rivers Pitt, on www.truthout.org, writes, *"Thanks to this legislation, George W. Bush is now able to designate as an "enemy combatant" anyone who has "purposefully and materially supported hostilities against the United States."*

Yeah, I'd say all of this constitutes abuse of power, but, considering Bush wants to ignore many laws passed by Congress since he's a "wartime" president, his ascension to Emperor of the United States was a *fait accompli* awhile ago. Oops, I almost forgot: the legislation also authorizes torture of detainees. Considering some of the horror stories I've read and heard about treatment of prisoners at Guantánamo, Abu Ghraib, and the until-recently-secret prisons, this is just par for the course. Sadly, nothing should surprise us anymore.

Sure, I'm being cynical as all hell. Still, I don't think I'm being bombastic when saying that the Constitution continues to be under attack. And that's why a Democratically-controlled Congress, as imperfect as it will be, may still be able to slow down the tide of fascism maybe just a little bit. It's better than nothing...

* * *

In the meantime, on another note, 105 US military personnel were killed in Iraq during the month of October. As I write this, November is only in its fifth day and the death count is up to 13 already. October was the fourth bloodiest month during the conflict and the worst since January, 2005. This information comes from the Iraq Coalition Casualty Report, which can be seen at http://www.icasualties.org/oif. These right-wingers get all over John Kerry for a bungled joke they take as a slap against the troops, when Kerry intended it as a critique of Bush. All the airtime given to the Kerry gaffe obscures the continuing carnage in Iraq.

It's interesting—many of Bush's hardcore supporters call themselves Christian and, among other things, usually support a so-called "pro-life" agenda. So isn't it hypocritical when these folks combine that agenda with support for the war? It may seem simplistic to say so, but supporting the wholesale slaughter of US troops, to say nothing of the countless Iraqis slaughtered during this invasion and occupation, is hardly pro-life. It's an obscenity—more of an obscenity than whatever TV show or movie or book is irking them this week. I mean, these fuckers don't want kids reading Harry Potter, for chrissakes.

Tying into their pro-life beliefs, embryonic stem cell research is a hot-button issue and many on the right are vehemently opposed to this kind of research. This is in spite of the fact that the research could ultimately find cures for such debilitating diseases as Alzheimer's, Parkinson's and Multiple Sclerosis. The claim is the research could result in human cloning. This issue is getting a lot of play nationwide.

Isn't that pro-life? Working to find cures to crippling diseases? Even Nancy Reagan has come out in favor of stem cell research after her husband's death from Alzheimer's. Their son

Ron is also a proponent of it.

Actor Michael J. Fox suffers from Parkinson's disease; so does boxing great Muhammad Ali. It's a motor system disorder which causes shaking and tremors and, as the disease progresses, they become steadily worse. Fox has been an advocate for stem cell research and has cut ads for candidates in favor of it this year and the support is for Democratic candidates. He hasn't always exclusively supported Democrats, either; in 2004, Fox endorsed Arlen Specter, a moderate Republican from Pennsylvania, due to his support for the research.

Still, talk radio blowhard Rush Limbaugh took notice of Fox's appearance in these ads. Limbaugh said, of Fox, *"He is exaggerating the effects of the disease... He's moving all around and shaking and it's purely an act. This is really shameless of Michael J. Fox. Either he didn't take his medication or he's acting."* After there was a vociferous, negative response to Limbaugh's moronic comments, he did apologize for accusing Fox of acting in the commercials. He didn't back down on Fox's advocating for candidates in favor of stem cell research, though. About Fox's commercial in support of Maryland senatorial candidate Ben Cardin, Limbaugh said, *"Michael J. Fox is allowing his illness to be exploited and in the process is shilling for a Democratic politician."* And there's video of Limbaugh physically mocking Fox that you can probably find on YouTube. It's a disgusting display. And it's another example of the radical right's anti-science agenda. No stem cell research. No teaching of evolution. Just believe that god created all of it and you best not tamper with it. These are sick people.

Speaking of sick and hypocritical, how about those family values types who "preach" one thing and do another. The stories just keep on coming. Many of you probably know about Florida congressman Mark Foley, a right-wing Republican, who exchanged sexually-oriented emails with teenage pages and, as a result, resigned his seat. It's likely his peccadilloes were known before the proverbial shit hit the fan and congressional leaders may have covered it up. Really moral.

Another moral guy is Rep. Don Sherwood from Pennsylvania, who will hopefully be out of office by the time this sees print—but who knows? Sherwood is in his mid-60s, married, three kids, another "family values" guy. I should also mention he admitted to having had a mistress and there's a good chance he abused her. The mistress accused him of choking her 2004. She sued Sherwood in mid-2005 for $5.5 million and Sherwood settled it with her for around $500K. An AP report says *"that settlement contained a powerful incentive for her to keep quiet until after Election Day, a person familiar with the terms of the deal told The Associated Press...While Sherwood acknowledged the woman was his mistress, he denied abusing her and said that he had settled her $5.5 million lawsuit on confidential terms... The settlement, reached in November 2005, called for Cynthia Ore to be paid in installments, according to a person who spoke on condition of anonymity because the deal is confidential. She has received less than half the money so far, and will not get the rest until after the Nov. 7 election..."* Family values!!

Outside of the political realm, but from a group of people who hold quite a bit of influence over the Republican party, comes the tale of Rev. Ted Haggard from Colorado Springs, CO (home of Focus On The Family!). Haggard's the president of the National Association of Evangelicals. He quit as the leader of the New Life Church after it was learned he allegedly had a three-year affair with a male prostitute named Mike Jones. Haggard denied the sexual affair but did admit he bought methamphetamine from Jones. Oh, by the way, this happened right before Colorado residents vote on whether or not to ban gay marriage, one of eight states with that type of ballot question. There's also a separate referendum about establishing domestic partnerships for same-sex couples.

Anyway, Pastor Ted has been involved in stirring up opposition to gay marriage. I suppose this falls under the classification of self-hating gay man. Or *hypocrite*. He's not the first closeted right-wing gay man to rail against homosexuality—Roy Cohn, Joe McCarthy's lawyer and a vociferous homophobe, turned out to be gay and died of AIDS. So did Terry Dolan, head of NCPAC (National Conservative Political Action Committee) —he died of AIDS in 1986, and was outed after his death. Needless to say, NCPAC's agenda included all the moralistic viewpoints you'd expect.

The right-wingers will go "but what about Gerry Studds," the former Massachusetts congressman who recently passed away and was censured for hooking up with an underage male page in the early '80s. Or the openly gay Barney Frank, another Massachusetts congressman who had a relationship with a male hooker in 1989 and it turned out the guy was running a bisexual prostitution service out of Frank's apartment. I mean, that doesn't exactly make either Studds or Frank look particularly great but the point is you have Republicans who say one thing and do the other. Hypocrisy...

And on and on it goes. So, by now, we'll know if the voting public see through this hypocrisy or continue to vote these "family values" guys back into office because queers getting married is *way* more important an issue than how many people get killed in Iraq.

OOPS DEPT.

I ran three reviews in two consecutive issues. Sorry about that but, then again, I liked all three releases so I suppose a little extra coverage didn't hurt. Quality control is our middle name. OK, it's Howard (now you know more about me than you need to know) but you get the idea.

MUSIC REVIEWS

BATTLESHIP – s/t (On/On Switch, CD)

A battle with the senses. Abrasive, provocative rock and it ain't the iced caffeine I just orally injected into my system. This is a cyclone that has shards of Jesus Lizard, Sonic Youth, and early-'90s AmRep style in the mix. They get to serious hammering for "Buster Keaton" and "This Town Wants You Skinny," while "The Blind Eating The Blind" begins with some jabbing guitar. A lot of jab here; uncontrolled aggression and doing it in a way that makes it stand out from the usual. This album quickly follows the band's mini-album and the songs are a bit better-formed. Both provide a good jolt. (PO Box 641122, SF, CA 94164, www.ononswitch. com)

CAUSTIC CHRIST – Lycanthropy (Havoc, LP)

Heavy and ugly. Caustic Christ is back with their second album. The Scandinavian influence remains a central part of the sound, without following the Dis-formula. Instead of going the predictable trend of beginning with one of their faster songs, "The Caustic Curse" is a stop 'n' start dose of heaviness. This is followed by the ever-timely "Doesn't Anyone Want To Impress Jodie Foster Anymore?" and if you don't quite get the premise, a certain Mr. Hinckley not only had a vision (thank you, Crucifucks) but wanted to impress Ms. Foster when he shot Ronald Reagan. Much like Reagan was the target in the '80s, Bush is the target of derision now. Plenty of raging material along the way—the hit-and-run "Frustration," "Medicated" and "Cold" and the slightly more moderately-paced "Public Service." The last track, "Standing in a Circle... The Ballad of Ukla Von Oopenstein," is a Flag-ish instrumental. I prefer their first album slightly more but *Lycanthropy* has a high-enough bash quotient to keep 'ya happy. (PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, http://www.havocrex.com)

CONQUEST FOR DEATH – s/t (Wajlemac, 7" EP)

Three of these dudes—Devon, Craigums and Robert—used to be in What Happens Next, and the drummer, Kiku, was in Assfort and now plays in Charm. His playing really shines here and tightens up the thrash attack quite a bit. It's still speedy and there are some hot guitar licks as well (it's a two-guitar lineup). Lyrical cynicism—"I love life, but hate society" is a motto of sorts and one I also subscribe to. That's from the song "The Unbridled Disgust of Being Human, The Pure Joy of Being Alive" and it's the best-formed song here. Good tempo shifts and starting with a shimmering intro. They're also unafraid to tweak self-righteous DIY trumpeters for being hypocritical for shopping at chain stores ("Double Standard Bearer"). A good debut. (PO Box 8039, Emeryville, CA 94662, www.wajlemac.com)

CONTROL DE ESTADO – Acto Criminal (Burrito, 7" EP)

State control, state control, this really is state control—as the name translates from the Spanish. Raw bass-driven hardcore from Florida. That's the fuel for this three-piece, although the guitar and drums share in the pillage. Not a lot of melody—just rage. While the drum mix emphasizes the snare more than I'd like and the tightness occasionally falters, the roughness of the sound works to their advantage. There's room for improvement, though. (PO Box 3204, Brandon, FL 33509-3204, www.soundideadistribution.com).

DARVOCETS – Have Landed (Gloom, CD)

This CD combines the recent "Authentic Music From Another Planet" 12" EP on Painkiller Records with their 1996 "Do The Crop Circle 7" EP and two live songs—one from '94 with horrible sound quality and a marginally better one from '04. Cleveland miscreants doing a punk rock take on tinfoil hat/black helicopter/conspiracy theory fodder. Oh, and alien abductions. Larry's vocals are high pitched and against-the-grain, fused to nervy three-chord punk and that carries over from old to new, although the '04 recording has cleaner production. All this may be something of an acquired taste but it's an enjoyable schtick—if it *is* a schtick. You never know with these Clevelanders! Having a sound sample from "The Beverly Hillbillies" doesn't hurt, either. (PO Box 14253, Albany, New York 12212, www.gloomrecords.com
Painkiller: www.painkillerrecords.com)

DÖDSDOMD – Seven Deadly Sins (Havoc, 7" EP)

A concept 7", as this Swedish band does one song each about the seven deadly sins (in case you couldn't tell). There's a Swedish version and an English version and I got the latter. Howling multiple vocals and a rampaging sound, as usual. The music doesn't require deep analysis and neither do the lyrics. In the seven songs, Dödsdomd manage to encapsulate a lot of what causes the ills in this world—I suppose it *can* be boiled down to those items, although one doesn't need religious baggage to be aware of them. And it seems as though "Wrath" may be the answer to the other six. In any case, you don't need to appreciate the concept to be bowled over by the music here. (PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.havocrex.com)

FOURTH ROTOR – Plain (Southkore, LP)

Not what you'd expect from Southkore (they did the vinyl and the CD came out on another label) and that's fine with me—change-ups are always welcome as long as the musical results grab one's attention. That's certainly the case with this Chicago trio and they've been around the block awhile. Vocalist/guitarist Douglas Ward was in ID Under and 8Bark, both of whom I remember from the late-'80s/early-'90s, and his bandmates, Jacob Levee and Kammy Lee, were in Ambition Mission, among other bands. Here, the sound is jolting post-punkish rock, with prominent bass-lines, jabbing guitar, and vocals that bring to mind a late, much-missed portly guitarist for a band called the Minutemen. It's hard to deny that band's influence and there's also the gnarled aggro of the old Amphetamine Reptile bands. Fourth Rotor is forceful but doing it without sticking to a punk rock playbook. (2814 S. Spaulding, Chicago, IL 60623, www.southkorerecords.com)

FREEZE – Guilty Face (Schizophrenic, 7" EP)

The Freeze's 1983 EP, reissued again with two bonus tracks, outtakes from *This Is Boston, Not LA*. There was a 10" re-pressing in the late 80s on Ax/ction Records with different bonus tracks. *Guilty Face* followed their appearances on *BNL* and *Unsafe at Any Speed*, moving the band in a hardcore punk direction, especially on "Voices From My Window." I get the impression that vocalist Clif Hanger wasn't too into the loud/fast style—that point is made on the liner notes—but I think the EP holds up well and the songs are memorable. The breakdown in the middle of "Voices" has a similar feel to the same part in the FU's' "What You Pay For." The two earlier songs have a snottier punk style. All of these songs appeared on the *Token Bones* CD anthology, but come on—you want the vinyl. (17 W. 4th Street, Hamilton, ON, L9C 3M2, CANADA, www.schizophrenicrex.com)

IN DEFENCE/GUNS N' ROSA PARKS – split (Give Praise, 7" EP)

Minneapolis band In Defence features the vocal talents of one Ben Crew, former guitar player for Damage Deposit. Enthusiastic youth-crew (of course) hardcore. They released an EP awhile back and there's clear improvement between that release and this split. Definitely worth your time, if you like the upbeat, positive sound, yet without a hint of self-righteousness. Guns N' Rosa Parks, in addition to having one cool-as-fuck name, bring on the aggro themselves. Thrashy hardcore punk from these Coloradoans (?), working best on the last two songs, "Frontier Mentality" and "Can't Relate," where the songs are a little slower and have more impact. (PO Box 494, Barnstable, MA 02630-0494, www.givepraiserecords.com)

KIDS OF CARNAGE – s/t (Give Praise, 7" EP)

Plenty of *cah-nage*. Hey, since these young men are from Cape Cod, it calls for the appropriate MassHole pronunciation. This is hardcore with both a punk attitude and heavier floor-punch elements. Brian spits and snarls along with the band's rough attack. When speed is emphasized, the songs fare better. Their theme-song "Kids of Carnage" is the best one here. (PO Box 494, Barnstable, MA 02630, www.givepraiserecords.com)

NO SLOGAN – Obredos Al Poder (A Wrench in the Gears, 7" EP)

The second EP from this Chicago band. It finally dawned on me that their fast-paced, tuneful sound reminds me a bit of Articles of Faith around the time of *What We Want Is Free*, particularly for "No Pasaran." "Smash the Scene" states *"when are you going to realize that it's all been said. It's all been done."* They have a good point, there. I mean, No Slogan echo what's come before, yet the lack of pretense and the band's heartfelt aggression still feels genuine. Still energizes. (www.wrenchrecords.com)

THIRD DEATH – s/t (Culturevoid, 7" EP)

When I put on this 7", I thought 45 was the wrong speed because of the high-pitched yelp but then I remembered that their vocalist Buddy rants in that style. Debut vinyl for this Providence band and it's hyper-paced thrashy hardcore with slower parts. Sometimes, the speed gets the best of them but it's an enjoyable, youthful blast, one song after another in quick succession. By the way, there are hand-screened covers, 100 each done by three different individuals—mine was done by Scoots Langlais and the skate monster drawing is pretty cool. (www.culturevoid.com)

VARIOUS – Mal De Ojo (joint release, CD)

A compilation of four Latino bands—No Slogan and Intifada from Chicago and Tropiezo and Juventud Crasa from Puerto Rico. Mostly quality punk and hardcore here, although Intifada suffer a bit from tin-snare syndrome and their double-speed thrash doesn't always hold up. All the other bands, though, mix the punk punch and add melody here and there. No Slogan fits this description for sure, especially for their cover of Bhopal Stiffs' "Too Many Things." Juventud Crasa also has a somewhat more tuneful approach, while Tropiezo, with whom they share members, has a thrashier take. Play it loud for your neighbors who always whine about all the people who dare to speak in Spanish. Hell, just play it loud for yourself and loved ones. (Benny Hernandez, 2814 Spaulding St., Chicago, IL 60623, www.southkorerecords.com)

Al Quint/PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903/email: suburbanvoice@earthlink. net/Sonic Overload radio: http://sonicoverload.moo cowrecords.com/Suburban Voice blog: http:// subvox .blogspot.com

One more note: if you want to see my review of the *American Hardcore* movie, you can find it on the October 24 entry of the Suburban Voice blog.

I'm pleased about the midterm elections, I won't lie to you. They put a little kick in my step. Around Berkeley the next morning, the crusty old leftists were all smiles, all "No, no! After you!" It's not that we're up on the banks of shit creek, but the turn of public opinion, although criminally long overdue, is like being thrown a little Q-tip to row with. It helps soothe that sense of abandonment we feel from being so far removed from rest of the American people. Yeah, it makes sense to angrily lash out at the rest of the American people, sort of, for a while—it's a reaction to feeling betrayed. But ultimately I can't help but wish we were all together, lashing out toward the Pentagon. Even this small ripple of "we've had enough" is pretty energizing, and no question, we need more energy.

To-do list, this week:

Vote √
Buy paint for new apartment √
Paint new apartment √
Repaint new apartment after being tricked into buying yuppie aquamarine √
Move
Finish promising Guatemalan coup novel
Finish terrible Chinese-American coming-of-

age novel √

Have drunken argument with Tommy Strange about the validity of punk as a political movement √

Learn Farsi

Obsess about relationships past and present √

Eat seasonal vegetables including squash √

Call mother √

Sleep

Ginger

G. and M. and P. and K. are out of town. G. is in love. M. is afraid she'll never be, P. is crushed out, and K.—who knows. Usually they call every day to consult. With them all gone at once the city feels anonymous and I have too much time on my hands.

These days I wake up from dreaming of nefarious, elaborate plots. I am sometimes victim, sometimes executioner. For example: the punks and their peripheral friends are being held in a "clinic," being "tested" with mysterious drugs. What looks like an opportunity is really a trap. Or the punks rob a bank and I unwittingly drool in the lobby, leaving my genetic material there to be traced by the cops.

I wake up from these dreams poised in one or several strong images, sometimes imaginary but usually from the past. They are forks in the procedure of things that might have gone differently. For example this morning, I woke up in the 8th Grade, when bored, I handed in an in-class essay on Kafka's *Metamorphosis* that was actually an essay on insects.

I was walking on the path through the Panhandle the other day, thinking, "How have I become such a hard-hearted woman?" In my head, "Unchained Melody" played along to that question.

Then I saw Ginger walking toward me under the towering oaks. I hadn't seen her in six years but had been thinking about her for a week or two, and worrying a little. I worried that I had introduced her to the wrong element, back then.

I wanted to say, "Ginger, I conjured you," but she would have laughed at me. She had the same secretive smile and pyramid of inky corkscrew curls. Ginger was Persian, but was from LA and had been named after an old American movie star. Unlike many of her cousins, she had not gotten a nose job. We were roommates our first year in college and had kept living together and being friends for a while after that. She was one of those people who felt to me immediately more like self than other. I drank beer and she smoked pot. I made pasta and she made *tah-digh*, traditional crunchy "bottom of the pot" rice, a favorite from her childhood. We devoured the golden hunks of it in our sunny porch under the jasmine.

Only when you get older, long after you have been dropped unceremoniously into the world, do you begin to look like yourself. You know how people say things like, "you deserve better than that"? I always wondered, what does a person really deserve? How do you know what you deserve? Then I figured out how you know. Friends show you.

What was she doing here? Turns out she was on her way back from the Psychic Fair. She had gone up north, back to the land, with the wrong element. I thought back on our younger selves and wondered whether she had decided to throw her hand in with fate, or with God. Had she needed to believe in something? People do. I used to be so insensitive to faith. Just because people need to believe in things, I used to insist, that doesn't make them true. I still feel that way. That's still what I believe. But I'm less inclined to argue about it these days. People need to do what they need to do, to make life feel more expensive.

Entries in the sound effects library index at WNYC radio, New York

Crowd, angry.

Crowd, applause. 25 people, start and stop 3 times.

Crowd, applause. 300 people, start and stop twice.

Crowd, baggage pickup area. Voices, carts, carousel.

Crowd, close and distant voices.

Crowd, family gathering.

Crowd, German Jewish, yelling, angry.

Crowd, interior, small, talking.

Crowd, interior, medium, talking.

Crowd, male prison, large room, anger turns to chanting and banging tables.

Crowd, male prison, outside, very angry.

Crowd, male prison, yelling in large room.

Crowd, medium, throwing objects and yelling.

Crowd, medium, outside, glass smashing.

Crowd, reaction, accident scene. Voices gradually give into screams, panic.

Crowd, small group of women arguing.

Crowd, small group of men arguing quietly.

Crowd, slaves, in chains, working with large wooden machinery.

Crowd, street, approach, running, yelling.

Crowd, walking and talking. Walking footsteps gradually give into running.

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Visiting the Demons of My Past, Part 1

A letter to my dying father

I did this event called the Radar Salon recently, a new series hosted and curated by Michelle Tea where two writers (in this case, me and Bucky Sinister) engage in conversation while Michelle asks questions. At one point, Michelle asked how we were both able to be so vulnerable in our work, and I'm not sure exactly what I answered, except that later she asked what we were looking forward to, and I couldn't think about anything except what I was most fearing: deciding whether to visit my father, who I haven't talked to since I confronted him eleven years ago about sexually abusing me—he's now dying of cancer. I'd just written him a letter, and at the event I said—in between sobbing—that I just wished he could say that he sexually abused me, because it would actually make it easier for me to go on living, and he's going to die and what good will it do him to have not acknowledged anything. I usually don't cry like that—especially not in public—and it was an incredible moment of public vulnerability where I actually felt supported, both by Michelle and Bucky—and the audience. It's so important to reveal the violence, the trauma, and the struggles to survive—and I'm hopeful that it makes me stronger to do so.

So I've decided to visit my father, even though he will almost surely give me nothing that I ask for, and almost everything about the visit will probably be horrible. But I've decided to visit him, because I can't decide to visit him after he dies, so I might as well do it beforehand.

Here is the letter that I wrote to my father:

October 11, 2006
Dear Dad:

It surprised me, after so many years of wanting all traces of you to disappear from my life, but when I first heard that you had cancer, I started fantasizing about ways that I could save you, maybe by offering health advice that you might not seek out—acupuncture, meditation, guided imagery. Then I started thinking about all of these mundane things—like talking about publishers with you, the differences between this one high-end lefty publisher with the gorgeous square books and the other one moving into their territory, plus oh the drama of working inside the whole disastrous publishing machine. Most people aren't that interested in publishers, but it seemed like something you might like to hear about. That's when I realized that, even after eleven years of not talking to you, I still held some hope that maybe you would come to terms with sexually abusing me, that you would finally admit it and then perhaps we could have a mundane conversation about publishers.

There is no question that, as a psychiatrist, you have had access to absolutely any possible way to come to terms with sexually abusing me, more resources for dealing with your abuse than almost anyone in a similar situation. Instead, like most parents (and psychiatrists) who sexually abuse their children, you have chosen to deny it. You even contacted a "false memory syndrome" specialist, someone whose job is to assure abusive parents that their children are confused at best, that their memories can be dismissed and discarded, that it's never too late to cover up the violence in order to bol-

ster the status quo.

I know that an abusive family is like a boulder landing on a glass of water—even if you succeed at lifting the boulder, what is left to drink? When I confronted you, I was certainly aware that you might very well never accept the reality of your abuse, and that I might never again speak to you. Still, I continue to feel angry and disgusted (and yes—sad and abandoned) by the ways in which you have chosen to maintain a veneer of "respectability" at all costs, including the loss of any relationship with me. I am grateful that you have respected my request not to contact me unless you could say that you raped and molested me, but sometimes it shocks me that you haven't been able to step out from the comfort of denial in order to face the reality of your abusiveness.

Especially now, when you may not live for that much longer.

Sometimes I resent that I have to be the strong one—even here, against all hopelessness, I'm attempting to facilitate your epiphany that may never come. I am not strong, I am falling apart—my body is failing me—you know that. The smallest activities are painful—chopping vegetables, sitting in the wrong chair, holding the rail on the bus, walking one block too many, carrying a bag. Writing more than a page by hand is enough to make my wrists, arms, shoulders and neck burn, my whole body aching afterwards. Bed is a place where I can sometimes stay, but it fails to nourish me—many days I'm so exhausted that just leaving the house can be completely overwhelming. I have a strong will, otherwise I would have been dead long ago from the wounds you enacted. I'm strong, but I'm falling apart.

I learned will from surviving you, shutting everything inside even when it pushes back. There are other ways of showing strength. I am still learning them.

Some people, when dealing with a terminal illness, decide to make dramatic changes in their lives. That is what I'm asking from you. I'm not asking whether you love or miss me, whether you feel miserable or guilty. I'm asking you to hold yourself accountable for the pain you have caused me, the pain you continue to cause me, the pain that sometimes I'm worried I won't survive. I'm asking, once again, for you to acknowledge that you raped, sexually abused, and molested me. I'm asking you for this because it would make it easier for me to go on living.

On a more mundane level, I would also like for you to ensure that I have enough money to meet my basic needs for the rest of my life. That is something I know you can do, but the most important thing is that you acknowledge that you sexually abused me—I want to make that clear. I don't think this is a lot to ask.

In any case, I would be dishonest if I didn't say that I would like to see you before you die. Obviously, our conversation would be much richer if you decided to admit that you sexually abused me, but that is your choice.

I haven't yet figured out the parameters of a potential visit, and I will be in touch. Please do not write to me at this point unless it is to acknowledge sexually abusing me.

Love

—mattilda

Exiting the train in this nation's capital

Here's the scene upon exiting Union Station at 1 am on an incredibly rainy, disgustingly humid evening after finishing an 88-hour train ride: a uniformed police officer maneuvers himself on some kind of high-impact scooter that consists of a pogo stick and two big wheels with some kind of motor that prevents it from ever falling over. This cop is here to direct the taxi stand—of course, he is assisted by a uniformed security guard who stands by as the cop shouts out destinations, various neighborhoods in DC, and then whoever wants to go to that area rushes forward and attempts to enter a waiting cab. The cop knows some of these people, probably commuters from New York or Boston or workers in the station, one of them is even practicing sign language with him during downtime. When I finally get in a cab, I smile at my fellow passengers, business travelers, or law students who turn away like they can't believe I'm trying to chat with them—they continue talking about how late the train can be. After I open the window a crack and the car goes through a huge puddle, splashing me just a little, I laugh and turn to the guy next to me to ask him if he got wet. He says: no, but good thing you didn't open the window any further.

A sample phone conversation with my mother

My mother: what do you think you might say to him?

Me: I don't know, but I need to talk to him alone.

My mother: I don't want you to say anything too damaging.

(What I don't say here, but I should have—*he's* the one who has damaged *me*).

Me: He's dying of cancer, what am I going to do—kill him?

My mother: I just feel protective of him right now.

Me: That's interesting, because you've never protected me.

My mother: It's not a matter of choosing him over choosing you.

Me: Of course not, because you've always chosen him.

Seeing my father for the first time in eleven years

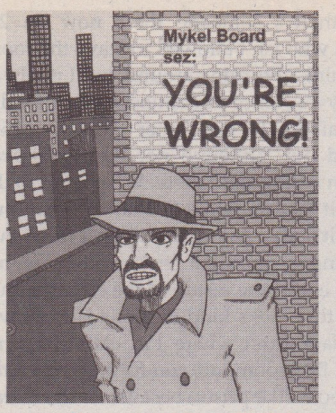
I'm on my way to the hospital—I wasn't planning on visiting my father until I'd rested for at least a week, but now everything has accelerated and he's incoherent and drugged out on pain medication and maybe dying very soon so I'm heading over to the hospital after just two days. Earlier, I'd left a message with my mother, asking her and my sister to meet me in the lounge so that I could go into the room by myself. Before, my mother had argued about this, but after my sister arrived and told her not to try to control everything I guess, she'd relaxed about it. Although then I get a message on my cellphone while I'm in the car, my sister says there's someone there now on 24-hour watch who isn't allowed to leave the room.

I think of turning around, but I might as well go anyway since I'm almost there. I kind of feel like talking to my father anyway while he's passed out, although not with some random person sitting right there. When I get to the hospital, it takes a while to find the right building since it's all a big maze. Then I'm in the right building, snapping a few pictures for maybe a photo essay: the inside of the elevator, the bathroom that looks kind of like a jail cell which is the place from where I'm calling my mother again. Bathrooms are comforting—even this one that looks like prison because of the metal sink, it's my own space right now once I've shut the door. I ask my mother if I have to walk by the room to get to the lounge, but no the lounge is right by the entrance.

I snap another photo, take a few deep breaths, and leave the bathroom. I go to the nurse's station: could you tell me where the lounge is? But it's right there—only three uncomfortable chairs, my sister and my mother in two of them. My mother looks disheveled and distraught, and Lauren, my sister, looks very polished. Oh, this long hug with my mother, that is where I'm holding everything in my body, which is what my sister says to me later—since it's something that I told her—though she points it out in a different place, when the nurse is basically saying that my father is about to die, that all they can do now is give him pain medication since the cancer has spread everywhere and especially to his brain, which explains his disorientation. Lauren thinks I'm holding everything in at that point, which is maybe true though what's more notable to me is that this isn't a safe place for me to cry or anything like that, this place with my mother and sister who have not acknowledged my father's sexual abuse—I mean, my mother completely denies everything, and has gotten much closer to him since I confronted him; my sister says she believes me and she believes him, so it's no surprise that she's never even asked him anything about it.

Anyway, they go to get food and eventually I look briefly in on my father, who's passed out on a bed, his hair longer and grayer than I remember, face squared off from wasting though he looks vaguely relaxed. Back in the waiting room or the lounge they call it I guess, I feel kind of peaceful and exhausted. Later, I look in again—this time my father's jaw is tighter, his features more angry like I remember them.

For more on this journey, visit my new blog, http://nobodypasses.blogspot.com. My new anthology, *Nobody Passes: Rejecting the Rules of Gender and Conformity*, out in January, and an expanded second edition of *That's Revolting! Queer Strategies for Resisting Assimilation*, should be out any moment. I live for feedback, so send me love letters and/or delicious threats via the recently updated www.mattbernsteinsycamore.com, which includes past *MRR* columns. Or write to PO Box 640047 / San Francisco, CA 94164-0047.



"Always go to other people's funerals. Otherwise they won't go to yours." —Yogi Berra

ONE: A mosquito buzzes under my desk lamp. I don't actually hear it buzz. My hearing's shot from 35 years of punkrock. Instead I *see* it buzz. A dark flash under the fluorescent light.

I stand. Slowly I approach the bug. Stopping and starting. Damn! I lost it. I sit down and wait, straining my eyes against the light. Flash! There it is again. I move fast this time. CLAP! Got it! Smashed between my hands. A bloody mess, like a stigmata, in my palm. Then I feel the itchy welt on my forearm and realize the blood on my palm is *my* blood. That fucker bit me! Ah revenge. Even sweeter.

TWO: James Harrington, aka Jimmy Reject, is someone I've mentioned a few times. An early punk fixture, he was pals with Donny The Punk, and wrote about his adventures with Donny (and me!) He called his book *The Enemy's Within.* I don't remember exactly what he wrote. I do remember he said—with regards to Allen—that I was more of a Woody than a GG.

Jimmy and I have been in occasional touch since the book came out. Sometimes, while ego-surfing, I run into a review he's written about my music or writing. Usually, it's praise with just enough nasty edge to make me like it.

His review of the Artless CD: *Mykel Board is the hero of individualists, right wing punk rock reactionaries, and free thinkers everywhere. Mykel Board is the enemy of punk conformos [sic], left wing dogmatics and closed-minded ideologues the world over.*

Yowsah!

At the end of 2005, he interviewed me for his short-lived fanzine, *Proud Disgrace.*

Jimmy: *Name the members of your dream rock 'n' roll band. Go into detail about each member's importance and then describe your dream gig.*

Me: *That's a tough one because individual musicians that I like would be* horrible *together! For example, Dickie Peterson, the drummer for BLUE CHEER, is my favorite drummer ever. But, could he play with GG Allin? I don't think so. Tom Verlaine is my favorite guitar player. Could he be in the same band as Alan Vega? Naw, they'd be at each other's throats. So maybe I'd just have to say that my dream rock 'n' roll band is THE VELVET UNDERGROUND and my dream punk band is THE DEAD BOYS and leave it at that.*

Dream gig? That's easier. ARTLESS, SKREWDRIVER and CRASS on the same bill. ARTLESS would open.

In September, I get an email addressed to me and a whole bunch of other people. It it's a one liner: *If you are a friend of Jimmy Reject, he died suddenly in August. His Dad.*

It's not clear how he kicked the bucket. Some internet gossips say suicide. Most just say "died suddenly." I don't remember meeting the guy. He looks vaguely familiar in his internet pictures. I'm not sure. But just like that. Blam. He's gone.

THREE: CBGB's had its last show over the weekend. Patti Smith was there. Lenny Kaye performed. Blondie too. The shows were sold out in a minute. I didn't go.

It's Sunday, the day after closing. My pal Sid Yiddish is in town. He wants to "pay his respects" to CBGB's—like dropping in at a funeral. I'm not so keen on the idea, but I agree to go. I'm curious to see what happens. I have a column to write.

CB's leaves its doors open. Respect payers buy souvenir T-shirts and take pictures of each other under the famous awning. A crowd gathers. Sid asks me to take his picture in front of the club— "just like The Ramones." As I do, I notice this Arab-looking guy video-taping us. We ask him if he'd use our cameras to shoot us together in front of the club. He agrees.

It turns out he's French Sephardic Jew. He takes our pictures together under the awning. He says he's been taking pictures of people taking pictures of each other in front of the CBGB. He's making a video. Maybe it'll be big in France.

I walk inside. Sid wants a T-shirt. I feel nothing. I don't look at the stage and think, *Ah, I saw the Ramones and The Dead Boys there.* I don't even think, *Ah, I played there.* I don't feel or think anything.

It's a dingy stage in the back of a dingy club. Yeah, it's the kind of place I love. Small, filthy, layers of graffiti and stickers. I still like the place, but I don't feel sad that it's going away. I don't feel anything.

My friends say I'll change my mind when it's a Starbucks. I don't think so. I'll hate the Starbucks because it's Starbucks—not because it used to be CBGB's.

* * *

If your IQ is larger than my penis, you've figured out that this column is about death. When you get to be 65, you think about death a lot. Most folks my age dread it. They snarf statins and have doctors they know on a first name basis.

I don't fear death. I'm not so brave. There're plenty of things I do fear: incontinence, senility, pain, jail... but I don't fear death. A stroke. Paralysis. Impotence. Being slowly devoured by cancer. Having my kids turn into bankers or vegetarians. Those things are serious. Dying? That's nothing.

Before I went to Mongolia, *maybe* I feared death. I would have kicked off not doing what was most important for me. But I went—and returned. So what's to fear? A smack? The stain of a bloody mess on someone's hands? I don't get it.

Our society regards murder as the greatest of evils. It's the only crime they can kill you for. The death penalty is the ultimate punishment for death. Why? Why is it worse to gently put someone to sleep than it is to stick a curling iron up her ass and plug it in? Why does Dr. Kevorkian go to jail for helping people who *want* to die? Why is the call of both abortionists and vegetarians that the people they oppose are *murderers?* Is that the worst epithet they can fling?

By the time you read this, G.W. Bush will have easily killed more Iraqis than Saddam Hussein. Guess who will be executed for their crimes. Too bad.

But these massive deaths: Ten thousand. A hundred thousand. Six million. How can we understand them? Except in number, how are they any different from the mosquito I smashed under my light. Why are they any sadder?

A person is there, walking around, la-de-da changing a tampon, scratching his balls, taking a shower, and then POW. She's dead. Lying in pieces on the ground, or as part of a pile on the gas chamber floor. Now you see it. Now you don't. What's so spectacular? Why the fuss?

I can't just dismiss it though. It's too ubiquitous. *Every* culture has special rituals and ceremonies connected to death—even if they don't have ceremonies connected to birth. More cultures celebrate *death*days, than *birth*days. Why?

In Mexico, they have *El Dia Del Muerte.* In America, it's Halloween. In Japan, it's Obon. In most cultures, the dead come back. Revisit. Dance around. Scare a few people. Protect a few others. Is it a way to welcome back those we miss? Why do we need such a day? Is there a human need for death not to be final?

It would be nice if we could accept death. It's just another part of life. A bunch of cells assemble at birth, change awhile, then disassemble. As normal as a fart. There must be something I'm not getting. But I look around.

How many books, TV shows, movies have no deaths? Someone I know dies, I dunno, once every three or four months. On TV, it happens every half hour. Are there commercials with death? Does death sell dish-washing liquid, or beer? I don't know. What is death and what's its hold over us? I don't know that either.

I'm reading this book, *The Poet of Tolstoy Park.* It's a true story about this guy who was dying of TB in the 1920s. He moved to Alabama and started building a round concrete hut. He built the whole thing himself and lived there much longer than his doctors expected.

When he thought about death, he pictured it like the ocean. He tells the story of a wave—a ripple actually—in the middle of the ocean. The wind blows the ripple into a gradually bigger wave. The larger wave sees his fellow waves ahead of him. They're blown larger and fiercer until they reach shore where they smash against the rocks and die.

"Oh please stop blowing," shouts the wave to the wind. "Why are you doing this? Creating me just so I can die?"

The wind answers.

"What would happen if I stopped blowing?" It asks.

"I would disappear into the void of the

ocean," answers the wave.

"And if I don't stop blowing?" asks the wind.

"I would make a loud splash against the rocks and disappear into the void of the ocean," says the wave.

Suddenly understanding, the wave stops begging the wind and sails forward strong and hard to smash into the rocks.

Makes sense to me. As long as the smashing isn't too painful. Death can be spectacular. The exclamation point on a long series of periods and semi colons. I'll buy that. But is that how everyone else thinks? How come death is so special?

Albert Camus wrote a novel called *The Stranger*. It begins, *Mama died today. Or yesterday maybe. I don't know.* The protagonist of Camus's story later goes on to kill an Arab. In those days, that was a crime.

During the trial, they prosecute Camus' hero more for not grieving for his mother's death, than for toasting a fellow human. For the court, not responding to death was a greater crime than murder. Why?

Of course, death has its funny side. As long as there have been comics, there have been jokes about death. In Romeo and Juliet, dying Mercutio taunts, "Ask for me tomorrow and you shall find me a grave man." These days, *Six Feet Under* and other TV shows still make fun of death.

Death is always around us: horror movies, Halloween skeletons, Misfits logos. It's not a taboo like kiddie sex. (Try to find a TV comedy about that!) Why?

One more thing strikes me as strange. The belief that you should *respect* the dead. You shouldn't make fun of someone who recently died. If a person has a last wish, you should follow that wish. Why?

If a *live* person has a wish and you make it come true, that person will be happy. She may reward you. She may just feel a thrill. You can be happy you created that thrill. That, I understand.

If a dead person has a wish and you make it come true. (Bury me under the oak in Lonesome Dove.) What the fuck? Nothing will change. No one will be better for it. Why not buy me a beer instead? I'm still missing something.

My parents are old. Someday soon they're gonna kick off. I don't think I'll be as cold as Camus' hero. I'll cry. Be depressed. Think back and tear up again. Heartbreak.

But why will I cry? My folks sit all day watching TV—that's all. They're always sick. Mom hardly remembers how to eat. Dad's in and out of the hospital—always hurting somewhere. Is death so bad? When they go, it'll break me up. How come? Maybe I'm writing this column to find the answer.

Here's what I've got so far:

1. Death has special meaning in most every culture.

2. In our culture, causing death is the worst thing one person can do to another.

3. In our culture, death, although extremely serious, is something you can joke about.

4. Many people believe that *our* tribe's death is more important than *your* tribe's death. American TV news reports US war casualties first. The other side much later, if at all. Dead Jews in WWII were big news. Dead homos less important. And few Americans talk about the dead citizens of Dresden, Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

5. You should respect the dead—and the wishes of the dead.

6. The dead are not gone, but in suspension someplace. They come back as ghosts or reincarnated as cows or mosquitoes.

Okay, that's death in our culture. Much of it is world culture. Since culture is the way one group of people is different from another group, death is not really culture at all. It's life.

Longtime readers know that this is where I take all these points, put them together, reach a conclusion. Like the final mate in chess. The problem is I don't have the move. That rook keeps knocking off my pawns, and I don't know how to stop it. It's killing me.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to upload comments on the column]

—>You can read Jimmy Reject's review of the ARTLESS CD at: http://www.geocities.com/jreject/artless.html. Let me know if the site is down—since Jimmy isn't there to maintain it.

—>*Unplanned-for-dangers dept:* Was it Kesha who sent me the story of Natasha Timarovic? She was brushing her teeth at home in Zadar, Croatia. Here's the rest of it, condensed from the newspaper article:

Apparently, Natasha suffered severe burning to her anus after being struck by lightning which hit her in the mouth and passed right through her body.

She said: "I had just put my mouth under the tap to rinse away the toothpaste when the lightning must have struck the building.

"I don't remember much after that, but I was later told that the lightning had traveled down the water pipe and struck me on the mouth, passing through my body. It was incredibly painful I felt it pass through my torso and then I don't remember much at all."

Doctors treated her for burns to the mouth and anus.

"She was wearing rubber bathroom shoes at the time. So instead of earthing through her feet, the electricity shot out of her backside," a medic told a local newspaper.

Must've felt like the day after good Mexican food.

—>*Hmmm, are you sure it wasn't racial profiling? Dept:* The Associated Press reports that economists who studied NYC's diplomatic "parking ticket scofflaws" came to an amazing conclusion.

"Diplomats from countries with a history of corruption, such as Nigeria, were more likely to ignore parking tickets, while diplomats from law-abiding countries like Norway, were more likely to pay their fines."

It's strange that the news agency would choose a black and a blond country to prove their point. No, it isn't.

Given Halliburton, Enron and other scandals, US diplomats must have a horrible parking record at the UN in Switzerland. I wonder why they don't report that. No, I don't.

—>*Once a goy dept:* Israeli's chief rabbis have stopped recognizing conversions and divorces performed in other countries—even if they're performed by orthodox Rabbis. It used to be Israelis only refused to recognize *reform* ceremonies. Now they're tightening the rules. They refuse *all* non-Israeli ceremonies. As for divorce, you need written permission from the husband or there's no divorce. What's next, the veil?

—>*More on the Jew front dept:* On September 14, 2006, Germany ordained its first rabbis since World War II. The ceremony took place in Dresden, location of the American-created *Slaughterhouse Five* holocaust of Germans. Congratulations to the new rabbis. Let's just hope they don't try to perform any conversions or divorces.

—>*Jew of the Month Dept:* I've been negligent in this lately. But I just finished reading a book called *Don't Think of an Elephant* by Jew-Linguist George Lakoff. It's an eye-opener. I disagree with much of what he suggests, but his analysis is on target. It has to do with the "framing" of various arguments. Once an argument is framed, the conclusion is "logical." The way you frame a picture changes the way people see the content. Read the book and learn something new!

—>*Falwell is right dept:* According to Reverend Jerry, "What happens in South Dakota will literally affect the future of America." He's right.

South Dakota recently enacted a complete ban on abortion. Pro-abortionists forced a referendum to kill the law. This is a test. If the referendum fails and the law continues... you can bet your fetus there'll be more laws in other states.

Now is the time to move to South Dakota and vote. Free ARTLESS CD for the first postcard from Sioux Falls. (Send to Mykel Board, POB 137, Prince St. Station, NYC 10012.) I'm doing my part.

Whoops, I just realized that by the time you read this, the election will be over. Oh well, I'll STILL give a free CD to the first postcard from Sioux Falls. It takes balls to live there anyway.

—>*War will set you free dept:* I've written about how Google and Yahoo censor their search engines in China. Yahoo is worse—it reports forbidden searches to the Chinese government! Well, the May issue of *This World* Magazine reports a scheme to let search engine victims find the real facts. One plan is to distribute Google-defeating software applications via email. My favorite is to let characters in *The World of Warcraft* game pass forbidden information to other players inside the game. Since the players are anonymous—or have fake "game" names—this allows free info flow that's untraceable. Now, that's a crusade worth burning!

—>*Sid Yiddish dept.:* He's the guy I went to CBGB with. Another Jewpal. He also joined me for some NYC readings and NYC's Drink Club. He's a fan of j...j...j...jazz, but we all have our faults. I took him to a mercy gig at Drink Club. Not bad really. But it was Sid who was the hit of

the night. He performed *Mykel Board Weasel Squeezer*, right from the throat-singing depth of his koshered throat. Yowsah! Check out his poetry/throat-singing CDs. Email him at sid_yiddish@hotmail.com for info. Or check out the performance on You Tube at http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o-BnnztltTU.

—>*Speaking of YouTube dept*: It was a service you know had to be there. I found it: PornoTube. An amazing collection of the stuff that YouTube is missing. Let me know which ones you like the best. So far the Japanese homo bukkake is my favorite. Dozens of naked young Japanese guys standing around jerking off in the face of one blind-folded guy. Yowsah!

—>*Help me out dept:* In March of 2007, I'll be going to Australia and New Zealand. Part book promo tour, part adventure. I'm looking for places to read (preferably between punk bands at shows) and people to hang out with. Email me at: booktour@mykelboard.com if you've got any ideas.

For as long as I've been booking tours for foreign bands, I've gotten feedback from Canada asking why I don't bring touring bands there. The usual culprit is time—I have to fight to get most bands to do more than a few weeks of touring, much less the six to nine weeks it would take to do a full US tour with Canadian dates added on. The second culprit is of course the border crossing, customs, and immigration issues. In 2001 I started working on a possible Canadian tour for DS-13, but the band broke up before I could make it happen. Now, in 2006, I've managed to finally get a band that could dedicate the time, and I worked out some of the logistical issues to book a Canadian tour for Regulations from Sweden.

In this column I'm going to talk about the tour and some of the issues involved. When I set out to book the tour, I thought that I was treading some fairly new ground, booking a coast-to-coast tour for an overseas DIY hardcore band. However, there are actually a lot of bands from other countries touring Canada at all times. In fact, Canada is often a refuge for bands that have been washed up elsewhere for years. People would consistently mention bands to me that I thought had broken up ten years ago but that are still "big" in Canada. And of course lots of Canadian bands are touring Canada. However, there seems to be sort of a split between Eastern and Western Canada and a lot of "Canadian Tours" consist of a handful of shows in major cities with "fly-overs" of the prairie provinces. Booking the tour was not too hard, considering my lack of initial contacts. Most promoters I talked too were helpful in recommending other people to talk too. It certainly helped that I had booked a lot of touring bands in Minneapolis so already had some contacts with a lot of people from all over Canada. I have said it before, but I'll say it again—the best way to build up a base of contacts for tour booking is to book shows in your own town. I get so many emails from people asking for my "list of contacts" for tour booking. There is no "list of contacts" if booking a tour is not like opening a recipe book and baking a cake. It's a process of networking.

First I'd like to talk about the legalities. I've noted this before in *MRR*, but the Canadian border crossing can be a tricky ordeal. A lot of bands get denied entry to Canada. It is possible to play Canada legally; there are two possible routes to take. You can either apply for visas or try to book your tour "exempt" from visa requirements. The basic rule is that to be exempt you can *only* play shows that aren't in nightclubs, restaurants, or bars, or play on the radio. This would mean a tour of all-ages hall shows. I think you could actually book such a tour, for some kinds of bands, but you would have to be sure that the promoters knew you were not applying for visas and book the shows accordingly.

If you *do* plan to play bars or night clubs (which is most likely) you need to get work permits. This process sounded intimidating but I think it's not too difficult when all is said and done. You need to apply to HRSDC (Human Resources) in the city where the tour starts. You'll need to provide signed contracts for all of the gigs and show a "guarantee" for each gig. You can of course just submit bogus contacts with outrageous guarantees if you don't actually have contracts for the gigs, as long as you and the promoter are on the same page about it. You will also need to get the approval of the Musicians Federation in each province—again, this is not too hard—and you will have to make a few phone calls and faxes and maybe pay for "concurrances" from the federations that the band you are booking is not taking away jobs from Canadian cover bands or playing below minimum wages. This is where the contract guarantees come in. I was told that the minimum wage for musicians in Canada is around $100 per member per gig. So if you are booking for a five-piece band, make sure the guarantee is for at least $500 a night on the contracts you submit. After the HRSDC and musicians federation approve your application you have to pay a $450 fee and you can get the permits. All of this is kind of byzantine and intimidating, but it's not impossible, and if you are, say, flying a band over from Europe maybe it's better to do it by the book than risk being turned back at the airport.

Of course there's always the more common option of just bringing the band over as tourists under the visa waiver program and hoping that no one in immigration catches on to them being a touring band. If this is the case, I would recommend flying the band members in on separate flights and not bringing any gear or merch in with the band.

With Regulations I opted to go by the book and also declared our merch at the border. Before you cross into Canada, stop at the US side and submit a "manifest" of all your gear that you are bringing with you. Make a list of all your gear with serial numbers and descriptions (this is a good idea in case your gear ever gets stolen as well). You'll have to fill out a form and have the US border guards verify you are bringing the gear in for use in Canada. When you cross back into the US after the tour, show them the manifest at the border. This way they can't accuse you of buying the gear in Canada and importing it into the US and make you pay customs tax on it. When you cross the border you'll want to go to one of the commercial crossings (follow the big trucks). Most trucking companies have customs brokers who handle all the import paperwork for them. Usually these are set up near the border crossing and you can often walk over and hire a broker on the spot to process your shipment. However, you can process your own shipment by filling out the forms yourself—you basically need to enter a category for the "products" you are importing such as shirts, records or CDs, and declare the value. Then they will maybe check your van to confirm your claim and you'll have to pay GST (Goods and Services Tax, similar to the American sales tax) and customs duty (import tax) on the merchandise. One important thing to keep in mind is that you'll pay tax on *all* your merch whether you sell it all or not. This means you should plan very carefully to try to bring in just as much as you need. The GST is paid on all the goods, but you can stop at the border on the way out and get a refund for everything you didn't sell. In my case, no one brought up the GST so I wound up not having to pay it, which was a lucky break. They will require an invoice that shows the value of the merch and where it was made.

This process took me a few hours at the border, but I was able to legally cross into Canada with a temporary visitors permit for the length of the tour and all our shirts, CDs, and records for the tour after paying some customs tax on the merch. I've heard a lot of bands don't bring merch into Canada because of the hassle at the border. If so, you can ship the merch across or have your shirts printed in Canada. In my case I think it was worth it because a lot of the places we went people were not used to seeing a DIY distro set up and were pretty excited to see so many records at reasonable prices. Merch sales help out most tours considerably these days, so having some stuff to sell can be a big plus even if you have to pay some tax on it.

There are numerous other strategems for gaining illicit entry into Canada. Depending on your level of risk aversion you can try any number of obfuscations to cross the border. The two most popular are the short cut and recording contract. A lot of bands set up their tour so that at some point driving across Canada would be more direct that through the US (most famously from Buffalo to Detroit) and try to buffalo the border guards into letting them cross with all their gear and merch. This is risky business to say the least and it's quite possible that the bor-

der guards will Google your band, find out your real tour schedule, and deny you at the border. The other method is the recording contract, in which a dummy recording contract is furnished and the band claims they are recording a demo or some such and gains entry that way. Once again, sometimes this works, some times not. Since the border crossing process has become more rigid after September 11th, it seems like *a lot* of bands get turned away at the border. Since it's not totally impossible to play in Canada legally (especially under the visa exemption program), I personally don't think it's worth the risk, especially for a whole tour.

I once went to see MDC while in Toronto in 1989. They were barred from Canada at the time, but managed to get into the country by paddling across some lake in canoes on an Indian reservation. This route, usually used for smuggling cigarettes, was their last resort. A desperate gambit for sure, but it shows you the lengths bands are willing to go to in order to play gigs. That the governments of the US and Canada are willing to devote so many resources to cracking down on bands crossing between the countries is inane to me, but just what you would expect from such organizations?

The drinking age in Canada is still 18, but there is a split between all-ages and bar shows that should be familiar to anyone from the US. In a lot of towns, Regulations played bar shows as well as all-ages shows—usually an early all-age show and a later bar show. Some shows were 18-up only, which is far from optimal, but not uncommon in Canada. In my experience the all-ages shows are usually the more energetic and when people make the transition from young hardcore punks to "bar punks" they usually lose most of their enthusiasm for new music and sink into an alcoholic torpor. While there are often good and exciting bar shows, in general they lack the energy and intensity of the all-ages crowd. Also, in a purely mercenary sense, you sell a lot of merch at an all-age show, and virtually none when you have to compete against the bar. While this perhaps is a stark commentary on the sense of priorities in most punk fans' lives, it's a sad truth to take into account when you are booking. On the flipside, a lot of bar shows pay much better than all age gigs because the bar can pay the bands out of alcohol sales as well as the cover charge at the door. In most cases, the best solution is to play an early all-ages gig and a later bar gig, or perhaps all-ages and bar gigs on consecutive days.

My first step in booking the tour was to consult a map. Canada is amazingly vast; the scale and grandeur are rivaled only by Russia, Australia, and the Western United States. Luckily Canada's population clings to its southernmost rim—the border with USA and also the East-West routes of the Trans-Canada Highway and Canadian Pacific Railroad. Therefore, the tour was more or less linear from one end of Canada to the other. This is of course unlike many US tours that take the form of a loop, starting and ending in the same city. For Regulations, we booked flights into Vancouver and out of Montreal. These were the cheapest airports to fly in and out of on opposite ends of the country (although our tour would take us much further east than Montreal). Flying in and out of separate airports is always more expensive that a round-trip ticket from a single airport but in this case there was no other way to plan the tour. I think that it would be possible for a really road-savvy band to book some kind of "around the world" package that would fly them into Eastern Canada and out of Vancouver and hence to Japan or another Asian destination. Flights to Asia from Vancouver are cheap and plentiful, which raises some good options for a combined Asia/North American tour.

Looking at my map, I did what I normally do planning a tour—I sketched out a route and then racked my brain for who I knew in each city. I started firing off emails and making phone calls. I posted on my website that I was booking a tour and got some good feedback right away from that and from the Regulations' website as well. In my experience in recent years, if you post on your band's site that you are booking a tour, perhaps with some preliminary tour dates, you start getting offers for gigs in places you never even expected to play. We were lucky in this regards and got some good contacts right away. There were a few places where gigs never came together, but it was no trouble to string together a solid cross-Canada tour. Of course, after the tour was underway, we made more connections and found out about more places we could have played by networking with other bands.

First, it's a myth that not many bands tour Canada. *A lot* of bands tour Canada. Regulations wound up playing many shows with touring bands. However, it still seemed to surprise a lot of people that we were undertaking a cross-Canada tour from one end to the other. I found in most cases, though, that the touring scene was just as saturated in Canada as it is in the US and in most places it wasn't a very big deal for a punk band from Sweden to be coming through. A lot of better-known bands that tour Canada only play a few shows in the major cities, and the long drives of the Canadian West seem put off a lot of bands that might tour by land. In my experience touring in the US, I didn't think the drives or gas prices were any more unbearably long or difficult than I was used to. However, the stretch between the Toronto area and Winnipeg is a big disincentive to a lot of bands in a cross-Canada tour and many bands opt to fly from Toronto to the West rather than make the haul. Another factor is that a lot of Canadian bands actually get grants from the government to tour. In fact, a lot of people were surprised that Regulations didn't have some kind of government funding behind our tour. This was all rather shocking to me. But keep in mind that when you tour there are lots of other bands touring as well, so some competition for resources exists just like in the USA. That said, many of the places we went people were genuinely excited that a Swedish band had come through.

Regulations flew into Vancouver and out of Montreal. We played 26 shows in as many days (some days off, and sometimes two shows a day) Our itinerary ran Victoria, Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Regina, Winnipeg, Thunder Bay, Sudbury, Hamilton, Guelph, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Sherbrooke, Halifax, St. Johns, and back to Montreal. On the whole, the gigs paid better in Canada than in the US. Our merch sales were quite good and people were really stoked to see a lot of DIY hardcore records for sale in my distro at prices well below what stores here are forced to charge. On balance we managed to just about break even with all our expenses and airfare from Europe. I think for a European band to do this kind of DIY tour is quite a stretch. I don't think I would recommend it unless you could get more shows to help cover the cost of the airfare, or possibly add some US dates as well. For a US band, a cross-Canada tour could go a lot better, as the airfare expense is not there and there's the possibility of playing shows near the border (Seattle, Buffalo, etc.) and doing Canadian dates in conjunction with a US tour. I would make sure your border crossing legalities are absolutely watertight before you start crossing back and forth. As with any tour, the more popular and better known a band is, the better it would go. An unknown band doing a cross-Canada tour would be taking some big risks. But there's also a possibility it could go really well. If you are the kind of band that's more concerned with playing good shows, having fun, and building a fan base than covering your expenses, it's possible you could tour Canada and it would work out to your advantage.

I will write more about Canada in my next column.

How old is old?

The other day someone asked me and a few other (over-30) friends what it felt like to be the older person at shows. He was thinking about the shows he used to go to when he was 16 and there would always be a couple of weird older guys there (probably in their 30's, which must have seemed ancient at the time). He remarked that he thought to himself back then, "I don't want to still be doing this at their age."

I don't want to turn this into another rant about "the kids"—it's true that I have a hard time relating to teenagers these days, and that's only right. If I'm old enough to be your father, I shouldn't be able to relate to you. It's like those "cool" parents that try to be their kids' best friends—the kid doesn't need another friend, he needs a parent. However, there are plenty of people in their 20's that I can relate to on a number of levels. Working at MRR brings me into contact with plenty of cool folk, both younger

and older, that are an inspiration. So yeah, I often feel a bit out of place at a house show with a bunch of underage punks, or at Gilman. The alternatives for people my age seem to be to either stop going to shows altogether, to only go to reunion concerts of old bands, or to only go to bar shows where everyone will be over 21 and you can drink overpriced beer or cans of Pabst Blue Ribbon. And to be honest, those over-21 shows are starting to be a lot more attractive. Some of my absolute favorite shows of 2006 (Fucked Up and Hard Skin) were at the Hemlock Tavern, a cool bar/venue in the Tenderloin. I'm not ready to give up on the DIY all-ages shows yet, though, especially because I believe in the principle that all shows should be all-ages. In practice, though, either can be fun.

When our first band, Teenagers From Mars, broke up because the bassist and drummer didn't want to ever play shows, Sandy and I put an advert up in Rat Records in Glasgow looking for new people to start a band with. The only person to respond was this guy Angus. He was pushing 30, about ten years older than us, and the first cool older person we'd ever met. He had as much energy as anyone else we knew. He was an amazing bass player, he loved skateboarding, and he was one of the few people we knew with a full-time job (which he put to good use, eventually using his savings to put out our records). He also had a large record collection, through which I was exposed to loads of great stuff I am still into to this day. He dedicated himself to booking tours, putting on gigs in Glasgow, having bands stay at his house, etc. Eventually, he even bought a van and used it to drive other bands around on tour. Angus is a father now and I don't think he's in a band any more, but I think he can still be spotted occasionally at the new skatepark in Kelvingrove Park. He was the first person to demonstrate to me that there was an alternative to conforming to expectations as one gets older. I know he felt frustrated that many of his friends abandoned their youthful passions once they hit their thirties. I can certainly relate. I think he also felt a certain amount of frustration that we (the younger kids) were squandering our time and energy, not realizing how finite it was.

In the years since then I've encountered countless other older people who have been an inspiration, many of whom still inspire. Tons of people from MRR's "Punks Over 30' issue (from 1992!) are still active—maybe not in punk music, but in some kind of creative pursuit. So let's hear it for the OAPs. If Mike Watt, Nomeansno, The Stooges, The Ex, Mission Of Burma, Bruce Roehrs, Al Quint, etc. are still going strong, I've got a few good years in me yet. I also draw inspiration from the many people close to my own age who show no signs of slowing down. This doesn't necessarily only mean those who are "lifers" in the punk scene, but also people who have grown up as punks and are taking the lessons of independence into other realms, whether it's art, journalism, education, whatever... just not turning their backs on their options. Cheers!

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Eagle-eyed readers will have noticed a slight similarity between my column last issue and John Geek's from the previous month. This coincidence was down to the nuances of MRR's deadline and printing schedule: our columns for the next issue are due before the release date of the current issue, if you catch my drift. Therefore, I hadn't seen John's column until I'd already submitted mine. Of course, our columns discussed two separate incidents that are symptomatic of the problems in West Oakland, which only serves to emphasize the need to talk about this stuff.

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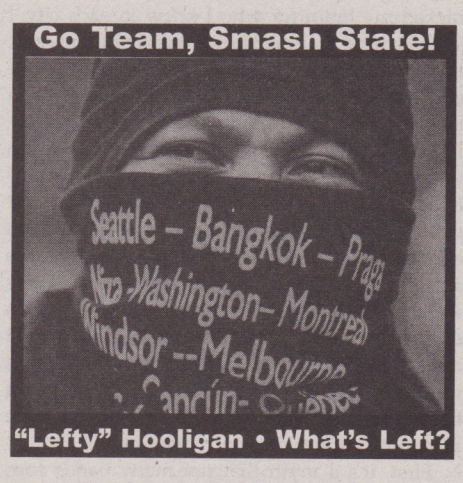


I watch precious little television these days. It's not because I consider TV particularly malignant. Quite the contrary. I was weaned on *I Love Lucy*, *The Honeymooners*, *You Bet Your Life*, and various incarnations of *The Steve Allen Show*. I can't begin to describe the impact *The Avengers* and *The Prisoner* had on my adolescent development. I've got absolutely nothing against good, entertaining TV, which is why I don't watch much television nowadays.

One of the few programs I do follow, religiously, is *The Wire*. A character this season, a kid named Randy Wagstaff, was set up in the first episode to innocently set up another character, named Lex, to be killed by the muscle for a drug kingpin taking over Baltimore's Westside. To avoid getting into other trouble later on, Randy eventually reveals his knowledge of the murder to the authorities, who have been looking for Lex themselves. When the incredulous cops demand to know how Randy is so sure Lex has been offed, Randy looks astonished and says that everybody—meaning all his friends and everybody on the street—knows that Lex was murdered. By telling the police, Randy is in danger of becoming a snitch, one of the worst things to be on Baltimore's street corners.

Likewise, everybody who is engaged in progressive politics and considers themselves part of the Left knows full well that the Revolutionary Communist Party is behind the World Can't Wait organization and events. It's also common knowledge that the International ANSWER Coalition is a front for Workers World Party split-off, the Party for Socialism and Liberation; that By Any Means Necessary is a façade for the Revolutionary Workers League; that Students Against War is another face for the International Socialist Organization, and so on. Yet, to actually say so publicly is to guarantee being tarred a disciple of Senator Joseph McCarthy, a red-baiting anti-communist collaborator with the ruling class, even if the person stating the obvious is a communist.

I'm deliberately outing many of the major shadow players behind prominent "mass" organizations on the Left today, and intentionally equating the Left as a whole with a gangster-cowed milieu, to throw some points into high relief. But before I make my arguments, let's run through a brief flashback. In turn, I'll need a bit of history to introduce the flashback.

If 1968 was a drunken revolutionary high around the world, then 1969 ushered in a profound hangover, at least in the US. Students for a Democratic Society, the quintessential New Left organization, collapsed that year. The Third World Leninism of Weatherman's Revolutionary Youth Movement, the quasi-Maoism of Progressive Labor Party's Worker-Student Alliance, and the ultra-Maoism of an embryonic New Communist Movement nascent in Revolutionary Youth Movement II constituted SDS's most voluble factions, alongside more inchoate democratic socialist and anti-authoritarian tendencies. Despite the sentiment, attributed to Bordiga, that "nothing clears the air like a good split," the breakup was not pretty. For a time, there were two hostile SDSs, one run by the PLP, the other by Weatherman, and each claiming the organization's mantle.

The turmoil of this New Left faction fight mirrored a broader Old Left struggle in the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, a single-issue coalition otherwise known as the Mobe. Old school Communist Party-USA, pacifist, and social democratic organizations aligned themselves against the aggressive, Trotskyist Socialist Workers Party/Young Socialist Alliance to help bring about the demise of the Mobe in 1969. When the successor New Mobilization Committee proved to be dominated by the SWP/YSA, the CP-USA, pacifist, and social democratic groups bolted to form the multi-issue Peoples Coalition for Peace and Justice. The SWP/YSA quickly abandoned the New Mobe to form the single-issue National Peace Action Coalition, and thus the anti-war movement split into two camps. The various and sundry organizations that had emerged from the New Left often joined both coalitions instead of choosing sides in the Old Left's internecine battle.

In 1970, I attended the PCPJ's west coast organizing conference, held at UC Santa Barbara in sunny Goleta, as a representative of Ventura's Concerned Citizens for Peace. Soon to be Ventura's Action Committee for Peace and Justice, we were a mix of old-style pacifists, New American Movement democrats, and anarchists. We were adamantly opposed to the SWP/YSA and enthusiastically in support of the PCPJ's multi-issue approach that linked our anti-war

stance with opposition to racism and sexism and support for full employment and spending on social programs. The conference drew several thousand people for plenary sessions and issue-oriented workgroup meetings intended to build a western regional organizing network. Unbeknownst to the PCPJ planners however, the SWP/YSA decided to crash the conference.

The SWP/YSA attendees numbered only a few hundred out of those present, yet they all had the same political line and most were quite articulate. They didn't participate as upfront members of the SWP/YSA, but ostensibly as representatives of local anti-war organizations that, often as not, were Trot fronts. What's more, they had the full discipline, organization and support of their secretive Leninist vanguard party backing them up. Given a meeting of forty or fifty diverse people committed to democratic process, a small group of five or six disciplined, single-minded individuals can run rings around the larger group, and often push through their agenda using parliamentary maneuvering. At the very least, the small group can endlessly filibuster the larger group and keep them from getting anything done. And that's exactly what the SWP/YSA Trots did. They didn't reveal their presence in the morning plenary, but instead divided up their numbers to attend all the small workgroup meetings on various issues. There, the SWP/YSA members pushed their analysis that multi-issue organizing was the wrong strategy, that a single-issue approach was correct, and that the only acceptable formulation of that one issue—i.e. opposition to the war—happened to coincide with the position held by the SWP/YSA. The small workgroups quickly bogged down in unending, often acrimonious debate. Folks were after blood by the evening plenary.

One after another, PCPJ people rose to denounce the sleazy, manipulative, and disruptive tactics of the SWP/YSA. Many of these critics euphemistically referred to the Trots only as a covert group with a hidden agenda. Some openly declared the SWP/YSA as the culprits and a few demanded that the conference expose and expel them. In turn, individuals allied with the SWP/YSA defended their politics and condemned their critics as red-baiting anti-communists. That really raised the ire of the non-Trots in the plenary meeting. One young woman declared that she had cut sugarcane in Cuba with the Venceremos Brigade. An elderly gent described how he had organized with the CIO during the 30s and 40s, and suffered under McCarthyism in the 50s as a member of the Communist Party. A Vietnam veteran related how he had gone to Hanoi to meet with the North Vietnamese Communists as part of a Peoples Peace Delegation. All three categorically rejected being labeled either red-baiters or anti-communists. The SWP/YSA were accused of being agent provocateurs and police agents. The older CPers and younger Maoists even raised the Stalinist canard that the Trots were fascist Fifth Columnists. The conference degenerated into shouting matches and fistfights. Later that night, a smaller group of non-Trot PCPJ participants reconvened elsewhere in Isla Vista to salvage what they could of the conference, and to hammer out an ad hoc coalition structure and program.

This was the first time I witnessed a Leninist organization use a variety of methods, among them secrecy and front groups, to sabotage and hijack the work of other Leftists. I immediately recognized that the organization's charges of anti-communism and red-baiting against other Leftists were a smokescreen meant to divert attention from its destructive actions.

Not that that's generally the case. I grew up when the Cold War anti-communist hysteria that peaked with McCarthyism was still running strong. My high school principal called my parents in when I refused to stand for the pledge of allegiance in first period, then proceeded to lecture them about how I was falling under dangerously communistic, anti-American influences. My parents told the principal, in so many words, to fuck off, that they'd left Europe to get away from fascist assholes like him, and that I had a perfect right to express myself by not saluting the flag. Of course, once they got me out of the principal's office and into the car on the way home, my parents proceeded to read me the riot act and argue with me about the importance of honoring some of the things the American flag was supposed to represent. That's another matter.

The American ruling class has been engaged in one long red scare since the 1880s, punctuated by high points like the Haymarket riot aftermath (1886), the Palmer raids (1919-20), and McCarthyism (1950-54). Anarchists, social democrats, trade unionists, even liberals have been accused of radicalism, fired from their jobs, hounded from their communities, physically assaulted, mentally harassed, summarily blacklisted, forced into exile, and occasionally driven to suicide. The phase of anti-communist red-baiting we're most familiar with is McCarthy's campaign against the CP and its fellow travelers, made infamous by the phrase "Are you now, or have you ever been, a member of the Communist Party." It can be argued that whereas previous victims of capitalism's anti-Left hysteria in the US saw their political efforts as an attempt to radically democratize the American economy and society, those who adhered to one or another brand of Leninism sought to use basic constitutional liberties like free speech, press and assembly to bring about a totalitarian, one-party social order. Should basic, Bill of Rights freedoms be afforded those who would use those freedoms to gut the Bill of Rights and eliminate all freedom? Besides being a longstanding debate among civil libertarians, this important question underlies my discussion of Leninism and red-baiting.

In reviewing Jim Goad's book *Shit Magnet*, National Vanguard writer J.P. Nash once commented: "*If I had to describe my political philosophy, I would say: 'Libertarianism now, fascism later.' We need to preserve our civil liberties now in order to take them away from the morons later, when we create a healthy White society: an organic state with no parties, no elections, no demagoguery, and no politicians — a society where the best rule for the good of all — a society that takes eugenic measures to drain the Goad end of the gene pool forever — a society where the degrading filth of Judeo-Afro-Homo-Chomo-Pomo popular culture is rolled up by a giant dung beetle and plopped into the bottomless pit of oblivion.*" Should a democratic society allow people like J.P. Nash to participate who, once in power, would eliminate democracy altogether? Absolutists ranging from the American Civil Liberties Union and Mykel Board would argue in the affirmative, claiming that the good and the true will always win out. I'm by no means as sanguine that freedom and democracy inevitably triumph. Given an idyllic proletarian society, I would have serious reservations about letting an unabashed capitalist the free reign to proselytize, as I would a Leninist or a fascist. I'm in pretty odd company in this regard. The father of modern conservatism, William F. Buckley, has long argued against extending constitutional protections to those who, if they ever came to power, would rescind them. (In Buckley's case, he contends that certain ideas—such as Nazism and Communism—are "unassimilable," have no place in a liberal society, and simply don't fit under the "American tent.")

The only counterargument to Buckley's position that holds any weight for me is the one that can be extrapolated from the well-known Pastor Niemöller poem that begins "First they came for the communists." In 1941, the Stalinist CP supported the prosecution of its rival, the Trotskyist SWP, under the Smith Act, which forbade advocating, abetting, advising or teaching the overthrow of the US government. The Feds then went after the CP with a vengeance from 1949 on. The idea that we must protect the rights and freedoms of the most unsavory, totalitarian targets of government attack and repression because we might be next, while ultimately compelling, does not answer the question of how we should deal with those unsavory, totalitarian types in our own midst.

The setup discussed in the first half of this column—of a Leninist organization using the charge of anti-communist red-baiting to bludgeon other Leftists into silence over the front groups said Leninist organization hides behind—is by no means a rare occurrence. Jed Brandt, in his "On Your Own Terms: An open letter to activists regarding World Can't Wait" wrote: "*The role of the **Revolutionary Communist Party** is not a secret — but despite claims to the contrary, World Can't Wait is not a 'front group.' This kind of accusation is not telling uncomfortable truths — it is a distortion. This crude, dishonest and unprincipled red-baiting aims to convince honest activists (read:* you*) that they will be 'secretly' controlled by some shadowy group.* Nothing could be further from the truth. *This kind of argument-by-slur aims to hinder participation without principled discussion by using fear instead of engagement. It's time to retire these vapid Karl Rove-style attacks* within *the left.*" It is precisely because the RCP's role in World Can't Wait is not known outside the Left, and because the RCP attempts to obscure that role to the Left with long lists of big-name celebrity and progressive supporters, that

this is an issue. And I would certainly want to know if the only significant player in an organization I was involved in turned out to be the RCP, or for that matter the National Socialist Movement or the Democratic Party.

Front groups of course are not unique to the Left. From shell companies designed to hide ownership and control, to campaign finance committees intended to mask big name contributors to political campaigns, front organizations are part and parcel of how capitalism operates. For the Left, front groups can serve as a means for an organization to remain underground while continuing to do political work during periods of severe repression. Yet a front on the Left is not merely one organization's membership under another name. Fellow travelers, supporters, sympathizers, even genuinely interested unaffiliated individuals belong to a front. As such, the organization behind a front can use it for recruitment, and to bolster the assertion that the organization's politics have wider public support with the claim that the front is a true, and truly independent mass organization. The test however is whether the front group's leadership is dominated by the organization behind it, and whether the group as a whole can make decisions contrary to the policies and interests of the parent organization.

By these criteria, World Can't Wait never rises above the status of an RCP front group. Those who argue otherwise are like folks who insist that totally fabricated television shows such as *Survivor* or *Big Brother* are "reality" programming. The entertainment industry-fueled fantasies of the American public to the contrary, the Left shouldn't have to tolerate such delusional, if not disingenuous thinking.

Hey, I've been reasonably restrained. I could have spent an entire column detailing my sordid experiences with the RCP alone. That would have made *The Sapranos* look like a PBS documentary about the Cub Scouts.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. Contact: hooligentsia@ mac.com.

11.01.06 Demons for the Holidaze

For you, dear reader, I pull out another demon to play with for the holidays. As The Ramones said, "Merry Christmas, I don't want to fight tonight..."

12.24.03 Three Shots for Christmas

It was late, sometime after midnight, on Christmas Eve.

Our drunken relatives had finally just left, and I was on the phone talking to Adam, explaining how my mom and I had just gotten in a fight again. She was drunk and mad and upset, and I had escaped upstairs to my room, locking the door behind me.

I had been on the phone for only a few minutes when there was a quiet knock at my bedroom door. My younger sister Mary whispered from the hallway, "Erika, let me in." Her words were urgent, serious.

I unlocked the door and she walked quickly into my room, her face white and drained, a look of shock and horror.

"What? What's wrong?" I said.

"Mom is downstairs. She has a gun."

"I have to go. I'll call you back," I said and hung up the phone.

"What? Where is she?" I asked.

"Mom's downstairs. And she has the shotgun out."

"Fuck."

My skin raised and all my senses went hyper sharp. Everything was quiet.

I had never seen Mom with the shotgun, but I had seen the gun many times. It was usually kept in a corner of Mom's closet, a relic from when she and my dad and uncles would go out to my grandfather's farm, drink at the edge of a field and go "hunting" for game birds many years ago. She kept the gun in her closet for protection I think, maybe as a feeling of security from burglars, or from the days of death threats from dad, I'm not sure. Seeing the gun was as normal as seeing her piles of shoes and sweaters. I never thought about it.

But now, in the silence, "Mom had the gun out." This was no game, no small thing.

Instantly, without having to say anything else, Meredith and I knew that all our lives were on the edge.

Slowly, not daring to make a noise, stretching my ears, every step as silent as I could be, trying to hear everything, fearing she would see me, I tried to figure out where mom was. I crept down the hallway, around the corner, looking down the staircase, towards the living room.

***

The day had started off normal enough, with Mom, Mary, and I working to get everything ready for the Christmas Eve Dinner. It was important to Mom to carry on the tradition of her mother, a staunch Catholic with a large family, who had always made Christmas a Very Big Deal.

So, like every year, under the direction of Mom, my sister and I worked all afternoon to decorate and clean the dining room and the rest of the house, polishing the good silverware and cleaning the plates saved for such occasions, ironing the big festive table cloth and washing out the wine glasses while mom made a huge dinner for all the relatives. I even tried to wear some decent looking clothes for the occasion, although my hair was still an inch short and bright red. Mainly, Meredith and I were trying hard not to piss mom off, and hope the holiday would go by as smoothly as possible without too much trouble.

My southern aunt and uncle and their children, my older cousins, and my grandparents all arrived in the early evening, filling the driveway with cars, and ringing the doorbell. They came in with a bustle and hugs through the front door, which we never used except for strangers, package deliveries, and visiting relatives.

The stage was set, and the bizarre holiday play was set in motion.

Mom welcomed them in the kitchen with Jack on the rocks, my grandfather's favorite drink, and I put their jackets in Mom's bedroom. On the kitchen table there was set out a wooden board with a cheese ball surrounded by wheat crackers, and there were bowls of olives, nuts, and stuffed mushrooms. A red candle burned from the middle of a centerpiece of holly, and "I Wish You a Merry Christmas" played on the stereo from the living room. There were stockings hung on the fireplace for us and the two dogs, and a Christmas tree in the corner.

There was a pot of mulled spiced wine on the stove, Glögg, a tradition from my Swedish great-grandfather, a drink the Uppsala punks I've met know all about. It tastes fairly terrible but is strong as hell. My Mom changed the recipe to include apple juice to make it taste better, and gave it to everyone in small glasses, spiked with shots of vodka. Then there were bottles of wine with dinner, then drinks of after-dinner liquor with dessert, and at the end returning to the bottle of Jack. It was a real alcoholiday.

The relatives, of course, by the end of the night were smashed and started talking all kinds of shit. I had a few beers, but luckily throughout the night didn't feel like drinking. Things got progressively weirder as it got later, and odd tensions and conversations would flare and ebb between the cousins and their parents. My aunt and uncle waxed nostalgic about my dead father, discussing theories of his insanity, drinking Jack and sighing, and I wished they would just leave.

Finally, they were gone, and it was just my mom, sister, and I left in the house.

I started doing dishes, tired, sober, and annoyed, and it only took a few minutes before mom and I got into a fight in the kitchen. As I have written about before, fighting with my mom was a regular thing when I lived at home, especially in high school. Little things would often snowball into something bigger, and it would often ended with mom snapping at the end.

Bad things would happen. Sometimes she would throw things, or smash down on the car brakes while driving and almost cause a car wreck. Growing up, mom scared the shit out of my sister and I. She had a temper that was unpredictable and sometimes dangerous, matched only by her sudden bouts of crying and depression.

This night, looking back on it, was a recipe for disaster.

The enormous quantity of alcohol, and my

relatives bringing up all the old wounds didn't help. Not to mention it was Christmas Eve, when families are supposed to come together and love each other, so says popular myth and Santa Clause. At this moment however, fighting in the kitchen, there was blistering evidence that our family was fucked up, we were all upset, and this Christmas was just another fucked up holiday. No amount of tinsel or electric blinking lights would change any of it.

The fight in the kitchen had no reason, no substance, and had started with only a few comments from me about everyone being drunk. It also didn't help I was sick of it all. I was sober, and the more I told my mom she was being irrational, the more upset she got.

I said for the first time, "I am sick of fighting, I am sick of all the bullshit games. I want to be sane. I have my own life. I don't want to be manipulated any more. I want to be free, I've had enough of this."

It didn't make sense to say this to her when she was drunk, but I was so tired of it all, I had so much pent up anger and resentment. Finally, I had recognized the pattern of these fights, and I wanted out. I could do *my* part to change the interaction by not playing along, by not getting caught up in the same old story.

This time, I didn't respond when the yelling turned to crying, or the yelling turned to violence. I was familiar to this play, to this turn in the plot, and knew that whatever had happened, this is where Mom would either scare me or guilt me into saying, "I'm sorry. It's all my fault," and tell mom how much I love her, really. We would make up, she would calm down, and everything would be OK.

But things weren't OK. I was sick of all that. It was the same bullshit that I had lived through for 18 years, and now I was free. I was an adult living on my own; I didn't want to fight anymore. I wanted to be happy and sane.

As coldhearted as it sounds, I left the room, refusing to play her guilt game, leaving her there sitting in a rocking chair alone, crying in the kitchen. The pattern was broken, mom was raving mad and crying without result, and I retreated to my room, and locked the door.

**

"Mom has a gun."

I didn't see this coming, but I wasn't surprised, either. It all fit. The fight hadn't ended as it should've, and the violence, or threat of violence, was now raised to the breaking point.

I made it down the hall to the top of the stairs, looking down into the living room. The lights on the Christmas tree were still on but the Christmas music was thankfully off. Everything was quiet and still.

From the top of the stairs, Mary and I could see the old shotgun resting against the living room bookcase. It was surreal. It seemed Mom had put the gun down, and was rustling around in the downstairs hall closet, looking for something.

Our dog, my loyal friend, a Jack Russell terrier named Jeffery, friend to everyone, was growling in a low tone that I've never heard him use before. His hackles on the back of his neck were standing straight up. He was warning me. He was afraid. Good dogs always defend you, and right then, the family pet was growling at Mom.

The next few moments happened in a blur. I ran down the stairs and grabbed the gun, and gave it to Meredith who took off to go hide it somewhere.

We were safe.

Then I walked slowly up to Mom and asked her what she was doing. I was scared, in shock. Mom looked insane.

"I know they're in here somewhere," she said, and kept digging in the hall closet, moving old jackets and hats and gloves and scarves and looking for something.

"What?"

"I know they're in here somewhere," she said again, intent on finding something.

"What? What are you looking for? I asked.

"The bullets." After a pause, "Ah, here they are," and she brought out an old cardboard box with two-dozen shotgun shells. They were as large as my thumb, yellow plastic with a metal end.

I took the green box, and we sat down on the sofa. I lined three shells up on end, little yellow soldiers, standing at attention on the table in front of us. I said, "Were these for us?"

She didn't answer.

**

The next day was Christmas. I don't remember how we all got through it, except how Mary and I decided to get rid of the gun. Burying it in the backyard didn't seem like a realistic option, and if we hid it in the house Mom might find it again.

While she was sleeping in the morning, we put the gun in the trunk of her car, and drove down Memorial Street, where a cheap pawnshop was still open by the edge of town. How strange we must have seemed, two young upset women bringing in a shotgun on Christmas. I don't know anything about guns, and I told him straight away I wasn't sure if it was loaded or not, handling the thing like a poisonous snake.

I didn't care how much we got for it; I just wanted to get rid of the thing. The guy gave me $100 in cash and we were glad he didn't ask too many questions.

**

[This is what I wrote at the time.] A year later, I still think often of that fucked up night. If things had gone a different way, if we hadn't caught Mom in the closet, I think there is a chance we all could be dead.

For one, she was drunk out of her mind and raving mad. And for another, it would fit a pattern repeated too often. When an abusive partner (or parent) is confronted, they often lash out with increased violence, and that violence often reaches deadly force. It happens every fucking goddamn day.

I am always astounded and saddened that fifteen hundred (1,500) women in the US alone are murdered by their husbands or boyfriends *each year*. In 1996, among all female murder victims in the US, thirty percent were slain by their husbands or boyfriends.

And, beneath these chilling statistics I read, "MULTIPLE-VICTIM HOMICIDE: In some domestic homicides, the perpetrator kills more than one person. In 1994, 38% of domestic homicides were multiple-victim, usually combining a spouse homicide and suicide, or child homicide."(FBI Uniform Crime Statistics—1996)

I'm really glad that I'm not dead. I have a lot more shows to go to, a lot more shit to do here on Earth while I have the time. So does my sister. And I don't want Mom to kill herself either. When she isn't acting crazy, she's actually quite nice.

My Christmas story isn't all that unusual, and in fact I suspect it's tame compared to many of *MRR*'s reader's lives. America is a land of violence. And violence often begins at home.

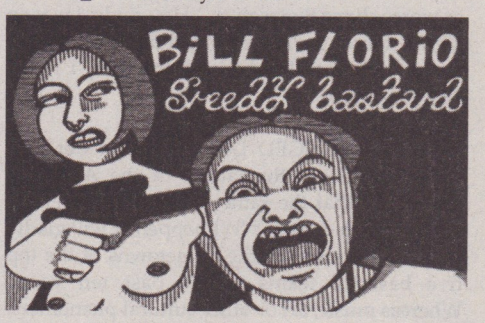
11.05.06 End Notes

I hope you read the CrimethInc. column about the *absolute necessity* of not talking to the police or the FBI. Most people now know about the Green Scare, how the feds are using the "terrorist threat" to go after Earth First! and Animal Liberation activists.

As is to be expected, the search and persecution has not ended there. Even if you aren't an anarchist, and have done nothing illegal in your entire life, are not connected to activism in any way, *don't talk to the FBI.* We must all be in solidarity on this point. Remember always that the Feds and police are not your friends, *everything you say will be used against you.* You don't know what information they are after, what piece of information may be used against you or one of your friends. You can't "trick" the FBI, and if you lie to them, that's a felony and you're fucked just the same. As the police state in the US tightens, and the atmosphere of fear is ratcheted up even further, everyone must know her rights, *I won't say anything without talking to my lawyer.* Don't be a cog in the machine. Resist and Don't Cooperate!

In more pleasant news, this is my forth anniversary of being a regular columnist of *MRR*. My first guest column was in March 2001, and I started as a regular columnist in November 2002. Damn, that's about fifty columns…and I still seem to turn it in at the last minute.

Thanks to everyone who reads my vitriol and traveling tales, and more recently rants and personal stories. The feedback I've gotten has always been supportive and I appreciate it. Cheers to all the punks, and good luck to all of us over the "holidays." Love and Resistance, Erika. e_bitchcrew@yahoo.com



Juicing Rocks

A few months ago I wrote a column about

how one can categorize everyone on the planet into four basic groups. Sorta like the food pyramid, with the vast amount of Drips at the base, with Fucks and Dweebs taking the mid-lower quadrants, and at the tip, the Nerd group. The Nerd group extends down to touch all the other groups in the pyramid's center, since some people can actually be in the Nerd/Drip gray area. I figured it would be good to elaborate on my thesis without relating it to a horrible band like Gorilla Biscuits. Yeah, yeah, just listen to Dag Nasty if you want corny lyrics and melodic hardcore. I don't wanna hear you all wiping your collective asses at once about how they were somehow good—you probably think Lifetime had (oh shit, *has*, ugh) tuneful vocal qualities, at that.

Most people fall into the Drip category, basically because it takes the least amount of effort. Let's say you go to a bar or a gathering of some sort and make random conversation with the first person you see. Chances are they're a Drip. Sure, they may have opinions; they may even be good at making conversation (a good Drip interference play), but when it comes down to it, you started the conversation and when it comes to their turn to expand or change the subject, it's a downward slope peering into their banal existence. Their control of the conversation will automatically go to whichever Drip category they fall into, and to go further into explaining what a Drip is, I think we can talk about some of these categories.

THE SUPER DRUNK DRIP. This is the epitome of drippiness. Take one low intellect, mix with some low self-esteem, throw in a substance problem, and you got the Super Drunk. Though most graduate to some other category somewhere in their 20's or 30's, this is the most annoying in the Drip family. Every conversation must begin with the amount of alcohol or drugs consumed, and then an exaggeration about what ensued afterward, usually giving the substance full credit for lack of morals, lack of judgment, or lack of anything else to talk about. It's funny how Americans want a pill/cure for everything and are willing to pay any price to avoid just using common sense about their well-being. This goes for life in general when it comes to these Drips. They sadly know they have nothing to offer as far as fun goes, so they just assume they can drink something and suddenly not be Drips anymore. Usually the only people who can tolerate such losers are people in just as bad or worse shape themselves. "Hey, dude, I was so high I forgot to bring something else to talk about, and since I'm high all the time, I never will. High Five!"

THE HOT WINGED DRIP. Ralph Nader said something about the fallacy of the American intellect in that the same person who can't tell you in which decade WWI happened will gladly report from memory the hometowns of the top five baseball teams of the past ten years. Whereas music, art or other cultural phenomena offer something of a lasting effect, worthy of self-inflection as well as different levels of entertainment, sports are basically some sort of athletic stock market. I mean, playing sports is all right; that's not what I'm talking about here—folks who are joining up with a local softball league don't make up the vast majority of people sitting at sports bars. Fuck, I'd probably be into watching a ball game if it wasn't for the dried-out codger talking over it for five hours on TV.

THE FAMILY GUY DRIP. This one has given up on life and has chosen to either marry and have kids, or just marry someone who acts like a kid. Or, they never left their parents' house in the first place, even though their whole family already consists of this kind of Drip. This person is a walking vacation slide show ready to put anyone to sleep who dares to make them get a sitter for the evening. They love to ramble on about who has cancer and what sort of weddings, christenings, funerals, and bar mitzvahs are coming up to assure them they will never have to put any effort into an actual social existence.

THE WORKER BEE DRIP. This person's life is all about their work or school, or in the case of schoolteachers, both. I've actually met people who are so engulfed in their career-minded lifestyle that when their boyfriend dumped them, they gave me a list of all the paths they would pursue in finding a new one. It sounded like they were about to fax out resumes so they could assure themselves as little time as possible till their next lay, and if it existed, they would have bought that empty-side-of-bed insurance. Sure, these people easily find other people who have nothing to talk about but job and schoolwork, but just because you may share an active social life with other likeminded Drips doesn't make you interesting.

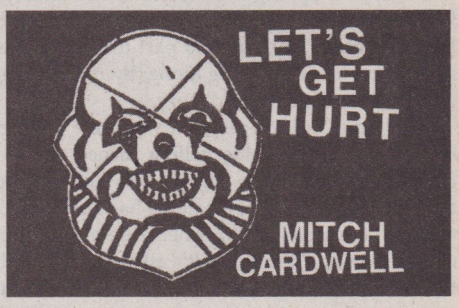
THE MASS CONSUMER DRIP. So if you're not into sports or getting high, you're all alone in the world as far as family, and you're a fuckin CPA or Actuary, the only thing you have left is shopping. To fill the void, you fill your boring life with commodities. "Oh, look at this new iPod I got; it's too bad I only use it to listen to 80's Guido dance music."

THE YENTA. The last but far from least Drip seems to be happy focusing their life on others, even if they really have no part in their lives. I think the Yiddish word actually means something alone the lines of matchmaker, but most people think of it more along the lines of busybody.

ALTERNATATIVE LIFESTYLE / SOCIALLY OPPRESSED AKA "JESUS" DRIPS. Basically these are people that join up with some sort of cause or philosophy that isn't quite mainstream, but then again, it isn't quite fun either. While animal rights is an interesting thing to be into part-time, some people decide that it applies to everything. "Well you know, if everyone was vegan, we wouldn't have terrorists." These folks fall into the Jesus freak category: "Well you know, if everyone was Christian we wouldn't have terrorists." Face it folks, no matter how worthy a cause or a message, it should not fill 100 percent of your life. Just because you decide to love Anne Rice novels and wear black shouldn't really be influencing what you order at Denny's: "Oh, I must order nachos with *black* beans and *dark* chocolate cake and ice cream for dessert with *black* coffee." Hey, it's just clothes; it's just about paying for dweebs to travel to terrible countries and get shot at while hauling old Farina to starving kids, it's just the difference of how you're going to beg for your life when your plane is landing in a snowstorm—it really shouldn't be 100 percent of what you're about.

So that's it. I'd say a lot of the folks reading this somehow manage to not fall into this drippy lifestyle, but if there wasn't someone here to point it out to you, how would you be able to seek help? Hey, then again, if you're that drippy, you'll probably be too lazy to even think about it, and just jump off a high building and do everyone a favor.

bill@candids.com



In an effort to keep the four regular readers of this column on their toes, I actually plan to make good on my semi-regular threat of dishing reissues this month. As evidenced by last month's singles-soaked column, keeping up with all of the new shit is a serious drain on your time and scratch, so why not pick up a reissue by a legend you either know is good or have always been curious about? Seems like a no-brainer to me…

I'm fairly certain that the one excavation the vast majority of MRR readers will find the most interest in is Touch & Go Records' *At The Speed Of Twisted Thought*, an LP collecting everything by THE FIX! When I first started writing this column, the hot reissue at the time was a "fan-club" bootleg of THE FIX's first single, "Vengeance" b/w "In This Town." People were going bat-shit trying to score a copy, and rightly so…it's a fuggin' classic! Although the scumbag charm of bootlegs will never wear off, nothing (*nothing*!) beats a great sounding, perfectly executed official reissue, which is exactly what *At The Speed Of Twisted Thought* is. Released as sort of a celebration piece for Touch & Go's 25th anniversary, this LP collects both of their groundbreaking singles, their track from *Process Of Elimination* and a slew unreleased demos and live material. It's nothing short of a dream come true for fans of early American hardcore punk and ought to give many a chance to finally hear THE FIX on vinyl. The first pressing of 1000 copies sold out immediately (in a week or something equally ridiculous), but Touch And Go has

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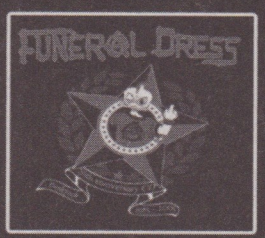
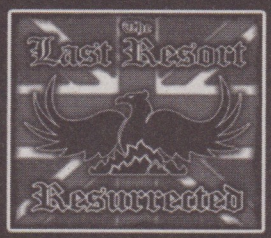
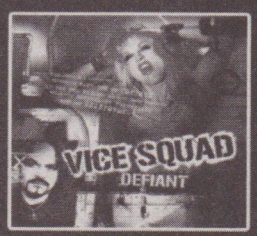


Funeral Dress
"20 Years of Punk Rock"

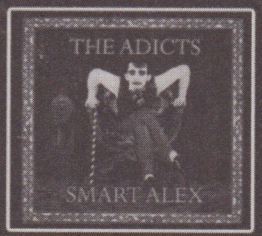


Last Resort
"Resurrected"

Final Conflict
"No Peace on Earth,
No Rest in Hell"



Vice Squad
"Defiant"



The Adicts
"Smart Alex"

Drongos for Europe
"Hotline to Hades"

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vowed to repress, so it's probably back in racks as press time. *Essential*!!!

Portland's Jackpot Records, in close association with Zeno Records, recently released a *perfect* reissue of the debut LP by THE WIPERS, *Is This Real?* In terms of aesthetics that make record geeks cream their pants, this reissue is off the charts, (which ought to explain the high price tag!). This version of *Is This Real?* sounds and looks better than ever, with an ace re-mastering job and spare-no-expense packaging. It's all background to the album itself though, which is truly one of the best punk rock records to ever be shat out of the Pacific Northwest. As influential as they were to the mainstream explosion bands from this area, the music of The Wipers still sounds very unique. Catch this classic any way you can…it's worth the price.

Waiting For The Real Thing is a collection of singles and rarities from Canada's poppy punk pride and joy, POINTED STICKS! The material on this compilation is *waaaaaaaaay* stronger than what you've heard on the (also recently reissued) *Perfect Youth* album, with the original singles fetching top dollar by power-poppers across the world. Big time kudos are owed to Sudden Death Records for making all of these hits available on such a nice package. The real thing is here!

Staying with the pop for a moment, it appears that all the involved parties have worked everything out and the remaining material from THE EXPLODING HEARTS has finally been released! The first title to see release is *Shattered*, a CD collecting all of the band's demos, singles, and unreleased studio tracks. Just prior to the band's tragic end, Dirtnap Records had announced plans to release the *Shattered (You Left Me)* 7" EP, which would've been the band's third single. Though available as a download from a variety of different sources, the official release of this *Shattered* CD is the real deal: a fitting tribute to a band that left too soon, complete with tons of photos, enhanced CD live footage, and fantastic liner notes from Fred Landeen of Vinyl Warning Records. You can officially stop downloading all of these tunes! Scheduled to follow *Shattered* is a full-scale re-released of *Guitar Romantic* on both vinyl and CD, as well the originally-planned *Shattered (You Left Me)* 7" EP. Visit www.dirtnaprecs.com for all the news on these much needed re-releases.

Existential Vacuum has resurfaced with *Zeros – No Ones*, an LP collecting the complete studio recordings from Texas synthpunks, THE RAPLHS! Anyone already familiar with EV and its honcho, Ryan Richardson, should already be sold on the release, but in case you need further convincing, I'll offer up my half-assed take on the record itself. Just when I think I've heard the cream of the crop as far as Texas punk goes, Richardson pulls another rabbit out of his hat and I'm left clutching my skull in disbelief. The fact that a band as off-kilter as THE RALPHS could arrive at their synthy rudeness deep in the heart of late '70s Texas is mind-boggling, and it never ceases to amaze me the quality of material Ryan is able to rescue and offer up to the obscuro-geek record buying public. You can't lose with this one. Visit www.breakmyface.com and order a copy ASAP.

Now…on to the *real* scores of the month! There are two ridiculously great reissues this month for fans of primo '70s Swiss savagery, beginning with *Lost And Found*, an LP collecting all surviving studio and live recordings by NASAL BOYS!!! Yes, those very same NASAL BOYS responsible for the stone classic "Hot Love"! *Lost And Found* collects seven(!) studio tracks (including the original single) and six live tunes, captured with better than average sound, as far as these Euro reissues go. Next up is *Schizo Terrorist*, an LP collecting all the studio recordings by THE BASTARDS, along with a couple live tracks with fantastic sound. I learned about both LPs at the same time and managed to order both from the same source in Switzerland, but I suspect these will trickle over to the US very soon. Both releases are jam-packed with extensive, informative liners (in English!) and previously unpublished photos. I live for Euro KBD punk, and given the heavy-hitters listed above, I've still gotta give the nod to these two releases as my picks of the current reissue lot. You'll see both of these in my year-end Top 10.

S-S Records has unearthed more material from THE GEEKS, a Marin County band from the late '70s (this version of THE GEEKS, anyway). S-S first re-introduced this band by releasing the great *Dreamland in Machineland* 7" in 2003, which dazzled me enough seek out their equally rewarding LP, (which further lined Mr. S-S's pockets). What struck me on those recordings continues on the new 45, "Too Fat Pig" b/w "Visiting Day At San Quentin," although in a very different way. Though calling THE GEEKS "experimental" might be doing them a disservice, I'm left with no alternative. I don't mean "experimental" in a sort of highbrow snobbish way (though they appear to be a quite capable/schooled band), but more in their willingness to borrow from sounds as diverse as art-punk and free jazz to come up with an unexpected mixture that is successful more often than not. I went into this new 45 expecting some hybrid of FLIPPER and no-wave, but got something much more subdued and creepy. If you are a fan of the material found on S-S or of the previous GEEKS material, I highly recommend you seek this one out.

Flashing forward but staying with S-S, the label as also released the debut 7" EP from NOTHING PEOPLE, a mysteriously faceless band from California's Central Valley (and, just maybe, the East Bay?). I had no idea what to expect from this single, but I was 100% certifiably blown away after the first listen. The *Problems* 7" EP features four blaring tunes (not a single one of which is a throwaway) of vibrating proto-punk that immediately brings to mind SIMPLY SAUCER, early CHROME at their most guitar-driven, and any number of rabid Clevo punkaroos. Fuck, they are playing *exactly* what I want to hear! Highest possible recommendation! *Get this*!!!

Another equally impressive debut outing comes in the form *Third Person Shooter*, the first LP from San Francisco's HANK IV. Fresh to the record racks and it's already become customary to inform interested parties that HANK IV has nothing to do with the famed Williams clan. You'd think that much would be obvious, considering that this is *MRR*, but it's my duty as a journalist of incredibly low rank to inform you of the facts. No relation! However, what we do have is some incredibly brainy, powerful, and genuine twin-guitar punk rock played by folks who have seen, done, and snorted it all. Perhaps doomed to be filed in the "Adult-Contemporary" section of MRR's record library out of sheer spite from the youngest in charge, letting 2006 go by without spinning this LP should be a crime. Don't be fooled! *Third Person Shooter* is one of the year's top punk albums, offering up a powerful take on rock 'n' roll with million dollar smarts and a drug-addled, spiteful '70s punk mood, minus all the smirks and fashionable clichés. Hook Or Crook Records went all out on this pup, including a CD version inside every colored vinyl LP. You have no excuse, motherfuckers!

THE KING KHAN AND BBQ SHOW recently blew through California, playing a slew of shows that left KHAN's ball-sack bruised and BBQ's golden vocal chords sore as all get-out. Why? Because folks can't get enough of these two animals, and *What's For Dinner?* is the big reason why. Released by the always-great In The Red Records, *What's For Dinner*? picks up right where their self-titled LP left off. Classic rock 'n' roll delivered with a heaping helping of primal punk fun. Tunes like "Zombies" and "Why Don't You Lie?" are among the best this lot has come up with in any of their previous outings and you couldn't possibly find a band more fun live than these guys. Speaking of live, there's a limited live CD-R, *Live At Izola*, floating around courtesy of Midgain Confidence. I had seen these on eBay for months (usually fetching around 20 bucks!), but managed to score one off of the chaps for a measly six clams. I believe there are 300 of these available, so mosey over to www.marksultan.com and pester 'em for a copy. You might get lucky.

Another month, another release from COCO-COMA! Fuck, these guys are really making a name for themselves quick. Their latest offering is a split 7" with TURPENTINE BROTHERS, courtesy of Sarah Mason's Medical Records. 500 copies pressed, all on blue vinyl and complete with stickers of all the band members to affix to the sleeve, should you choose to play favorites.

New York City's BABY SHAKES are back with their second single, "Stuck On Blue" b/w "Boys Talk," out now on Shit Sandwich Records. I was a big fan of their Douche Master single from earlier this year, and this new 45 tops it by a mile. If girl-fronted power pop is your thing, you can't do much better than Baby Shakes right now. As is customary with Shit Sandwich releases, 100 of these singles were pressed on blue vinyl. I'd speculate as to the quantity of the remainder of the pressing, but last time I did that, Norah Shit Sandwich raked me over the coals for underestimating the quantity pressed. So I'm assuming there is somewhere between one thousand and one million black vinyl copies

available for consumption. Visit www.shitsandwichrecords.com for all the action.

Near the closing of my stint as MRR's vinyl record review assigner, a 7" EP by the ridiculously named HOMOSTUPIDS caught my eye. The EP in question is entitled *The Glow*, which was released a few months back by My Mind's Eye Records. Since my column writing has been quite infrequent this year, I haven't been able to dish things as soon as they come out, which certainly would've been the case with this EP. *The Glow* might just take the cake away from BRAINBOMBS and walk away with the coveted *Most Vicious EP of 2006* award. Seriously. This is some fantastic, unrelenting, heavy and pissed off punk rock, born and bred in Cleveland, where they make maniacs the old fashioned way. In addition to *The Glow*, there is an equally stunning one-sided 7" EP entitled *Brutal Birthday*, just released by Richie Records. I can see this EP appealing to a very broad spectrum of punkers, from the hardcore crowd, to weirdo punks to, well, anyone that likes good, loud, fucked-up rock 'n' roll. Excellent!

Jeth-Row Records takes a break from their attempts to make MANGINA a household name with a split 7" EP showcasing two of the best unsung punk bands from New Orleans, DIE ROTZZ and SCRIPTS. Both bands impressed on their own 7" EPs, but I gotta say they this is the best outing I've heard out of either band. Anyone with an interest in bands like KAJUN SS (members-of featured here) should definitely pick this fucker up. Check www.myspace.com/jethrowrecords for ordering instructions.

Last time I dished a record by THE VATICANS, they had a different singer. I also tried to talk about hard cocks and buttholes. I won't make the same mistake twice, so it's all straight talk regarding "Digital World" b/w "Little Jimmy," The Vaticans' new 45 on Pure Filth Records. Very clean this time around folks. The mod-flavored A-side wins out over the still-impressed '60s dancer on the flip. I *really* wanna tell you where my cum ended up after spinning this, but I just can't bring myself to do it.

I've always sorta thought of Odie from BASEBALL FURIES as one of the handful of people around today that can legitimately pull off the whole JOHNNY THUNDERS vibe in a way that's not cartoonish. I say that knowing nothing of his personal habits at all, but the music he has made thus far has certainly had that air about it at times. With the FURIES no more, Odie has stepped forward with a new combo, the aptly named VIOLENT LOVER'S CLUB, which certainly recalls the latter days of Thunders. Joined by members of CLONE DEFECTS, BUSY SIGNALS, and THE MISTREATERS, things are far more somber and brooding than anything Odie flirted with previously. The *N.B.S.N.C.* 12" EP, released by Big Neck Records, offers up acoustic, romanticized odes to sleaze that might be a bit much for those expecting the bombardment of the BASEBALL FURIES. Not at all what I expected, but still pretty impressive. Die-hard FURIES fans ought to give it a go…I think you'll be surprised.

Lastly, we have the final album from DESTRUCTION UNIT, *Death To The Old Flesh*, released by Empty Records. If you paid any attention at all to the JAY REATARD discography assembled last issue, you'll no doubt realize that I called this LP *Death To The New Flesh*. My bad…but I somehow managed to out-morbid the likes of RYAN WONG, Jay and ALICJA TROUT, which is no small feat, trust me. Anyway, *Death To The Old Flesh* is equally as savage as its predecessor, *Self-Destruction of A Man*, although seemingly a big step up in terms of its ambitions. The LP opens with one of my favorite songs of the year, "I Dare You," which is a duet between Ryan and Alicja that's just too fucking perfect for words. Things even get danceable with "The Fools Will Dance," which surprised me in spite of the dead-giveaway song title. For all of new tricks busted out here, it's still every bit as vicious and tortured as expected, so much so that it makes for difficult listening. These three folks together work incredibly well and it's a shame that this is the last the group has to offer. But they did go out *waaaaaaaaaay* on top, so no use complaining. Great fucking LP…

Mitch Cardwell / PO Box 23882 / Oakland, CA 94623 / USA
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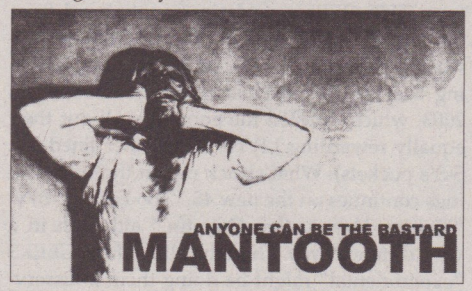


"I Don't Even Like Money!"

Perhaps it would be too simplistic to describe my life in terms of "one shitty job to the next," but, as I've said before, I am particularly prone to gross generalizations, especially hyperboles concerning *my life*. "*My life* is a total shithole," "*my life* is a festering shit-bonanza," "*my life* is that of an anthropomorphized turd that is perpetually crash-landing into my brain and seeping into every single crevice"—the equation *is* simple.

I'm sure anyone reading this has their own "horrible job story" that they can regale friends and family with—a sure-fire strategy to gain from these sentimental idiots plenty of sympathy/money for drugs. But I realized the other day that I've had the uncanny fortune to have worked in some of the most horrendous work environments since my father decided that I should be a fucking man and get a goddamned job at the age of 14.

So I went to work at a pizza shop. I was a dishwasher. I would go straight from school to the pizza shop until they kicked me out at 9:00 p.m., regardless of whether or not my ride was there. They'd shove me out of the door and turn off all the lights. I always thought it was odd until one day I stumbled upon a giant stash of cocaine in the freezer. I slowly started to realize (remember, I was 14 and puberty was in full swing, making me oily and dim-witted) that I washed dishes for a major drug-dealing hub. There'd be a constant stream of weird, haggard-looking folk knocking at the back door asking for so-and-so.

It scared the hell out of me once I realized what was going on. There was this one time, towards 9:00 p.m., that some guy wearing only sweatpants and a trench coat came to the back-door. It was January. He hovered there for about 15 minutes while I ignored him pacing back and forth, glaring at me and the freezer. Finally he comes through the door and starts walking towards the freezer. My boss, who was also an avid steroid user, sees him and lumbers casually past me. Without saying a word, he punches the guy so hard he flies backwards and slams into the back door. My boss picks him up (I swear it seemed like he fit his whole waist in his fist) and carries him out the door. He's gone for about 15 minutes before he comes back in. He pats me on the shoulder, told me "good job," and hands me $20.

There was this one guy who worked there who would frequently tell me the wonders of the following:

methamphetamines
licking pussy
licking pussy while on methamphetamines
goatees (useful for licking pussy)
snorting coke out of pussy (careful it does not get in your goatee)

One day I showed up and there was an army of (what I would imagine to be) illegal immigrants washing dishes. I didn't really mind much because I was kind of terrified of working there. I walked home that night and when my dad asked me what I was doing home, I told him sarcastically (dude, I had Aus-Rotten records by then—I knew better) that Mexicans had stolen my job. I believe he said something to the effect of, "They've made it this far north?" Not really understanding why he thought I said "killer bees stole my job," my response was, "uh?"

Skip ahead a few years and you'll find me sleeping in my father's truck at 5:00 a.m. while he's power-lifting before work. I took a summer job at the machine shop that he had worked at for 20 years. Ten of those years he spent getting up at 4:00 a.m. and going to the gym beforehand.

So I would get up with him Monday through Friday and sleep in the truck for an hour while he did squats and thrusts and lifts and pulls and whatever the hell you do in a gym at 4:30 a.m.

My job was to build enormous shelving units to house 40+ years of documents this company had amassed. I worked with this other kid who resembled the Toxic Avenger. I don't feel bad saying this because the only things he ever tried talking to me about were a) high school football and b) fuckin' chicks. I didn't know anything about either of those two subjects since I was a) a nerd and b) a nerd. So we spent most of the day in silence as I listened to Spazz *La Revancha* on my cassette player.

Come July, I had devised an ingenious scheme that would allow me to escape work. My plan was crude yet flawless. Unannounced, as to throw the boss and "Toxie" off of my trail, I

would walk into the bathroom and promptly fall asleep in one of the stalls. On the inside of one of the doors, someone had etched into the wood a crude drawing of a woman lying on her back, spread-eagle. Someone had captioned it with the name of my mother.

There were days that I would walk into the break-room and my dad would sit across from me picking through a grocery bag full of Hustlers and Penthouse. There would always be at least one person weeping silently in the corner. It was usually the guy who had worked for the company for almost 40 years.

I came to learn that my father was somewhat of a suck-up. Sometimes he would eat lunch with some of the executives upstairs. The other guys obviously resented him for it and would say that he was "eating tube steak with the bosses." I had no idea what this meant. One time they asked me if I wanted to join my dad.

On the way home, I apologized for not eating tube steak with him. I remember getting yelled at a lot.

It was one of the best-paying jobs I ever had and I blew almost all of the money I made on records. By the end of the summer, the only thing I had to show for my efforts were hundreds of records and an ingroinal hernia, which I believe I've discussed before in these pages.

My next job was working at an ice cream parlor. I wasn't allowed to work the front registers because my creepy boss would only allow girls to work them. All of us acne-riddled teenage boys had to work in the back either scrubbing the floor or bathroom.

One day he came in with a fucking "Tickle Me Elmo" costume. He handed it to me and told me to go out to the road and throw my dignity and self-esteem into the path of oncoming traffic. And hand out balloons to little kids.

Have you ever had to wear one of these things? Line your oven with wool, turn it up to 450 degrees, and climb inside. And if you really want to go through what *I* went through that lovely *July* day, commission a bunch of ornery toddlers, smothered in ice cream, to stand outside and screech demands at you.

"STAND ON YOUR HEAD, ELMO!!!"

"TURN INTO A BOAT, ELMO!!!"

"JUMP ON MY DAD'S HEAD, EMO!!!"

"FLY AWAY, ELMO!!!"

To which I responded, "Elmo wishes he could, kid."

And keep in mind that I was "Tickle Me" Elmo, so of course every brat wanted to tickle *me*, except none of them could reach my stomach. They were all eye-level with my knees, so when they reached up to tickle me, they just ended up punching me in the balls. Or they would grab onto them and swing between my legs.

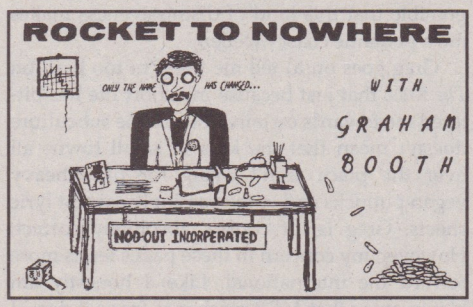
After the ice cream parlor, I decided to bow out of employment for many years, only picking up odd jobs here and there. For a while, I cleaned the operating room for the local veterinary clinic. Somehow, cleaning up piss, shit, blood, teeth, brain, and bones was easier to handle than my previous jobs. Probably because I only had to do it for three hours and would end up $100 better after the fact.

Then, of course, we have some of my most recent jobs working for an apartment rental company and The Gap. I've discussed both of these jobs at length already, so I won't go into them much more except this one short anecdote from when I was working maintenance.

One day I had to go drain the boiler valves for one of the larger buildings the company owned. It's this big hulking piece of ancient machinery that looks like it would be more at home at the center of the earth, at work for a hideous race of pre-humans, than providing the hot water for an apartment complex.

The valves get clogged with thick sediments if they don't get drained, so you have to manually open them by pulling up on these levers on all four sides of the boiler. The first two empty into the drain in the floor just fine. In fact, it's kind of cool watching all this sizzling goop shoot down the drain. There's steam everywhere and it made me feel like a *real man* doing such filthy work. But it also makes me feel like I'm going to have a heart attack when the third valve malfunctions and sprays boiling sludge all over the front of me. Luckily I was wearing four layers of clothes and I didn't get hurt, but it was pretty much the deciding factor in whether or not to stay with this job.

ENDNOTES:
"Tube Steak" is slang for "sucking cock."
email me: gregory.mantooth@gmail.com
"I need a raise, man!"



What a weekend! I just got back from the WFMU Record Fair all the way out in NYC! Aside from the usual fiending for overlooked and under-priced rarities, for the first time ever, I decided to switch over to the other side as record dealer, peddling my accumulated stacks of failed attempts and unwanted doubles.

In just three days, I managed to offload roughly 400 records that had been gathering dust in our meager one-bedroom apartment. Sure, I made some money, but unlike many of my competitors, my goal was to get rid of everything rather than get top dollar and go home with 3/4 of what I brought. By the last day I was giving deep discounts and I ended up coming back home with about 1/4 of the records that I brought with me. I can't believe all the good records still lingering in my boxes unsold, but I guess there's always next year...or the landfill!

I was set up with two other punk dealers on Friday night. Thankfully Justin had brought his corkboard so we were able to make a pretty tantalizing wall of punk rarities. And with the three of us combining resources, it made quite an impact. Not cheap, but great stuff. Some of the highlights included INSULTS – *Stiff Love*, SHIT DOGS – *History Of Cheese*, VKTMS – *Midget*, GERMS – *Forming*, NUBS – *I Don't Need You*, NO THANKS – *Are You Ready To Die*, VICTIMS – *Television Addict*, etc...I wish I went more places with walls like that!

Of course the real reason everyone goes is to find the bargains, but it's cool to get a glance at some über rarities not likely to be hanging on the walls of any of your local record shops. The WFMU Record Fair is legendary in punk collecting circles, as, unlike most record shows, WFMU attracts some of the weirdest and interesting dealers in the world. At your average record show, any requests for "punk" or "new wave" are usually met with an "oh, I left that box at home...I'll try to bring it next time." At WFMU, all the dealers bring out their "punk" and "new wave" boxes, and leave the run of the mill crap in the storage locker. What results is a highly concentrated room full of some of the weirdest records on earth. For example, the one Swedish dealer was particularly popular this year.

Admittedly, the scores ain't what they used to be ten years ago (or so I hear!). Back then the fair was just starting out, and eBay hadn't totally changed the market. The "punk" finds were the stuff of legends. $1 or $3 could get you *a lot*, since most dealers were unaware of what they had, and resources like www.popsike.com didn't exist for the layman to figure out prices. In the end, most dealers are lazy, and they just want quick money. Punk records can't be worth *that* much, can they?

Every year there is at least one obscene record score story making the rounds. This year, said score was made early Saturday morning. For the low, low price of $1, some lucky dog snagged a copy of the giga-rare COMMANDOS / CRAZY JACK & THE AUTOMATICS split 45 on the Worcester, MA based Beast label. You may recognize COMMANDOS from the *No One Left To Blame* LP compilation. I'm pretty sure there's a Rave Up Records reissue LP of their early material. Whatever the case, my stomach sank, as that split 45 still has a space on my "most wanted" list—a great record for sure!

It's not like I came home empty handed. Record shows are always a great way for me to take a chance on some potential unknowns, and I came home with quite a stack of records I'd never seen or heard of before. It's even better to run across a few records I'm actively looking for. This year I was able to cross a few heavies off my wantlist—unfortunately that's about all I have left:

My best score was the ultra-rare HENCHMEN – *Do The Maelstrom* 12" from New Zealand. With a press run in the low 100s, and a silk-screened sleeve complete with bastardized paste-on RADIO BIRDMAN logo, it's hard to go wrong. As you might expect, the HENCHMEN emulate the BIRDMAN sound with a rough edge. You can hear these tracks along with much of their early material on the reissue. I never imagined I'd own this record, especially for such a reasonable price: 40 bucks.

I shelled out a bit more for a NY powerpop single that's been keeping me up at night...the rare 1st SMITHEREENS 7" EP. I had high hopes based upon stellar reviews and prices topping the $100 mark. I spent half that, which is a good thing because I'm not so impressed. Presumably someone in Japan will be...

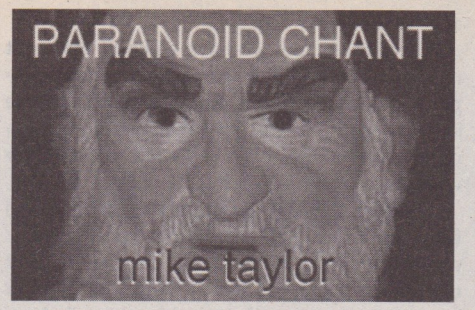
I paid even more to replace a Swedish heavy I'd traded away a few years back...by Goteborg based LIKET LEVER. I first heard their track "Hjartats Slag" on *Back to Front* #4. Their singer, Freddie Wadling, the noted early Swedish scenester, has a really strange voice that's a bit hard to get used to. I'd always been on the fence about him, but as time has passed, I've realized how infectious LIKET LEVER really is. It's been on my mind lately since I finally heard another early Freddie Wadling release: the first CORTEX single "Jesus i Betong" on an MP3 blog near you. One friend actually found said CORTEX single at another table at the fair!

Not everyone had money to burn, and I got some unexpected things in on the spot trades. Probably the weirdest walk-in was the ultra obscure FENSICS single from Oklahoma. Only the second copy I've seen up for grabs in recent years, it was a no brainer. In addition I got a couple of Canadian classics, the DISCORDS – *RCMP* 7" and the DOA – *World War III* 7" complete with both covers.

Most of my real scores were in pre-arranged trades and sales. I finally came home with many heavy wantlist items: PSYCHO SURGEONS – *Horizontal Action* 7" with a particularly bloody sleeve, 1st URINALS 7", PERE UBU –*30 Seconds Over Tokyo*" 7", GANG GREEN – *Sold Out* 7" on clear vinyl, FRAEBBLINIR – *False Death* 7" from Iceland, and one I haven't seen in years: ED NASTY AND THE DOPEDS – *You Sucker* 7". Unfortunately, ED NASTY came without the ultra rare picture sleeve...who's got one for me?

But enough about me! Lots of other great records exchanged hands. While I didn't hear about everything, here are some of the highlights I did hear about (though none of them very cheap): CRIME – *Murder By Guitar* w/PS, BOBBY SOXX – *Hate In The Eighties*, GERMS – *Lexicon Devil*, THE FIVE – *Napalm Beach*, PLUGZ –*Mindless Contentment*, EDDIE & THE SUBTITLES, MAJOR CONFLICT, URINALS – *Another* EP, EMBARASSMENT – *Sex Drive*, AVENGERS – *We Are The One*, RANDOMS – *Let's Get Rid Of NY*, etc. Prices were pretty high, but still, you'd typically only be paying 75% of what you'd expect to pay on the internet.

So, that's a brief recap of the weekend. Needless to say, the best part was being able to see a lot of old friends from the Northeast who'd descended upon New York for a few days. These days, it gets harder and harder to make time to see friends dispersed all over the country and beyond. WFMU makes it easy on me, as I can count on at least a dozen people from the greater region to show their lousy mugs. Thanks to everyone who helped me out along the way, with extra kudos to Dave Hyde, Stuart Schrader (how's the CORTEX?), Justin Frowirth, Bruce Cantley, and Marc Littell. More next time...



The punk slice of the United States is such that if I say "Greg Harvester," many of you may know who I'm talking about. Punk names are such that all actual stories may become charming apocrypha because all the players are named Toolbox and FaceFace.

So "Greg Harvester," friend, one time cellmate, cheater of death, etc. wrote me with some feedback on my column. A few issues ago I prodded readers to move to Indiana in search of small towns to live creatively without starting a white bohemian yuppie explosion lifestyle. Greg lives in Indiana. Bloomington, Indiana. The cleanest city I've ever seen in my life. A college town. A front porch kinda place, a swimmin' hole kinda place. Thing is, I didn't mean Indiana; I meant "Indiana." Like, a perfectly fine place that's been shelved by pedantic coast dwellers in the "places that sound remote and uncool" section. Well, I was kind of referencing Gary, Indiana as well. Statistically, it's the only US city to have wholesale avoided gentrification. But that's another talk altogether. It is quite possible that this kind of dismissiveness makes me a pedantic coast dweller.

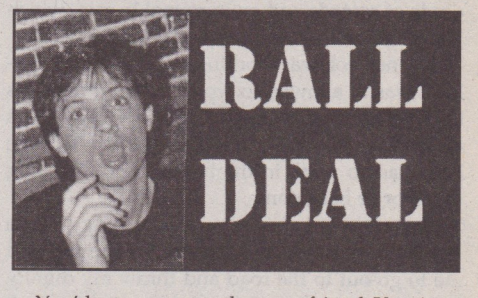
Greg goes on to tell me that I'm too hard on *The Kids*, that just because my short life has bittered me towards certain facets of the subculture doesn't mean that the kids in small towns all over the place aren't dying for pasta-heavy vegan potlucks and embarrassingly earnest lyric sheets. Greg is, of course, absolutely correct. However, my concern in these pages tends more toward the international. Like, I honestly am blown away that *MRR* reaches as far as it does. I always say "*Malaysia*" when I give examples of remote places where the magazine is available. I'm sorry, Malaysia, but you are remote to *me*, in Rhode Island.

So with this in mind, I want punk to be more like the *Search and Destroy* type of thing: limitless, undefined, at times corny and pretentious. I want the small towns in the Midwest and the islands in Southeast Asia to cook up their own warped steelo, away from the hallowed vestiges of Punk canon. I want punk kids to all look different, play different music, read different books, wreck things in peculiar ways. Sun grayed blacks and folk punk, D-beat and dance punk are just miniscule deviations in the grand scheme of just how different things could be! It's really, really frustrating to see people settle.

Top 5 from summer to fall! (not in order):

1. *The Devil and Daniel Johnston*—The first two minutes of this movie made me cry, and it didn't let up throughout the duration. The filmmaker was tactful enough to not draw connections between fundamentalist harsh parents and depressive breakdown. Maybe enough time has passed to recommend without seeming redundant Daniel Johnston's music to all the singer-songwriter fans who side with either Against Me! or newer K Records drivel.
2. *Rare Youth* – 2xCD comp. Experimental music of Providence now! 25 years ago, this would be reviewed as a punk release, but these are conservative times. I don't have the address, but contact me and I'll forward it to Geoff if you're interested.
3. Teenage Waisteband at the Pine St. Halloween Party. TW is the *best* new punk band. For real, you heard it here first. They have a dubious moniker, no doubt, but the late '70s girl Britain skree is unfuckwithable. Demo tape soon!
4. Make Believe – *Of Course* CD. It's actually their least powerful release, but that still places it head and shoulders above the majority of music released within our sphere. Tim Kinsella should get respect for his lyric writing alone, not to mention his sheer prodigous output. If it's possible to sound jaded and excited for the new at once, it happens here.
5. Byron House. Live it.

Saturday night's alright for writin': PO Box 28226, Providence, RI 02908



You'd never guess that my friend Ken is so cynical. He's white and Harvard-educated and comes off as the ultimate straight arrow in his off-the-rack suit. "Whether I vote or not doesn't matter," he likes to explain. "There's no chance that the outcome will be affected."

Indeed, there's only one known instance of a modern election having been decided by a single voter. On January 18, 1961, the Afro-Shirazi party won the parliamentary seat of Chake-Chake on Pemba Island in Zanzibar (now part of Tanzania) by one vote, granting it victory in the general elections. Ken might feel differently if he lived in Chake-Chake.

Widespread apathy can affect millions of votes and hundreds of races on Election Day, leading to sweeping political changes and even optional preemptive wars that kill hundreds of thousands of people. But there's nothing that you, as an individual, can do to change such a trend. You can cast your one vote. Or not.

Even if you lived in Florida in 2000, which was declared a Bush win after the Supreme Court ordered officials to stop counting the ballots, the most that you could have accomplished was to have nudged Bush's margin down to 536 or up to 538. Even under ideal circumstances—reliable machines, politically neutral and incorruptible supervisors, and a thorough process to ensure that every vote is counted—your vote, as an individual decision, cannot change which

candidate wins or loses. Voting is a gesture, symbolically supporting the democratic process the way attending church flamboyantly expresses faith without demonstrating it—nothing more.

And these are not ideal circumstances.

The 2006 midterm elections, coming on the heels of the brazenly stolen elections of 2000 and 2004, found the electorate in a grim mood that makes my friend Ken look like a relative Pollyanna. Eight percent of whites and a whopping 29 percent of blacks (up from 15 percent in 2004) told Pew Research Center pollsters that they don't trust the government to count their votes. "This notion that elections are stolen and that elections are rigged is so common in the public sphere that we're having to go out of our way to counter them this year," said Democratic strategist Donna Brazile about get-out-the-vote drives directed at blacks, who vote Democratic at least 90 percent of the time. Given recent history, overcoming their distrust is an uphill battle.

The Republicans' theft of the key state of Florida in 2000 has been exhaustively documented by shelves of books and newspaper recounts. One, a July 15, 2001 *New York Times* report titled "How Bush Took Florida: Mining the Overseas Absentee Vote," looks at the GOP's propaganda campaign to pressure Republican-dominated canvassing boards to illegally accept hundreds of absentee ballots mailed in by overseas military personnel *after Election Day*. Based on this incident alone, Gore won Florida by 202 votes.

On November 24, 2000, vote counters for predominantly Democratic Miami-Dade county fled their office when scores of young goons hired by since-disgraced Republican leader Tom DeLay "trampled, punched or kicked" election officials, a scene that was broadcast on national television. "When the ruckus was over," reported *The Times*, "the protesters [sic] had what they had wanted: a unanimous vote by the board to call off the hand counting."

Miami-Dade, it later turned out, put Gore over the top by thousands more votes.

Blacks, the most reliably liberal voting bloc, were specifically targeted by Republican operatives determined to deny them their right to vote. Police officers loitered outside polling places, threatening them with arrest if they did not produce identification cards. (This thuggery is illegal.) More than 200,000 "felons," most of them black and many of them without criminal records, were purged from voting rolls by the state's Republican-run board of elections. The truth is, Florida was never close. Exit polls, which had never been wrong, were again correct. Al Gore won by many thousands of votes.

In 2004 Ohio was the state that determined the race for the White House. Once again, the secretary of state was J. Kenneth Blackwell, partisan Republican who had campaigned for George W. Bush. As they had done in Florida four years earlier, Republican operatives posted cops outside inner-city precincts to intimidate black voters. They "purged" the rolls of registered voters who had missed two consecutive elections, disproportionately targeting areas with large African-American populations. And Blackwell added a few ingenious new tricks.

"In several of the state's pro-Kerry cities," write the authors of the new book *What Happened in Ohio? A Documentary Record of Theft and Fraud in the 2004 Election*, "the secretary of state [Blackwell] effectively engendered a classic 'Catch-22' situation: as boards of election changed long-standing Democratic precinct locations shortly before the elections, Blackwell simultaneously disseminated out-of-date voter rolls to county officials, ensuring that many new voters would not be on precinct rolls given to poll workers. Then, to people who were confused as a result and did not end up at the correct precinct, he offered provisional ballots, but subsequently refused to count provisional ballots cast in the wrong precinct—which was often simply the wrong table in the correct building and room…Because of voting machine shortages, misinformation sent out by the secretary of state's office, and/or improper signage at the precincts, many people waited for hours in the wrong precinct line in a newly relocated precinct. Often, these people found themselves ineligible to receive a provisional ballot unless they stood again in a different line."

Blackwell was off to bigger and better things this year, running for governor. But Republicans were still trying to stop Democrats from voting. In Orange County, south of Los Angeles, desperately trailing GOP Congressional candidate Tan Nguyen mailed a sleazy letter to 14,000 Latino Democrats warning that "If you are an immigrant, voting in a federal election is a crime that can result in incarceration, and possible deportation." Standard-issue Republican conflation: naturalized immigrants *are* allowed to vote.

Intellectually, I know Ken is right. My vote can't change a thing. But I'll do anything George W. Bush doesn't want me to do. Even if I have to pretend I live in Chake-Chake.

Contact: ted@rall.com.

So there I was, rolling around on the floor with this hot babe named Monique, as her friend Bonita watched us with widening pupils. First Monique would slip me some tongue, then I'd do the same to her. As we kept at it, I could literally smell her getting excited. I could also smell Bonita's fine feminine scents, and could tell she was getting hot to trot as well.

Soon Monique and I switched from kissing each other's faces to gentle genital licking. As I ran my tongue over her newly shaved crotch, I could see Bonita and her blonde hair watching us through the corner of my eye. I could tell she wanted to join in. Hell, I could smell it. But Bonita was in a shy mood that night, and seemed to be more interested in being a voyeur than anything else. Which is too bad, because Monique is a brunette, and having a ménage à trois with a blonde and a brunette had always been a fantasy of mine.

Anyway, I went from licking Monique's labia to her nipple, then to her other nipple, then her other, her other, and then her other. She was going nuts for me. Moaning and groaning, barking like a damn canine.

Finally I'm as excited as I'll ever be, and go to mount Monique. From behind. Doggy style. I like it that way. As I do so, Bonita rushes toward me with a speed I never knew she possessed, with the whites of her teeth showing. And then she bites me. *Bites* me.

I quickly jump off Monique and howl in pain. Then Bonita bites me again. I quickly cower behind my brunette friend, hoping she'll protect me from this female savage. But no such luck. Monique then bites me as well. Bonita takes another chunk out of me. Suddenly they are both biting me all over, and it hurts. I mean, hell, I'm a kinky kinda guy; I've even done it in the middle of the street, as well as on a rooftop, in a Laundromat, and even with twenty people watching once. But this pain stuff had to go. I wasn't into it like these crazy bitches. And bitches they were.

But I should have figured the day would end badly. With pain. Hell, it had begun with it. It was just one of those damn dog days.

*

"Motherfucking sonofabith cocksucker asshole," yelled George in his sleep as I lay between him and The Future Ex-Wife.

"Fucking fuck, I'll kill you, gimmie back my stuff, fucker, fucking Florida," he continued.

As George, my adopted dad, went on to swear about a thousand more times, I quickly hopped over to The Future Ex-Wife and went to sleep on her side of the bed. There I wouldn't be hit by his flailing fists, which were sure to start swinging in his sleep at any second. So I lay next to The Future Ex-Wife, with my head burrowed in her underarm, just to be safe. After all, I'm a six, no, excuse me, *seven*-pound Yorkshire Terrier named PJ, and one good hit to my head or torso by a human means bye-bye to me.

"George," says The Future Ex-Wife, "Wake up! Wake up! You are having bad dreams again!"

"Huh," says Dad, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

"You were dreaming about Florida again," says The Future Ex-Wife.

"Fucking pisspot shithole of a state that fucking place is, let me tell you," says Dad, and with that, he turns over and goes back to sleep.

"Your daddy is crazy," The Future Ex-Wife tells me as she pulls me in close for some morning cuddling.

I think to myself that she is the one who is crazy for being with him. And I'd tell her the same thing. If I could. But I'm a dog. It all comes out as barks.

After about fifteen minutes, which in dog time is an hour and forty-five minutes, quite an eternity, I decide it's time to wake up. The fami-

ly. First I start to howl and moan, but finally resort to barking and jumping all over my dad and The Future Ex-Wife's face. It's the only thing that ever works.

After Dad puts on some sweat pants and a "Dick Army" t-shirt—whoever that is—he says to me, "Ya wanna go out?"

I just look at him with my big ears and tilt my head.

"Ya wanna go out?" he asks again.

I keep my head tilted and stare at this fucking loony tune. "Ya wanna go out?" What kind of question is that? Of course I want to go outside. I gotta piss. And most likely take a dump. It's not like I can get up at any time of night and go take a whiz in front of that big round white thing, and spill half of it on the floor. I *have* to hold it in all night.

"Ya wanna go out?" Dad asks for the third time. He must think I'm deaf. So I pretend I am and run under the bed where he can't catch me. Eventually he does, and I hang my head in shame as he puts this harness thing around my neck, and takes me out on a slick black leash.

As we head out of my building, I hear someone yell "PJ! PJ!"

I look up and see that it's my pal Jack's mom's mom. His grandmother.

"You look so cute this morning, PJ," Jack's grandma says to me as she tries to pick me up with one hand as she hugs Jack with the other.

Of course I run as far away from that as possible. I gotta take a piss. Plus, every time she catches me, she gives me kisses and stuff. Yick.

"You wanna see Jack?" she then asks me, and puts my pal the Katan on the ground. Jack is a little white fluffy guy, about twice my size, except for the hair. He's got so much he looks like a cloud. And when he's dirty he looks like a thunderstorm.

Jack runs at me full force and lifts me up from underneath with his head. Just the kind of thing I need when my bladder and colon are full. I growl nicely a few times at Jack, telling him it's "walkies" time, and he grunts back with understanding.

I then pull my coffeeless father, who is moaning and groaning about how he is not awake yet, up the street, where I take my first whiz of the day. I lift my leg near a large brick wall and let it all out. As I do so, people walk by and say how "cute" and "sweet" I am. They also ask my dad all about me.

He tells them I'm a Yorkie, a year and a half old, and blah blah blah. Of course, the whole time they are talking to him they are looking at me. And I'm out there with my dick flapping in the breeze, taking a leak. It's all very lovely.

After I piss I decide that I must poop. Now. So while Dad tries to drag me back into my building, I drag him around the corner to Poo Alley.

Poo Alley.

Just the name of it brings a rumble to my small colon.

It's the small side street next to where I used to live where all the dogs in the building do their business. It's like one large minefield of dogshit. A place I feel comfortable going, even though I wish some of my pal's parents would clean up after them. I mean, I'd clean up after myself if I could. Hell, I used to. When I was young, and I went, I used to eat it. Suck up all the crumbs, too. Making a mess is a bad thing.

Anyway, we get to Poo Alley and I'm all set to do my thing when I hear someone again yell, "PJ! PJ!"

I look up to see Dio running full force at me with her dad in tow.

Suddenly Dio is all over me, like she usually is, and I'm kinda pissed. I gotta poo, and this crazy young girl is pawing me and asking if I want to play. I bark "no" to the Tibetan Terrier, but of course that is no answer for this crazy chick. She jumps on top of me and starts to sniff my damn ears. Finally, I get so pissed I growl at her, and even show her my fangs. She doesn't seem to care, but her dad drags her away with a puzzled look.

Alone, at last, I finally get to unload in peace. I sniff around Poo Alley a bit, and then head toward my favorite spot, a small stairwell near a parking garage. As I start to do my poo twirls, I again hear my name: "PJ! PJ!"

I look up as poop is erupting from my rear end to see Quartz and her owner running toward me.

Now, it's no secret that I don't like Quartz. First off, she's a kind of skanky Bijon Terrier, who always is in heat and has blood constantly dripping down her back legs. Second, her owners, one big human and one little human, suck. They live next door to me, and every time they think they hear me in the hallway they coming running out to play. That little bitch jumps all over me, and it's gross. I mean, she's got open sores from biting herself, and I hear she's got fleas. Yucch.

So I quickly push the rest of the poop out and make a run for the entrance of my building before me and my dad are forced into conversation.

But Dad has trouble finding something to clean up after me with, so I am stuck with the little troll hopping all over me while Dad explains to the little human that "PJ is not really in a good mood this morning."

Good mood my tail. I'll bite Quartz and that little fuck if they ever interrupt me in Poo Alley again.

Finally, Dad cleans up, and I run down the sidewalk toward our door. Dad can't keep up with me, so I feel as if I am sort of running in place. Actually, I almost am. Dad is really slow, and he's still bitching about how he needs coffee, and how he drank too much the night before. What he drank I'm not sure, but I did smell this weird odor all over the bathroom floor in front of the big white round thing. Finally we near the door, where I will soon go in, rush upstairs, and get a Milkbone. One of the highlights of my day since my father and mother took it upon themselves to have my balls cut off. I mean, I can still have sex and stuff, but it just isn't the same, ya know? Fuckers.

So I'm about to go inside when these two little humans, dark in color, start screaming. And pointing at me.

"Mommy, mommy!" they yell, "That mean old dog is gonna bite me. Mean dog! Go away!"

Then they start kicking and swinging at me. Like I did anything to deserve this? If I had any balls, I'd go up and bite them in their skinny little ankles. But alas, I don't.

Finally, upstairs, I get a Milkbone. Then I take a long, long nap on the couch. Right in my dad's spot. So he can't play his stupid video games and keep me awake.

*

Four hours later, which in dog time is well over a day, I wake up and start to moan. I gotta take a leak again.

The Future Ex-Wife is on the couch, making jewelry, and my dad is typing on the computer.

I howl a bit more. And more.

They ignore me.

Finally, I get down off the couch, stand in front of both of them, and rub my back feet hard against the ground.

"Look," says The Future Ex-Wife, "he's chicken scratching, isn't that cute?"

Dad says "uh-huh," without taking his eyes off the computer screen.

"I think he need to go out now," says The Future Ex-Wife.

"Yep," says Dad, still staring at the monitor.

"So you'll take him out now, right?" she says.

"Whatever you say," says Dad.

Five minutes later I'm scratching the carpet to ribbons and still my dad isn't paying attention to me.

"He still has to go out," says The Future Ex-Wife.

Gee, thanks, The Future Ex-Wife. How about *you* taking me out?

"Well, I guess I'll take him out then," says The Future Ex-Wife, as if she's read my mind.

"Let's take him to the Dee Are," says Dad.

My ears prick up. Did he say "Dee Are?"

"Good idea," says The Future Ex-Wife.

"Dee Are?" I'm excited.

"Good, then let's go," says Dad.

The next thing I know I'm all harnessed up after hiding under the bed for a few minutes, and then I'm out the door.

"He loves the Dee Are," explains The Future Ex-Wife to Dad as I pull them as fast as I can down the street.

I love the Dee Are. It's this place by my house where all these other dogs in the neighborhood go hang out and run around. Off their leashes. It's like this giant fenced in area that smells like piss and poop but is hella fun.

"He's dragging you so hard. Make him slow down," The Future Ex-Wife says to Dad as we make our way to the play area.

"He's a puppy. He's excited, that's all. He loves the Dog Run."

I wonder what the hell a Dog Run is, and think maybe it's something like the Dee Are.

"If he doesn't stop dragging us to the Dee Are, he is gonna have to go to obedience school," says The Future Ex-Wife.

Then dad starts into this whole tirade about how when he was a kid his stepmother always threatened him with military school, and how he hated that. And that now she was doing the same thing to me.

"He's just untrained, that's all," explains The Future Ex-Wife.

I don't know what obedience school is, but I have heard from some other dogs in the building that it's not a fun place. They make you walk around in circles, and learn to obey, obey, obey. If I had wanted that, I would have joined my dad's band.

When we get a block within the Dee Are, I start to drag my dad like crazy. Also drool. I'm really excited. The last time I was there I met this really hot redhead who just about let me slip her the beef. It was great. Also, I got to chase after some huge guys and bite their ears.

Finally we arrive. As we approach the place, two small Asian human children out of nowhere start screaming.

"Mean dog, mean dog!" they yell.

I just look at them and tilt my head.

"Mean dog, go away, you just a big rat!" they say.

My parents drag me past them, and as they do, I am very tempted to jump up and bite their faces off. Little fucks.

Just as I'm about to enter the Dee Are, some jerk comes rolling past me in funny shoes and almost runs me over. I was almost roadkill. So I growled at him. It was just not a good day.

*

Once inside the Dee Are, which my parents are now referring to as the "Dog Run," I'm let off my leash.

I run around like crazy, looking back at my parents every once in a while. They have some abandonment issues. Anyway, I spot some cool dogs, and start to run around with them.

"They're pack animals," I hear my dad say to The Future Ex-Wife as they watch me frolic in the land of fences, piss, poop and kiddie pool.

I bark at my dad. Pack animals my ass. We don't even smoke.

A few minutes later, I spot a hotdog dog from my building named DiCaprio with his owner, the woman with the large hooters. I bark and paw at her leg so she'll pick me up. Eventually she does, and I get to be smothered against her chest.

After she puts me down, I feel myself get all excited, and spot some hot Maltese across the yard. Well, cement. Anyway, I run over to her, do puppy twirls, flicker my ears, and act all shy and stuff. She takes an interest in me, and before I know it, I'm climbing on her tail getting ready to mount her.

Then it happens.

It being some huge dog that's about the size of a house.

It having the name of Brutus.

It knocking me off the Maltese so fast my head spins.

"What the fuck?" I hear my dad yell as he runs toward me. The Future Ex-Wife is right behind him.

Brutus growls at me, and I bark right back at the big asshole.

"Your Rotweiler Pitbull thing just bitch-slapped my dog," Dad yells at some human with cartoon drawings all over his skin, a collar around his neck, and pieces of metal sticking out of his face.

"If your dog can't handle it here, he should get the hell out," says the guy to my dad, "Besides, I've warned you before about Brutus."

"Well my dog was fucking that dog first," yells my dad.

"Yeah?" says the guy, "Well too fucking bad." Suddenly some small, frail old human woman comes running over to the scene and picks up the Maltese.

"Did these mean dogs hurt you?" she says, as her eyes turn into small slits.

"That little dog with the bat ears was all over your dog," says the father of Brutus.

"She wanted it," my dad replies.

"See," says Brutus's Dad, "he admits it. He's a rapist."

"My dog is not a rapist. He's half her size. And your fucking dog is a thug," Dad yells back.

"Brutus could eat your bat-dog in one bite," says Brutus's father.

"Shut up, asshole," The Future Ex-Wife yells.

"Shut your woman up," says the balding man to my dad.

Suddenly dad's face turns fire hydrant red, and he starts to tremble. Then he picks me up.

The Future Ex-Wife says nothing.

Finally Dad speaks.

"We just came here because PJ wanted to have some fun. We didn't come here looking for a fight. So why don't you and your pussy just go somewhere else."

The bald guy and Brutus just stare at my dad. And at me, in his arms.

"Who are you calling a pussy?" says the guy, also turning red.

"You," says The Future Ex-Wife.

The mean guy looks at me and my parents, and then at all the other dogs and their owners in the Dee Are, who by this time have formed a small circle around us.

"Next time Brutus sees your little cunt of a dog on the street, he's gonna eat him," says the metal-faced guy, and with that, he leaves with Brutus.

All the owners clap, and we dogs bark happily now that Brutus isn't around.

Finally I'll be able to mate with the Maltese.

Or so I thought.

"It's time to leave now, PJ," Dad says, and with that, we are out of there. It just wasn't a good day.

*

So later that night I found myself about to make it with that hot brunette Monique that I mentioned earlier. As I went to mount her in front of everyone, Bonita ran up and took a bite out of me. Then Monique did as well. Suddenly I was being chewed up by a Yorkie and a Pomeranian. What started as possible sex had now turned into a complete disaster.

Finally our parents broke the whole thing up, and eventually, Monique and Bonita were dragged upstairs.

So I lay on the floor with my head between my front legs, depressed. Not only had I almost pissed on my best friend, been cornered by Quartz, been called mean names by little kids, and been almost eaten by a dog named Brutus, I didn't even have that ménage à trois that was so close I could smell it.

Depressed, I eventually wandered over to my The Future Ex-Wife and dad who were busy talking to our friend Eddie. They were telling him about my day.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, my friend Edward shows up with his father. Edward's a King Charles Spaniel, and a dear old pal.

The next thing I knew I found myself rolling around on the floor with him, trading growls and nips. Eventually, we both got so excited I forgot what I was doing and started to mount him.

At least that's what my parents tell everyone in the building when they ask about Edward and whether or not I'm gay.

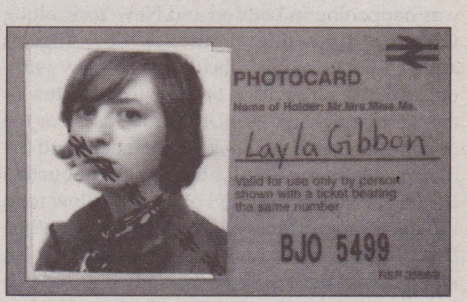
The truth is, well, simple.

I'm a dog.

Take My Dad's Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. www.myspace.com/helpgeorgetabb
2. It's the holidays again, and I've really been into video games, along with my dad, George. We play "Family Guy," "Medal Of Honor" for the PSP, "Tiger Woods PGA 07" for all the consoles, Fuckin' "Scarface" on the Xbox, and a game called "Just Cause" on the 360. Dad says it's a "Scarface" rip-off, but I don't care. I love it cause it's pretty and dad screams a lot when he kills people. Mind you, he's listening to Slayer's new album, *Christ Illusion*, while he's doing this. Whatta nut! Me? I just play "Mech Assault: Phantom War" on his Nintendo DS when he's not around. I love the giant robots.
3. CBGB finally closed its doors a few weeks back. My dad says he'll miss the bathroom and the blowjobs the most. Me? I'll miss peeing on the side of Hilly's grey desk.



I didn't go see *American Hardcore* with the ladeez because I have been on an all-company-is-bad-company kick recently. I read the book when it came out, which ultimately was a waste of time, but I kind of wanted to see the movie anyway. Just for the live footage, you know being a girl that's unable to pass up an opportunity to see punks on the big screen, etc. Apparently it was pretty much a shitty version of one of those VH1 *I Love the '90s!* talking heads shows, where washed up dudes talk about the crucialness of their pasts as their teeth and brains rot around them. It made me think about how sometimes the best documents of an era or a youth movement aren't the ones that attempt to encompass every aspect and be totally definitive but instead are the ones that just focus on

one thing and use that as a viewpoint onto the rest of the subculture. Two good examples of this are the Minutemen documentary, *We Jam Econo* and the Darby Crash book *Lexicon Devil*. *Lexicon Devil* to me at least provides so much of a better insight into the LA punk scene than *We Got the Neutron Bomb*, which is supposed to be the ultimate history of that time period. I definitely enjoyed reading *...Neutron Bomb*, but it just tries to cover too much and loses something along the way. You get a vague sense of all the different scenes and subgroups but lose some of the context, the background information, the reasons why; things get reduced to bitchy scenester gossip and the energy and creativity of the early LA punks somehow doesn't leave the page. *Lexicon Devil*, in using the trajectory of Darby Crash's life as the focal point of the story is somehow able to vividly evoke the vitality and desolation of the era that he came from. Both books use the same format, which I guess could be seen as the literary version of the aforementioned TV show talking heads, where chapters are spliced together from different interviews so it reads like a continual anecdote rather than a straight biography.

ANYWAY, the point I was trying to make is that *Lexicon Devil* isn't just a rose-tinted "you hadta be there *maaan*" glory days bio-pic. Part of its brilliance is the way it manages to convey the seediness of post Manson LA. The exodus of the dying hippie boomer culture feeding into the new mega-corporate yuppie death values, and even creepier post hippie cults. (Scientology anyone?) I think 1970s LA really demonstrates how far the "revolutionaries" of the '60s went in betraying and exploiting for financial gain their former values and selves. (See also David Geffen and any "artiste" signed to Asylum) After reading *Lexicon Devil* you understand more how this post-idealistic atmosphere combined with what was happening in London and New York, along with the sprawling nature of Los Angeles allowed for so many subcultures to grow without parental supervision or knowledge. It totally evokes that X song "The Unheard Music," or the opening scenes of *Suburbia* with the dogs and the barren highways and abandoned suburban tracts. The size and sprawl of the city allow for a million scrappy scenes to emerge into each other. Darby Crash was formed by punk and by LA and *Lexicon Devil* really opens up that world in a way that makes him seem less of a cheap screen-printed mall punk T-shirt and more human and part of a community of total outcasts and opportunists. The taint of the one industry nature of Los Angeles, i.e. the movie business, definitely created a different scene than in New York at the same time, which seemed more dominated by downtown art bohemia at least until NY hardcore took over. It also seems like a lot of the pre Hardcore/'81 punks really wanted to "make it," but maybe that was one of the things that hardcore defined, the fact that you didn't have to be on a major label to be an authentic musical experience and that making it was a false and incomprehensible dream.

It seems to be that unlike a lot of the artier bands from the same era that *American Hardcore* covers, hardcore bands were happier to exist in their own context. Did The Necros see the hardcore scene as some sort of gestation tank/place to establish themselves before they went onto a major like a lot of bands seem to now? People did things because they had to, not because they wanted to turn their good times into a money making scheme. That may be me being overly idealistic, but when you listen to, for example, the old Dischord 7"s there's no sense of people wanting to exist outside of the community of bands and zines and kids that make up the world they currently existed in. People wanted to play other towns and meet similar minded kids but I don't think the "making it" idea comes into fruition in the hardcore context until the mid/late 80s. Again I might be being overly idealistic here.

We Jam Econo pretty much sums up why I am involved in DIY punk, as opposed to prog-electro trance or whatever else I could be stuck on. The idea that anyone can do something, and that the idea and excitement is more important that the execution. The idea that punk is ours to shape and the only reason it gets lame or tired is because you yourself are no longer able to get the same feelings and ideas from it or that you yourself are not making it exciting anymore. The goofiness, trueness, and earnestness of the Minutemen is so apparent in every scene. Their music is like small explosions of ideas, arguments, feelings and so are they as people. Seeing that reinforces that punk or hardcore or whatever you want to call it is really about the people that make DIY happen, the individuals who endure endless interminable van rides to shows at Elks Clubs and basements, who form the audience who set up the shows and write the zines and the minimal monetary rewards for said exertions. Doing things to meet other people like you as opposed to white men in suits who wanna do lunch with you and who think your song would sound great in a Volkswagon commercial.

Sometimes I feel like mainstream music is so interchangeable, like anyone could be Beyonce, any girl from any Dallas suburb with an OK voice who is willing to diet and devote her life to the worship of herself. I don't mean that in an *American Idol* way, like Dare to Dream! You Can Be Beyonce! More like there is a mold and now there are studio tricks that can fix people's out of tune singing you don't even have to be able to carry a tune to be a singing sensation. So any unformed wannabe can be poured into that mold, then once they've made it, they can develop the "personality" that makes them distinguishable from all the other Avrils, Jewels and Ashantis. Punk doesn't make sense to me in that context. Why do bands want to exist in a world where the thing that is the most exciting freeing idea of all is reduced to the same terminology that everything else in the music industry is grinded to a pulp with? Why would you want the thing you do for fun to be your job? I mean yes, it sure would beat working at Walmart or whatever, but punk is not supposed to be your job. It's supposed to be the thing you use to make your own world outside of theirs. The only thing I can think of that would make it acceptable would be to use the ideas that you got from punk in order to change the way you look at work itself. Punk is not a job. Punk is an idea. It's free so don't fuck it up for the rest of us.

Anyway other people have made these points way more eloquently than I have here, I guess I just have been thinking about the *American Hardcore* movie a lot recently. Partly because of the weirdness of having a *New York Times* movie reviewer reference early '80s hardcore, and just having the apolitical moronic white dude centric *American Hardcore* be the mainstream touchstone for a culture I feel strongly about and even part of sometimes. Reading *Lexicon Devil* makes it clear that there were so many girls and queers and people of color involved in the scene, and it's so depressing that that just gets whitewashed out because for whatever reason Steven Blush gets to be the dude that defines a culture for that art house dinner party audience.

It's CMJ week as I write this, and a lot of my friend's bands are playing showcases there. That whole thing is so totally bogus to me, so boring and tame. Who wants to play a "showcase?" It's such a high school talent show idea of music. No Age from LA are playing a free show with a bunch of other similar minded folks at the same time in the same town that looks way more inspiring than some tired industry meet'n'greet. No Age comes from a scene that demonstrates a similar idea about LA that I was trying to express earlier, the way that things are able to exist and grow in the cracks that exist in a town like LA perhaps because the mainstream there can't even comprehend not wanting to have your own reality TV show or be on Warped Tour. I think this is especially true in the way that The Smell, the all ages DIY space that they volunteer at, has become an incubator for an "our world not theirs" idea of music that I think is kind of separate from the LA traditional punk/hardcore scene *and* the mainstream LA "gotta make it" scene. The fact that downtown LA is so rapidly gentrifying has obviously changed things for the kids that hang out there and run the space and are in bands that play there, and I think I am gonna write more about that in another column/thing for this publication. I just wanted to use No Age as an example because I think maybe they are not playing "actual" CMJ (so are they fucking with it or reinforcing it?) but they come from a DIY perspective and make most sense at sweaty basement shows. Like the Screamers it seems they denounce the value of putting out an actual record, and instead have a DVD you can send off for which you should because they are really cool and inspiring. I think they definitely have that thing that the old LA punk scene had where people were able to exploit the obliviousness of the media culture in LA and make their own kicks in random spots of seeming desolation. No Age is an idea explosion, it's kind of hard to explain but it seems more potent and transformative than their last band the Wives. Email reshapela@yahoo.com suckers.

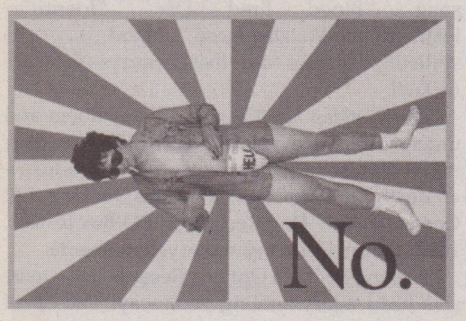
This random incoherent writing was mostly actually inspired by the fact that Slim Moon sold his interest in Kill Rock Stars and is going to be

working in A&R for a major label in New York. How ironic is that? Naming your record label for the thing that you are ultimately going to end up attempting to make happen; I guess it turns out what we needed was *more* rock stars. I had more to say about that but I guess I am unable to make sense of it all right now, so maybe more of that later.

Top ten:

1. Acid Reflux – demo tape. So good!! Live they were amazing and the demo is totally going to be up yr street if you like the *Pick Your King* 7" or you know, good music. Email! computercontrol1984@yahoo.com. They have a 7" coming out on the dude from Government Warning's label I think. Check them out. Albany wolfpack, yo. 2. "Standing In Front Of Poseur" by Red Cross. The vocals: pre-puberty ear bleed! 3. Unvalued – *Vertite Cashee* 7" 4. Massmedia 12" (thanks Martin! I'll take it to go, girl!) 5. The beginning spoken word part of Joe Tex's "Be Cool (Willie is Dancing with a Sissy)." 6. Going to Disneyland next week and having The Eyes song stuck in my head as a result. 7. Not liking one of Golnar's jams. The song from the Italian comp with the chorus, "Oh no no no." I don't know what it's called, but it's not killer. *[Editor's note: The song is called "UX" by the excellent early '80s Italian punk band Uniplux. It is, despite the protestations of this column, in fact killer. —Golnar]* 8. Missed connections. Bummer. 9. Lungfish – *Feral Hymns* 10. "Standin on The Corner" by Dorothy Berry.

I am slowly going through my email so if you wrote me I will write you back at some point I swear. layla.gibbon@gmail.com



I know, I know, I know…it's not punk. I don't care. All I want to write about right now is the midterm election, and I don't care if I don't sound like a radical. National politics are not radical right now, period, and won't be for a while. Here are five thoughts. Read 'em and weep, apolitical (or "anarchist," same difference) music fans!

1. Quit it with the "there's no difference between the candidates" bullshit. Yes, it's true: Democrats these days are a bunch of rich asshole centrists with no spines. But Republicans these days are a bunch of rich asshole extremists who are hell bent on doing exactly what they want no matter how right or wrong they are. You know what? It is *much, much better* to have a bunch of rich assholes doing nothing in charge of government than a bunch of rich assholes who actually do *very, very bad things.* There is a goddamned difference. No, it is not ideal, but Emma Goldman ain't running for office anytime soon, so we have to deal with it as best as we can—and for the present, that means doing what we can to prevent the neo-cons from literally destroying the world.

2. Man, it is nice to see how many people are sick of a stupid, evil, illegal war predicated on lies and forced on a people who don't want us in their country. It's just a shame that it took hundreds of thousands of Iraqi deaths and a couple thousand dead American soldiers before they figured it out. Stupid, stupid Americans. Including most of the Democrats.

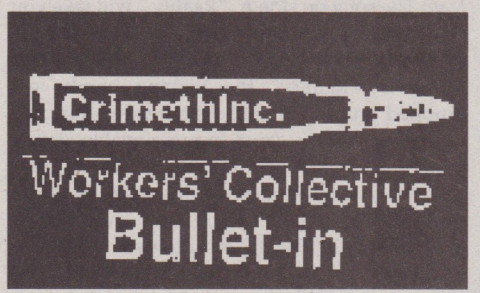
3. Where the hell do they find these black Republicans that are always being interviewed on the news? There can't be more than eight black Republicans in the country. Has the Republican party hired *all* of them? Am I the only person who is slightly terrified by them? Wouldn't it have been weird if Hitler, Goebbels, Hess, and Goering were all Jewish?

4. Nancy Pelosi is a pretty good congresswoman, and will make a good Speaker of the House. We give her a lot of shit in the Bay Area because we are left-wing nutbags (and damn proud of it), but on a national scale, she is a radical. Unlike many other Democrats, she voted against that stupid, evil fucking war in Iraq. Her distinguished profile, of course, didn't stop some fat, pasty white middle-aged chode on MSNBC (Chris Matthews, I think) from saying, "…to many men in this country, an assertive woman's voice is like nails on a chalkboard. Can Nancy Pelosi avoid offending these men when she debates with Bush on the war?" Can someone fucking kill this guy? Does he want her to curtsy to the President and politely defer to his manly authority, too? What year is this, 1897?

5. All this talk of "bi-partisanship" and "collaboration" from these moderates makes me wince. God, I hope they at least make *some* effort to make that fuckjob in the White House pay for his crimes.

Johnny Mink, PO Box 3026, Oakland, CA 94609, johngeek@hotmail.com

"NO" column archive at www.myspace.com/noarchive



This month, y'all get a short column from us—a reconsideration of the term "nature," which we often hear bandied about in radical circles without a whole lot of attention to what it refers to or why. For a free copy of our latest poster, an analysis of various political and economic systems based on how the dishes get washed, write us at CrimethInc. Service Workers' Collective, PO Box 2133, Greensboro, NC 27402, or go to www.crimethinc.com. We'd also like to send a shout out to everyone resisting government violence in the city of Oaxaca, Mexico, which has been the site of a heroic people's struggle for autonomy for several months now, and say a word in memory of Brad Will, a courageous Indymedia photographer murdered there by paramilitaries on October 27.

OK, on to the abstractions.

One most frequently sees the term "nature" contrasted against its supposed opposite, civilization. Together, these terms imply an arbitrary and misleading differentiation of the activities and motivating forces of human beings from those of the rest of the cosmos. Once you dispense with the superstition that God created Man in His own image to give him dominion over the fish of the sea and the fowl of the air, it's hard to get around acknowledging that the same natural processes through which stars form and shellfish evolve must also be at work in every aspect of human activity.

All dichotomies are constructions, useful only for what they bring out when applied as frames to the limitless expanse of existence; one who desires to get to the bottom of a dichotomy must begin by asking what it offers those who use it. For capitalists who don't give a damn about ecology, the answer here is obvious: in differentiating nature from civilization, they establish a hierarchy with themselves on top, thus justifying the exploitation of the aforementioned fish and fowl. Ironically, ecologically minded anticapitalists who make use of this dichotomy may also be unconsciously seeking to establish a hierarchy, but with everything non-human at the top and human beings at the bottom—with the possible exception of themselves.

This is most obvious in those who anthropomorphize Nature, attributing values and wisdom to it as if it were a sentient being. Some even cross the line into authoritarian mysticism, insisting we must adopt those values and abide by that wisdom. This is a ploy, conscious or not, to make their own values and "wisdom" seem more compelling; nature itself is so infinitely diverse that it would be impossible to distill one lesson or party line from its example. As Nietzsche pointed out, exhortations to "live according to nature" are absurd—how could one *not* live according to (one's) nature?

Contradictions abound in every normative attempt to define nature. Nature is characterized as that which is "sustainable," as if it were something inert, when in fact the natural world is not static but always in flux. Nature is differentiated from civilization according to vague criteria such as language or domestication, in spite of bees communicating the locations of flowers to each other and certain ant colonies practicing animal husbandry. Nature is said to have ordained a specific role for every organ in a body and every species in an ecosystem—but these claims are based only on circumstantial evidence. Anyone who believes in fixed natural laws or purposes has more in common with the

priests who describe sodomy as a "crime against nature" than with the naturalists who have observed homosexual behavior in countless species.

Here is another account of what nature, and humanity as a subset of it, might be: Imagine an infinite, dynamic chaos, in which experiments are endlessly taking place. Some of these immediately give way to other experiments; others create feedback loops in which similar processes repeat themselves, changing slowly over time. Within this context, certain members of one species have decided, not surprisingly, that they are special. The traits which they believe differentiate them from other animals—culture, language, free will—are not actually unique to them, but these appear very different when experienced firsthand than they do observed in others from afar. Most of these creatures can agree that moss tends to grow on certain sides of trees as a result of natural forces, but would exempt their own relationships and decision-making processes from such explanations. If one could ask the moss, it might well argue that it has free will, too.

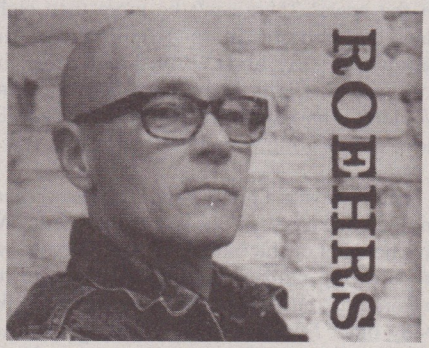
According to this account, everything is natural—from polyurethane to cannibalism, from space travel to breast implants. Free of responsibilities to nature, we can ask ourselves: what do we *want?* Do we desire to replace forests with asphalt and pump the atmosphere full of carbon monoxide, to supplant reality with virtual reality and ecology with technology? Those who do not should not base their objections upon arguments about what is natural any more than they should base them on superstitious notions of universal morality; they should take their desires as sufficient in themselves to justify action.

But what, a distraught conservationist might ask, are we to make of our species' impending murder-suicide at the expense of all life on earth? Doesn't that imply some kind of essential disjunction between human beings and other life forms?

This can be answered most easily in the form of a parable: Once upon a time, several herds of deer lived in relative symbiosis with the rest of a grassland ecosystem. They would eat the tops of the grass, then move on; the grass would grow back in their wake, fertilized by their manure. One day, a young deer tried eating the roots of the grass as well as the tops; this was natural, as each new generation experimented with new possible food sources. It turned out that the roots were edible, too: suddenly there was twice as much food available within the same area, and as more and more deer adopted this approach, the population of the herd skyrocketed. Other herds began eating the roots as well, so as not to be outdone in the struggle for resources and domination of the gene pool. Only a few marginalized groups retained the earlier custom of eating the tops of the grass and nothing more, and these were driven to the margins of the plain.

After a few decades, almost all the grass had been consumed, and where it had grown only parched desert remained. There were huge numbers of deer by this time, in teeming, oversized herds, looking sleeker and healthier than their ancestors ever had; a year later, their corpses littered the desert by the million, bones sticking through emaciated flesh. That rotting flesh contributed nutrients to the scorched desert, and eventually the first shoots of a new crop of grass appeared. As new grasses spread slowly across the desert, a few deer could once again be seen nibbling at them. These were the descendents of the ones who had never begun to eat the roots.

The deer that ate the roots were as natural as any other deer—they were an experiment that worked for a while but could not continue indefinitely. The question is whether we want to follow in their footsteps.



"Justifiable Homicide"

Hey you! You better beware you fucking hippie punks! Scotty and his infamous Tank Crimes Records has some evil fucking rock 'n' roll lurking out there! The band is called ANNIHILATION TIME. The EP is entitled *Cosmic Unconsciousness*. The goal is complete and utter destruction of all you peace and love fucks!

ANNIHILATION TIME is legendary for their excesses. This time out these sick fucks flagellate you with scorching guitar leads, snotty punk singing, and buckets of extremely bad attitude. Side A starts with a snippet of an interview. Skip that part. The guitar introduction that follows is so goddamn tasteful that Mr. Brian James would smile from ear to ear. Then you get clobbered with unabashed punk that can only be described as the devil's music. When ANNIHILATION TIME gets in a proper drug-induced groove, even TURBONEGRO gets out of the fucking way! The song on side A, "Reality," will take you on a very bad trip indeed! This shit is all over the map! You punks should not be afraid of guitar leads! In "Reality" the fucking bombs get dropped on your fragile little head— this rock 'n' roll opens up your impressionable young mind to all the dangerous temptations out there.

After you have survived the maze of guitar confusion on side A you are immediately rewarded with "Feel It" on side two! "Feel It" is a fucking kick-ass hard rock masterpiece! "Feel It" has James Williamson and Leslie West dueling like madmen! Fucking sick! The glorious guitar pandemonium continues with the song "Annihilate." This fucking raw-ass guitar showcase will leave a gaping wound in your cerebellum. The new ANNIHILATION TIME EP introduces fucking raging rock 'n' roll to you punk rock losers! Embrace the rock n' roll beast that steered THE DEAD BOYS and the STOOGES onto Satan's path! Order this scorching EP from Tank Crimes at www.tankcrimes.com.

Holy fuck! Last month the PISSCHRIST *Nothing Has Changed* LP came through these portals and some of the humans did not listen to it immediately upon arrival! Big mistake. Give this deadly slab a spin. This shit is positively vicious! Yeap, Dave, James, and Tim, the maniacs who form PISSCHRIST, are a serious threat to capitalist society. These enraged Australian motherfuckers present a thorough indictment of the greedy warmongers who are presently doing their damnedest to destroy this fucking planet! The message PISSCHRIST brings you is very bleak indeed. Read the words to "The River Runs Red"— "Pools of bodies / Blood bath of death / Seeping through the grating hell / Cries of agony through the cold dark night / No one is spared / Shipped to the kill / Maimed, Gas, Electrified / Please of the helpless are not heard / The river runs read." Fuck! "River Runs Red" is the musical equivalent of an extremely painful beating!

PISSCHRIST tears through the stark realities of this fucked up world with "Chemical Warfare," "Infected," and "System Stagnates," "Fuck the World," and "Mass Genocide Machine," among others. Some of the lyrics are sung in a South East Asian language with razor-sharp cutting technique! The song "Fight Back" is such a powerful anthem that you punks could possibly believe that there is a way out of this desperate mess—until you listen to the next song, "Blood Bred Dry." "Identities lost!....Robbed!....Displaced....Blood is spilled!...Cultures are lost." Sorry—you are fucked!

This *Nothing Has Changed* LP has doom and urgency haunting you. PISSCHRIST is spitting bile and poisonous by-products of slow industrial death in your face! Get this fucking LP! Contact Yellow Dog Records at PO Box 550208, 10372 Berlin, Germany, www.yellowdog.de.

Fucking hell! No Options Records has a massive head injury coming your way! The LP of choice for this complete bludgeoning is the split album shared by STORMCROW and SANCTUM. This new product is presented in a magnificent glossy gatefold package with excellent art by Steve. STORMCROW, from Oakland, California, begins the treachery with some of the heaviest, dark, and brooding punk/metal angst ever committed to vinyl. STORMCROW builds the discomfort with the opening wounds of "Cycle of Extinction." The slow intro to this life-threatening piece will make you question why you even try to go on living. At the end of "Cycle of Extinction," the fierce vocals, guitars, bass, and drums combine to create a painful death rattle! Song two from STORMCROW "Beneath the Earth" seethes and lurches into an all-out-attack. On this number, the guitars slice and dice while the drummer reduces you to pulp! This fucking shit is absolutely crushing! The brute strength of "Beneath the Earth" will attract a bevy of HELLSHOCK loyalists.

Song three "Dead Dreams," is going to fuck

with your mind! This shit is painfully slow with astounding guitar wizardry and a vocal display that will surely prompt the spilling of much blood. If you are feeling uneasy and insecure, "Dead Dreams" may well assist you in the decision to end it all right now. STORMCROW has some frightening black power!

Side two of this LP features SANCTUM, unleashing the feral dogs of metal on your ass! The guitars surround you and stab like so many gleaming bayonets! The singing is deep and gruff and otherworldly! SANCTUM fucking rips your face off with the opening track, "Age of Ruin." The perspective from SANCTUM's corner of the universe predicts, "Cities pounded into dust...civilization draws shallow breath." The drummer and bass player push the metal assault to epic proportions!

Song two from SANCTUM slows the pace down a bit and allows the listener to contemplate how truly fucked they really are! Song three is "Overthrown." There is no rest for the wicked. The metallic bombast of the fully developed evil thrash is both satisfying and intimidating.

"Taste the Steel" takes the fear to the next level! This fucking ruthless death charge leaves body parts strewn all about! SANCTUM is not finished with the truncheon and the sword—the final blast of unrelenting metal-up-your-ass is "Work for Never." Holy fuck! SANCTUM ends with a beautiful field of fresh red carnage!

Hell yes! No Options Records split with STORMCROW and SANCTUM has provided some skull crunching metallic thrash and gloom for you fucking black-hearted headbangers! Get your copy from No Options!

The new TKO Records ANTiSEEN tribute 2xCD *Everybody Loves ANTiSEEN*, is a smash hit! The feedback from Confederacy of Scum die-hards has been fantastic! Obviously, this raw unrefined 180 proof rock 'n' roll is not for pop punk fans. Most bands of this ilk welcome negative reviews from *Maximum Rocknroll*. If you get slammed in *MRR*, in this heavyweight wrassling division, you are definitely going to move some units! Some of the great rock 'n' roll bands not adequately covered in the initial column dealing with this fine double CD package are: THE COSMIC COMMANDER OF WRESTLING - "Cosmorado OA5599"; LIMECELL - "Kill the Business"; BRODY'S MILITIA – "Ugly American"; HANK III – "Ruby, Get Back to the Hills"; THE LOOSE SCREWS – I Don't Ask You for Nothing"; BUMPIN' UGLIES – "Self-Induced Lobotomy"; VOLATILE BABY – "Wifebeater"; HELLSTOMPER – Leeches & Losers"; THE FAGGOT KINGS – "We Got This Far (Without You)"; DRAT! – "Cop Out"; DARK RYDERS – "Weight of the World"; NOTHING BUT PUKE – "Star Whore"; THE DEVILTOES – "You're Gonna Tote an Asskickin"; SAVAGE CITY OUTLAWS – "Sabu"; SIMON STOKES – "People Like You"; THE POPPIN' MAMAS – "Mill Workin' Man"; IKE FRASIER – "Violence Now"; RANCID VAT – "Hippy Punk"; BEFORE I HANG – "Funk U"; SELF-MADE MONSTERS – "up All Night"; THE NERDS – "Walking Dead"; THE BOILS – "Scapegoat"; CIANIDE – "Melting Pot"; TOM O'KEEFE – "Evil Rock n' Roll"; ROCK N' ROLL OUTLAW – "Old Man Hit the Road"; GIDEON SMITH – "Misery"; BOOTLEG BILL – "Date Rape"; BLOWFLY – "If I Had a Million Bucks"; THE HAMMERCOCKS – "Fuck All Y'All"; TEXAS TERRI BOMB – "Run My World"; THE BAD VIBES – "Spare Change"; TORG – "I'm a Baby Face Killer"; RAWHEAD – "Drug Through the Heavy Ass Mud"; JEFF DAHL – "People Like You"; SWEET G.A. BROWN – "Shittin' in High Cotton"; BLOODY MARY – "Queen City Stomp"; THE TUNNEL RATS – "Cactus Jack"; SUPER SWAMPER – "Justifiable Homicide"; ZEKE – "Death Train Comin'"; D.O.C. – "NC Royalty"; MARLON CHERRY – "Tortured Soul"; HAMMERLOCK – "Billy the Kid"; THE THRILL KILLERS – "White Trash Bitch"; GENOCIDE SUPER STARS – "Stormtroopers"; BORN BAVARIAN – "Glad I Am the Way I Am"; POLECAT BOOGIE REVIVAL – "Ten Pounds of Shit in a Five Pound Bag"; BROTHERS OF FREAKS – "Warhero"; THE BULEMICS – "What the Bastards Fry"; CLAMP – "Nothing's Cool"; THE DEUCE FREHLEY BAND – "Fornication"; EMPIRE FALLS – "Trapped in Dixie"; THE HOOKERS – "Hammerhead"; DR. SHOCK AND THE GO GO MONSTERS – "Absent Minded"; THE BOTCHED SUICIDES – "OD for Me"; SKELETON ARMY – "Animals Eat 'Em"; XXX SMUT – "Destructo Rock"; and CHAOS UK – "Fuck All Y'All." Fuck yes!

You are blessed with a huge number of bands covering 22 years of great ANTiSEEN material!! Anybody who can't find some authentic rock 'n' roll to embrace in that extensive selection does not understand the gut feeling excitement of real rock 'n' roll! Fuck! Two decades of destructo rock! Thank you ANTiSEEN! Thanks goes out to TKO Records and Mark, Baloney Shrapnel and Jeff, and all the bands who contributed.

Hey you hardcore fucks! Time to celebrate! Alex and his mind-numbing Grave Mistake Records from Davidsonville, Maryland has been pulverizing young minds since 2002! Some record reviewers did not catch on until the brute force of 86 MENTALITY swept the airwaves in 2004. Since that time, Grave Mistake Records has been a benchmark that hardcore punk records could be measured against.

In 2002, Grave Mistake whet your appetite with LOOKS LIKE PAIN / INFAMOUS split seven inch. This quality punk rock could not adequately prepare you for the blood curdling hardcore bestiality of THE AFTERMATH from Washington DC. The *Dumb and Unaware* seven inch, from 2002, fucks your brain up badly! Matt's raw vocals leave you tattered and torn! John rips you a new asshole with his take-no-prisoners guitar. Great record!

AFTERMATH was followed by WHAT LIES AHEAD later in 2002. In 2003, Grave Mistake released the BAD BUSINESS self-titled EP, which prepared you for 2004, when Grave Mistake dropped two major records on you!

The 86 MENTALITY self-titled EP turned the United States hardcore scene on its ear! The six great songs on this EP are crammed with blustering anger and drenched with testosterone! Steve uses his frustration to produce a cutting-edge vocal style that gets the listener by the throat! On "Life Trap," the menacing vocals give the song a desperate air. This urgency of this track with the poignant lyrics will make you think! Read this punk! "They promised you a future / But al you got was trapped / They profit off your miseries / They fuck you, they fuck me / Life chews you up / And spits you out / Locks you in a fucked trap / There's no way out / Life's gonna do you in / Life's gonna do me in / The rich get rich / The poor stay poor / The lock me out / They shut the door / They profit off your miseries / They fuck you, the fuck me / Life chews you up / And spits you out / Locks you in a fuckin' trap / Fill you head full of lies / About the American way / Life's gonna do you in / Life's gonna do me in / Working man don't got a chance / Die tryin' to pay / Life's gonna do you in / Life's gonna do me in." Fucking A! 86 MENTALITY stomps through "Terror Boys," "Get Away," "Escape," "86 Mentality," and "Violent Nights." Fucking great!

2004 also brought you a second AFTERMATH single called *Goodbye to Washington*. Excellent!

Grave Mistake began the year 2005 with NO IDOLS and their self-titled EP. On side A, we rip through "Kovacs Simple Suicide" and "Chop Chop." Side B brings you more quality hardcore with "Grammercy Riffs" and "Ghettoblaster." This is a very good record!

In 2005, RUINER unleashed their *What Could Possibly Go Right...* EP. This edgy and discomforting punk will unnerve you fucks! On side A, RUINER run through "Once Loved," "Paint Peels," and "Adhering to Superstition." Side B offers "Lockjaw," "Getting Over the Overs," and "Out Go the Candles." This is very good punk rock! Fuck, 2005, was a banner year for Grave Mistake Records!

Up next in 2005, was the *On the Loose* EP by the hardcore champions 86 MENTALITY! These men play fucking bruising and battering hardcore. 86 MENTALITY is one of the best bands in hardcore today! The next release on Grave Mistake was the DOWN TO NOTHING / ON THIN ICE split EP. You guessed it—more quality music to listen to!

After the DOWN TO NOTHING / ON THIN ICE split, Grave Mistake Records let a true hardcore mauler out of the cage! SET TO EXPLODE is one of the strongest EPs to come from this esteemed label! Side A kicks your punk ass into next week! Put on "Feel the Rage" and you will be bouncing off the fucking ceiling! The song "Set to Explode" does permanent damage to all listeners! Side A finishes off with "World Diseased." Fucking great! Side B is just as unforgiving! SET TO EXPLODE smashes you in the face right away with "Never Give In"—yes! You go out smiling and exhausted with "Don't Fucking Care" into "Walking Dead." Fuck yes!

Next month we will continue to follow the brilliant hardcore saga of Grave Mistake Records. PO Box 12482, Richmond, VA 23241, www.gravemistakerecords.com.

Until next month, see you around...I'll be seeing you...See you in hell!

I. Quotes, or "Kids say the darnedest things."
II. Zines, or "They say good things come in threes."
III. Tour, or "Why the hell am I going on tour with Citizen Fish when I'm old, with a baby and with my mom (!) the roadie-nanny?"

I. Top five quotes that exemplify why my daughter playing with kids of Christian Right parents can be, well, uh, entertaining:

1. While hula-hooping and jumping rope together in the backyard, I overheard my daughter ask her playmate, "Did you know that after dinosaurs were extinct, humans came from monkeys?" Her playmate replied, "Huh? No they didn't! I'm telling on you for telling a lie!"

2. While playing with the same playmate in our living room, my daughter wrapped her friend up in many yards of weaving thread, really tight! She said, 'I'm tying you up and putting you in fake jail." Her friend said, "I like being tied up!" My daughter revealed, "You know, my daddy was in jail before. The cops made a mistake and shot him and all his friends at the march with rubber bullets." Her friend gasped, "Your daddy was in jail?!"

3. Recovering from post-holiday consumption, my daughter told her friends, "I believe in Santa but I don't believe in God."

4. After school one day, my daughter told me, "You know what's totally stupid? Some kids at my school think God made the Earth. Duh! Don't they know the Earth made the Earth?"

5. When asked if she knew whose birthday is celebrated on Christmas, she answered, "I don't know, but it feels like mine!"

II. They say good things come in threes.

Hell yeah! Three, count 'em—one, two, three zines came in the mail today, all three a total surprise. I had even already addressed envelopes for ordering two of them and was waiting to get the dollars to stuff into them when ta-da, score! *Rad Dad* #4, *The Future Generation* #15 and *Screamachine* #6, all together, were the first zines to grace my new Seattle PO Box. Can I get a hell-a-yeah-a? China had even written on the back of the envelope, "Every new address should get some new mail!" She is so right. Mail these days is either bills or advertising junk. Seriously few personal letters anymore thanks to email being fast and free. And how telling is it that the last four-page letter I wrote was about how to use different kinds of cloth diapers? Shitty.

So yeah, the zines are outliving the letter-writing dinosaur. And I was smiling for what felt like company dropping by. I walked from the PO Box to the playground, propped the baby up in a baby swing, and sat in one of Seattle's last days of sunshine before the winter devouring every word, swinging the baby with one hand and turning pages with the other.

Rad Dad #4. This just might be the best issue of this zine yet. *Rad Dad* fills a niche that was sitting vacant. There's quite a few mama-made zines out there, but one by, for and about radical dads is a rare gem. This one is filled with Tomas' own writing, a radical children's book list compiled by those on the anarchist parenting email list, an interview with "rad dad mentor" Matt Hern, a piece by a stay-at-home dad, a piece by a dad discussing the difficulties of dealing with a baby with colic, and more. It's essential reading for politically progressive folks with kids in their lives. Send $3 plus 63 cents postage to Tom at 1636 Fairview St., Berkeley, CA 94703. He's always seeking contributions for future issues.
Contact:tom_moniz@riseup.net

The Future Generation #15. Though my older daughter is still only six, it's never too early to read about what I'll be in for down the teenage-years road. In this issue, China takes on the topic of "Raising Teenagers." It's 68 pages full of China's own writing, with essay titles like "Punks With Teenagers," "The Story of My (Parenting) Life," "Pride," "A Girl Named Buddy," "The True Life Drama of Sex and the Single Mom," "Eleven Good Things About Having a 17-year-old," and "Empty Nest." There are some contributions from a few other folks as well. China's a pioneer in the punk parenting zine world whose writing is raw, honest and always inspirational. Order this issue for $3 from China at PO Box 4803, Baltimore, MD 21211. China's also got a "Best of Zine Anthology 1990-2005" coming out soon with Atomic Books (www.atomicbooks.com). Title: *The Future Generation: A Book for Subculture Parents, Kids, Friends & Others.*

Screamachine (the mamacoaster zine) #6. Thirty-some pages crammed to the margins with the messy, moving, miraculous tales of many, varied, soulful mama lives. Lots of Meg's writing, plus the voices of many contributors. Full of essays, poetry, columns, quips, advice, humor and wisdom. The best essay here is "Colors are for Everyone (Feminism is, too)." Subscriptions are $10 for four issues to Meg Ferrante at 4005 Gail Lee Terrace, Snellville, GA 30039.
Or on the internet at: screamachine@comcast.net.

III. Why the hell am I going on tour with Citizen Fish when I'm old, with a baby and with my mom (!) the roadie-nanny? Because I need to, that's why! I haven't been to a real show in over a year. The outdoor, free one on the UW campus in Seattle featuring Flogging Molly absolutely does not count. Yes, I was happy to be out in the sunshine with my baby to hear some live music of any sort, but calling it a punk show is a far stretch of the imagination.

So yeah, it's a bit odd that in order to get out to a show, I need to go on tour and be playing myself. But this way, I'll get to see some local punk bands in various cities every night for two weeks, I'll get to play music myself which is something I totally love to do, and I'll get to visit and stay with friends along the way. In short, it's the Gathering A Whole Heap of Kindling For My Mama Fire tour. Hopefully, it'll keep me fueled for months until we attempt to do it again in March.

Needing to take my now eight-month old baby with me means I needed to find a roadie-nanny. (My six-year-old chose to sit this one out and stay home with Dad instead.) A few friends I asked were too bogged down with their own commitments, but my one great midwife mama friend stepped up since the tour was at the same time she was planning on taking time off from work anyway. But since she couldn't join us until a week after tour started, my mom volunteered to come on the first week. Yes, my mom, and yes, she volunteered. I wasn't so sure about that prospect at first, but after some consideration, I decided that I'd be crazy to not accept her offer to help out. Besides needing to arrange a roadie-nanny, add in the extra logistics of touring in two vehicles instead of one van, arranging for places to stay ahead of time so baby and roadie-nanny could be there instead of at the show, and the fact that I'd be getting lots less sleep than my already sleep-deprived mama self gets, and it starts to sound like an equation for absolutely, certifiably fucking crazy.

So be it. I'd feel just as crazy staying home when I could be out doing something I miss and love.

Next month's column = Top Ten Tour Highlights!

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Punkparents, get in touch. **New Seattle Address:** 4747 30th Ave. NE #A102, Seattle, WA 98105.
yardwideyarns@hotmail.

[Editor's note: This is Mitch's column from last month, which we somehow neglected to print the first time around. Whoops, sorry Mitch. Here it is now, in all it's glory...]

I'm 28 years old and I've realized that my life is over. I'd like to be inspirational and optimistically "bike-punky" for all seven of you out there reading this, but then none of the other columnists would have anything to write about. I should change the name of this column to "Let's Get Negative," "Let's Get Self-Deprecating," or even "Let's Get Ready To Jump Off A Big Fucking Cliff So We Don't Have To Stay Up Late At Night Endlessly Fretting Over Punk Rock Records And Free Ourselves From The Meaningless Life-Zapping Crap That Has Become Our Existence." It would certainly be more appropriate than a less-than-clever TEENGENERATE reference. So yeah…I've accepted the fact that the remainder of my life will entail having a job that I hate, being fat'n'ugly and dying alone. Such is the fate of way too many record collectors, and rightly so. We should all be shot in the head for caring too much about bullshit. Since arriving at this realization, I now recognize that I should've been way more concerned with weird/awesome kinds of sex, good food, and traveling than I was with sleeve variations, pressing info, and where to mailorder African garage punk 10"s from. Now that I'm so far gone, I suppose the only distraction that even affords me any sort of happiness (perhaps "state of non-despair" would be a more fitting

phrase) is being a creepy lurker on the fringes of the scene I tend to write about here, which itself happens irregularly and has little or no actual merit in the grand scheme of things. Even that is wearing awfully thin these days, which might explain why it's been a buhgillion years since I last turned one of these fuckers in. Maybe it's the genre? Would I be any happier if I collected smooth jazz or house music or nü-country? What if I collected figurines or coins or something? What if (gasp!) I didn't collect anything at all? Maybe then I could do whatever it is normal people do, like go for a walk or have sex (with another person) or something. Instead, I sit around worrying about potentially missing some tidbit of new release information found on Johnny Punko's Norwegian Punk Collection Internet Bulletin Board (password and retinal scan required at log-in). What possible reason do I have for living? So, to reiterate, I'm dangerously close to growing a beard, moving back in with my parents and listening to *Trout Mask Replica* on repeat whilst eating stale Cheese-Its in my underwear until I die of some horrible, unknown bowel infection that doctors then name after me. Here's a rundown this month's records, nearly all of which are singles, because I can't sit through an album without becoming so enraged that I want saw my own legs off. My happy pills are about to kick in, so the swift turn towards fake elation over meaningless slabs of poorly recorded bullshit ought to appear seamless. Or maybe I really do like them? Who knows? I've lost the capacity for all rational thought.

A few weeks back, Goners from across the globe gathered in Memphis for GonerFest 3, the annual celebration organized by Goner Records, purveyors of all things, uh, Goner! Anyway, to coincide with the event, the label managed to drop three top-notch releases on us! The first of these is a stunning CD + DVD package called *Electric Goneroo*, a documentation of the previous year's GonerFest. The CD features great-sounding recordings from virtually every set played at the fest, while the DVD features some seriously impressive live footage. The list of bands featured reads like a who's-who list of my personal faves, including REIGNING SOUND, REATARDS, LAMPS, LEATHER UPPERS, CARBONAS, PERSUADERS and many, many more. This package was truly surprising and easily one of the coolest releases of the year. For the vinyl-minded among us, there's also new singles by COCOCOMA ("6 ?–125" b/w "Take My Time" and THE HIPSHAKES (*Not Oblivians* 7"), both of which have some limited clear vinyl variant that I'm sure will be long gone by the time this hits stands. Naturally, both rule. Do yourself a favor and go to www.goner-records.com. Shit this good is impossible to ignore.

Solid Sex Lovie Doll Records returns to the fray with a slew of new singles! There are eight singles (!) this time around, making this the biggest batch in the label's history. The bands featured this time around are from CPC GANGBANGS, THE BASSHOLES, THIS DAMN TOWN (featuring Alex Cuervo of BLACKTOP), HAUNTED GEORGE, DAN MELCHIOR, THE LAMPS, CANDY APPLE KILLINGS (a one-off band featuring MISS ALEX WHITE and two *Horizontal Action* contributors, Todd Killings and Canderson) and some excavated recordings from a mid-1980s JACK OBLIVIAN combo, JOHNNY VOMIT AND THE DRY HEAVES. Each single comes with two sleeve variations and various inserts, so collectors will have their hands full, not to mention their wallets emptied. There is some good news though. In the past, the frenzy surrounding these incredibly limited releases made patrolling message boards and relying on record dork word-of-mouth a necessity, but Mr. Z decided to up the pressings to the standard 500 copies this time around. Translation: these ought to be available from your favorite distro! My top picks out of this batch are THE LAMPS, CPC GANGBANGS and CANDY APPLE KILLINGS, but I suspect that most folks interested in this label will wind up picking all the titles up.

BOYS CLUB is a new Minneapolis band featuring *Terminal Boredom* contributor Steve Strange! Their debut 7" EP, *This Is My Face*, released on their own Three Dimensional label, pays equal tribute to the punky pop Strange champions in his writing and simplistic, budget-rock garage punk a la SUPERCHARGER. A pretty winning mix to these ears, with an LP already rumored to be in the making! In addition to Boys Club, bassist Todd Mayberry and FEVERS genius Brian Hermisillo have started *Rock Mania*, an outlandishly cool new zine focusing on power pop. Obviously inspired by the classic issues of *Bomp!*, the debut issue of *Rock Mania* is a full color, glossy endeavor the must be seen (and read) to be believed. Huge features on NIKKI CORVETTE (including a centerfold!!!) and (cover boys!) MILK'N'COOKIES ought to be enough reason for you to check it out. Visit www.totalrockmania.com and buy two copies: one for reading and one for framing!

In recent years, I've amassed a stack of killer demos and CD-R releases by THE WRISTS, a great Texas band that flirts with synths, yet never falls prey to the token apocalyptic imagery (lyrically and sonically) that so many other recent synth-punk bands do. THE WRISTS appear to be content to let buzzing electronic circuits merely underscore their energetic and straight-forward punk, keeping the tones and mood far less ominous than fans of the genre might expect. Big-time kudos are due to Die Stasi Records for giving THE WRISTS their long overdue first vinyl release, the *Freak Of Natures* 7" EP. If you're someone who's been intrigued by many of the recent synth-punk bands, but are reluctant to fully sign on, I'd check The Wrists out in a hurry. Need I even mention that 100 copies are pressed on white vinyl with hand-stamped labels? Na…didn't think so.

One of the true pleasures of 2006 has been the emergence of HOME BLITZ as a unifying force for record dorks of all sizes. Punk freaks, garage geeks, popsters, and cravers of all things weird have been championing the efforts of this New Jersey band all year long, myself included. They recently released a new 7", *Live Outside*, not to mention a repress of their debut (originally limited to a mere 200 copies) and a cassette-only split with FRIENDS AND FAMILY. *Live Outside* is of particular interest here, as it was recorded outside in a park, with an audience of no one, except a few (audible!) passing cars. I dunno…something about this band gets me. Home Blitz recalls the spirit of the whole "it was easy, it was cheap, go and do it" spirit of DIY at it's most fun. Best new band of the year???

Seeing Eye Records has just released a split 7" EP featuring two of Vancouver's best bands, NO FEELING and LADIES NIGHT. I managed to grab a copy from Ladies Night on their recent West Coast tour and have been reliving their great live show via constant spinning their side. Although relegated to splits and comp appearances thus far, they have singles coming up on Perpetrator and P.Trash, both of which I'm anxiously awaiting. NO FEELING features Levon from LADIES NIGHT and Becca and Megan from VANCOUGAR, a great band in their own right. Whatever bluesy garage tendencies LADIES NIGHT has are absent from NO FEELING's sound. Things are darker and plodding…even wavy at times. Easily one of the best new bands I've heard all year. This fine split is available in an edition of 500 copies, 100 of which are on gray vinyl and come with an excellent zine showcasing flyer art constructed by BTMC.

Daggerman Records is a new out of New York City. Their first release, the debut from IMAGINARY ICONS, is especially impressive. IMAGINARY ICONS is a new band featuring folks from THE TIEREDS, SHOP FRONTS and MHz, an incredibly underrated personal favorite of mine. The sound this time around is heavily influenced by UK art-punk and DIY, which was a bit unexpected considering the previous history of the band members, but works out fantastically nonetheless. What a killer debut! In addition to the Icons debut, Daggerman also recently released two split 7"EPs. The first features LIVE FAST DIE and the debut showing from VCR (VICE CITY ROCKERS), a New Jersey band already described as "THE BLACK LIPS on meth" by someone much smarter than me. The second features the great DC SNIPERS alongside Boston's TAMPOFFS. The ordering information for all three singles can be found http://www.myspace.com/daggermanrecords.

Speaking of LIVE FAST DIE, they somehow managed to top themselves with the *Pissing On A Mainframe* 7" EP, a primo blast of bedroom punk thuggery courtesy of Douche Master Records. The title track is a hilarious piss-take on the absurdity of punk message boards, backed by the equally lamebrained "Alcoholic Aids" and "Sonic Thread." I dunno what it is about these guys, but I admire their complete and total lack of appropriateness and self-control, coupled with the fact they appear to excellent at talking shit. Here's hoping that they get even more moronic! Great!

Not content to rest after their recent *Midnite World* LP on In The Red, England's BLACK TIME has three new 7"EPs for the world to contend with. There's the *Dance Party* 7" EP on Bancroft Records, the *Fever Of The Secret Consumers* 7" EP on trakMARX Records (limited to 250!) and, most recently, the *Message From The Control Tower* 7" EP on Rehab Records. All three singles rule, and in several instances, trump the material on their most recent album. In just over two years, Black Time has released two LPs, one 12"EP, five 7"EPs and some scattered comp tracks. We're approaching UNHOLY GRAVE territory here…

In addition to their Black Time single, Portland's Rehab Records have quickly established themselves as a singles label to keep an eye on. Their first release is from a couple months back, the "What's Words Worth?" b/w "Number One In Wales", another great 45 from MOTO. Rounding out the recent barrage is the "Abused" b/w "Mondo Jobless" 45, one of two swan song 7"s from San Francisco's KILLER'S KISS (the other being *Do It Again* on Perpetrator Records). Visit www.rehab-records.com for the scoop on all of these, as well as their upcoming TRASHIES and

WAX MUESEUMS releases!

Perpetrator Records has a couple other new 45s worthy of your attention. The first is "I Want Her" b/w "Mr. Clean," a new 45 from ROYAL ROUTES, a Canadian duo bearing some connection to SCAT RAG BOOSTERS. Familiarity with their other releases or projects ought to tell you everything you need to know about this one, but I'm a sucker for these guys and somehow feel compelled to tell you that it's worth investigating. The biggest story for Perpetrator this time around has to be the debut release from RED RED RED, a band I've been dying to hear since good ol' Icki Murrmann talked them up to me immediately after he moved to Michigan. What's the scoop? Well, RED RED RED features former members of THE PIRANHAS! I trust I have your attention now. Anyway, unlike that ODD CLOUDS project I dished several months ago, RED RED RED keeps both feet firmly planted on the punk side of things, recalling the raw flavor of the earliest (and punkest) Piranhas material, although in a much more guitar-driven, straight-forward way. "Disconnected" b/w "Static Signals" is another single that'll sure to be popping up in my year-end best-of list, I'm sure of it. As is customary with all Perpetrator releases, it's limited to a scant 300 copies and more than likely will cost non-New Zealanders a pretty penny. If you can score this one, another release on the Yank-friendly Big Neck label is on the horizon. Regardless, I command you to check out RED RED RED!

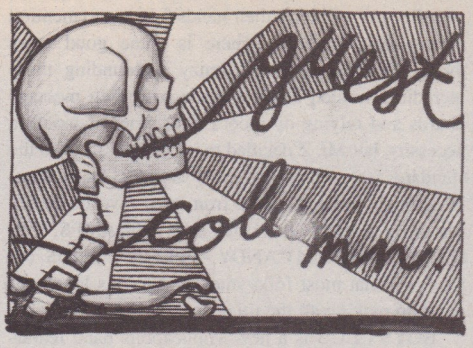
Is the new FE FI FO FUMS 7" EP the death rattle of Budget Rock? That's what a lot of folks are saying. A glossy, full-color sleeve? Production lacking the required level of trash? Say it ain't so! Whatever…it's The FUMS! Boom Boom's *In The Summer Time* 7" EP is still a total gas, sure to please fans of the band's LP from earlier this year. C'mon…Boom Boom releases are guaranteed party-starters.

Oakland's TOP TEN just released their sophomore single on the Classic Bar Music label. The *Easily Unkind* 7" EP features one original (the title track) and a couple excellent covers of DMZ and TEENAGE HEAD! On a related note, front woman Tina Lucchesi just opened up a totally awesome thrift store/hair salon/all-around cool place in Oakland, CA called Down At Lulu's! She sells records too! Last time I was in there, she had a wall decked out '90s garage punk memorabilia, from the vaults of TRASHWOMEN, MUMMIES, and other cool cats. I almost shit my pants. Visit www.downatlulus.com for a peek!

Enough is enough. The meds have worn off and I'm back to hating everything. Assuming I can pull my head out of the toilet long enough to do another column, next month will feature me coming to grips with new albums from THE KING KHAN AND BBQ SHOW (great!), HANK IV (new kings of SF?), DESTRUCTION UNIT (Ryan Wong, bloodied and unleashed) and a whole slew of others. I suppose I could go on a rant about *Blood Visions*, the new LP from JAY RETARD, but I think this month's interview with Jay tackles that one at length. If you need further assurance, I'm comfortable saying that it's certainly my favorite release of the year thus far and one of the strongest outings out of him yet. Feel free to try to talk me down from the ledge…

Mitch Cardwell / PO Box 23882 / Oakland, CA 94623 / USA

letsgethurt@yahoo.com



By Joel Gulledge

"Your heads will be on the stones if you don't leave this place," threatened an Israeli settler from illegal outpost Havot Ma'on (Hill 833), to members of Christian Peacemaker Teams in the Palestinian village of At-Tuwani. Captured on video, but ignored by district Israeli police, the threat is part and parcel of daily life for Palestinians—and the reason for the continuous presence of international human rights workers here since 2004. A few days later, during a "routine check," I witness my neighbor being physically abused by Israeli soldiers. Such abuse often ceases when soldiers become aware that internationals are present, filming their actions.

Ancient At-Tuwani is located in the South Hebron Hills of the West Bank, home to some one thousand Palestinians who reside in natural caves, living off the land and grazing their flocks of goats and sheep. The topography is harsh; there is no running water or electricity. Under complete Israeli control in "Area C," many South Hebron residents have been expelled, having their homes and property destroyed. Israeli settlers have attacked villagers and human rights workers, and destroyed olive trees. Villagers' livestock and one water cistern have been poisoned, an act UN Office for the Coordination of Humanitarian Affairs (OCHA) Director Robert Kennedy calls a form of chemical warfare.

The Israeli separation barrier along route 317 near At-Tuwani restricts villagers' access to their farmland and to vital services such as health clinics, education and markets in nearby cities. Multiple UN reports describe the South Hebron communities as "once self-sustainable, now having one of the highest poverty levels in the West Bank" due to the Israeli occupation. Prominent Israeli human rights group B'Tselem reports that the regions' "proximity to the Green Line and the sparse Palestinian population living there make the southern Hebron hills a 'natural' candidate for annexation [by Israel], as well as an attractive site for settlement that will create a contiguous Jewish presence on both sides of the Green Line."

In the village of Sussia, the Israeli military has crushed the residents' cave homes. Now the villagers live in tents. I traveled there to take the testimony of a village elder assaulted that day by masked settlers. Days before, settlers had strewn metal spikes across the road attempting to prevent the truck carrying desperately needed water from reaching the community. Three tires were pierced and the water was delayed.

Back in At-Tuwani, my neighbor served me tea as we watched his children play near their home. "It's hard watching my children grow up under the same occupation I did," he says. "I don't want them to live in fear."

Until the Israeli occupation of Palestinian lands ends, the basic human and civil rights of such families will never be assured. And the fear which my neighbor knows so well will remain a constant.

Contact: joel@vcnv.org

Website: http://tuwani.org.

THREE CHORD POLITICS

chris hubbard

I was recently introduced to a band from Northern Ireland called Shock Treatment. Their sole proper release, a two-song 7", came out in 1981. The A-side of the single, "Big Check Shirts," was featured on *Bloodstains Across Northern Ireland vol. 2*, and is a total classic. It's one of those perfectly crafted power-pop tunes—ringing guitar, pulsing bass, a killer hook. The vocalist could be Paul Weller's long-lost twin brother from Belfast. Listening to the song repeatedly this last month, I was reminded of discovering The Jam in high school, fairly early on in my punk rock career. Back then, hearing a great band for the first time was life-changing. I can clearly see myself borrowing a friend's copy of *In The City* almost ten years ago; I can't explain why this band in particular had such an effect on me though. I mean, I was a nascent hardcore purest, and musically The Jam were only briefly a punk band. They even covered The Who and The Kinks! But maybe because it was so different than the strict HC diet on which I subsisted—I mean, how many times can you listen to Circle Jerks' first two records before you want to hear something a little different? Or maybe it had to do with going to shows in Boston at the time. All the popular bands then referenced and covered all that early UK shit. Anyway, The Jam had a major impact on me—one of those formative bands who, for a time, are the most important thing in your life.

It struck me that such a thing doesn't happen to me really anymore. For sure I'm infatuated with bands or records, both old and new, but they don't have the completely world-altering effect they used to. I don't think it's that punk is any less a part of my life (on the contrary). It just must be that I'm more grounded than I was as a teenager. For anyone, high school is a difficult time, and I suppose you'll grab and hold onto for dear life anything that makes sense—anything that makes your life bearable. I'm glad I'm not confused and depressed all the time anymore, but I do miss that all-consuming feeling of discovering the next "most important band of all time."

* * *

I helped set up a show for my friends' band from the Northwest last weekend, who were on a brief tour. It was supposed to happen in the basement of Thrillhouse Records, the new soon-to-open punk record store on Mission Street (mentioned in my last column). I spent much of the afternoon on Thanksgiving with Fred (the person heading up most of the organization for everything at the store) cleaning, soundproofing, and even doing a little impro-

vised structural work on the basement. This would be the space's first show. The people behind Thrillhouse have been building the store (and their living spaces) literally almost from scratch—shelves, doorways, walls, floors, ceilings, even the kitchen sink—mostly by themselves with friends helping out, punk rock style. The necessary electrical wiring hadn't been installed in the basement yet, so the plan was to rent a generator to power the PA and the amps.

24 hours before the show was supposed to happen: I was arriving in Oakland Friday night to see the two touring bands play on a bus (yeah, a bus) and got a phone call. "Hey Chris, what's up, it's Fred. I've got some bad news for you… A pipe broke at the house and the basement is now flooded with sewage. There's no way to get it cleaned up by tomorrow." Hmm… I guess it would be "totally punk" for the show to happen with the band and audience knee-deep in fecal matter… But no. We would have to find someplace else to do it, or else there would be nothing. What a disaster—the best we could hope for at that point was to find some last-minute makeshift venue and hope that we could call a handful of friends that day who'd pity us enough to come and watch the relocated show. There in Oakland, between bands, I nursed a beer and sulked while other folks actually made themselves useful by calling potential spots to play. Justin finally came through and offered to let the bands play in his living room, pending approval from his other three roommates. His apartment was in the Mission, at least within walking distance of Thrillhouse. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad…

The day of the show: As early as possible, we informed The Internet of the venue change. (Perhaps that website isn't as bad as I… oh never mind.) A quick call to Fred about posting a note at the record store, I learned that they were still waiting for the city to come and check out what had caused the busted sewage pipe, but there was still "standing water" in the basement. What a bummer for those folks, working so hard to get the store ready to open. As the hours crept closer, the final pieces were collected: a PA, change for the door, a last minute burrito. To my surprise, the show was very well attended—one might almost say packed. 50+ people, for a house show? Not bad. I don't know who everyone was or how they had found out where to go, but it was cool. Despite some kinks here and there—a broken mic cord and a 30-minute wait for a replacement, a very few selfish kids who refused to pay a cent for the show, the residents of the apartment getting aggravated that the bands played for too long—for the most part everything was great. In the few songs they managed to make it through before equipment troubles cut their set short, Jump Off a Building was killer. Traditional yet original hardcore, wild and pissed. White Boss, aside from having one of the best names I've heard in awhile, was slow and heavy and a good change of pace—I enjoyed them and they had definitely cleared the room of about half the crowd by the time their set was finished. Outraged, as always, was excellent. One of the tightest bands in the Bay Area at the moment… Sex Vid, the reason we set up the show in the first place, was phenomenal. Just 24 hours ago, it would have seemed so improbable that here I would be, against all odds, in someone's living room, surrounded by old and new friends, watching this band fucking destroy. It was an incredible feeling to know that I had a played a part, along with everyone else, in making this happen.

Almost the same as hearing a band like The Jam for the first time…

* * *

I'm gonna take this last bit space to thank Sex Vid for coming down, playing, and hanging out, everyone involved with the show, and Condenada and crew for Thanksgiving dinner and everything else. After a bit of a lull, what a great couple of weeks for shows it's been out here. Now, if anyone can point me in the direction of a Shock Treatment 7"…

Write me: chris@maximumrocknroll.com

Hit Girls

When I was younger, I heard my first DIY hardcore bands from tapes that older friends made me, or from stumbling into any—*any*—punk show in my area and trying to figure out what the differences were between the bands that I liked and the bands that I didn't. Remember those unsophisticated times? For me, my comings and goings in punk were strange and awkward, but rewarding to my curiosity as well—school was a bore, the suburbs screamed, *"You're already dead!!!"* from every crack and corner, and I didn't have a whole lot to think about that made the world seem at all consequential or worth exploring. But the idea of a space just beyond of the reach of the day to day world I had to operate in blew doors wide open for me and revealed—through the aid of dark, angry, iconoclastic music—a sort of noir counter-reality, where even the most shallow parts of American suburban existence cast longer, fuller shadows.

Feeling the distant gaze of those who had marched their way through and beyond quotidian banality before me, I immediately connected to the idea of music as a sort of people's history, these things being so intimately connected to humanity as to be essential qualities of life on earth. Let me put it another way. Maybe I didn't theorize it the way I do now, but it was good to know in my teens that there were—and always had been—freaks and outsiders who didn't fit in to world around them, but who managed to create these little monuments to resilience and integrity with their music, writing, and art. And I know that a lot of what we the punks create is relatively ephemeral—and happily so—but still, artifacts remain, and with them, the collective strengths, weaknesses, heartbreaks, and triumphs of our brave little scene.

Probably, a lot of us share this experience: flipping languidly through piles of records at a local record store or yard sale, half immersed in the fantasy scenario of stumbling across some hidden gem, half not really thinking of anything particular at all, mind wandering, with repetition—flip, flip, flip, flip—doing its hypnotizing trick. Who of us doesn't know the routine? And the reward at the end of the routine, the silver lining after looking through zillions of shit records and spending hours trolling dusty record bins, is finding that record that is actually gonna speak to me directly, that will disrupt the black cloud always trying to take root in brain, that will, for the zillionth time, let me utter the phrase, "punk rock saved my life."

I think this nuance is lost on our collecting-mad culture, which puts ownership and monetary value above all else when it comes to punk records. Like absolutely everything in this sad, sordid world, punk rock is profoundly corrupted by its position within a violently competitive and capitalistic society. With that in mind, why should I be surprised that people treat punk records greedily, and without joy? I love the punks, but fuck me if half this scene isn't made up of yuppie scum, just waiting for their entry into a world of corner offices and business cards—buying rare records and showing them off to jealous friends is just practice for later in life, when they'll do the same with some bullshit native art, expensive electronic gadgetry, or the hired help.

Its no wonder kids like that miss half the cool shit anyway, marginalized history told by people in the margins. This means loads of unheard girl punk, still cheap South American hardcore, records made by Pakistani immigrants in London, DIY cassettes swapped by freaky nerds the world over, outsider music in the truest sense of those words, just waiting for you to go out and discover it.

With all of this in mind, I thought I'd write about some of my favorite obscure girl punk records. Maybe this whole column seems to contradictory—like, collect records! No wait, don't! No wait, do, and here's some to look for! But whatever, that's just how I roll. Besides, it's up to us to preserve our history the best way we know how, and the point of this column is that I am still looking hard to connect the dots between now and then, and to help the best parts of what we've already accomplished survive.

AMA-DOTS – "Hit Girls/The Cease is Increase" 45 (Hunky Records)

I scored this one just a few short hours ago, this column being the heady rush after finding one of my top wants, and for only a few bucks. The art is affecting: a simple, black and white sleeve with a stark image of a woman's silhouette on the front and some scrawled out writing and jagged, punked out photobooth photos of the band members on the back—both sides of the sleeve unique but definitive homage to the first Essential Logic EP.

This is one of those records that just absolutely *begs* the listener to imagine the band's life, Slits fans in Wisconsin 1980, attempting sophistication but sounding destructive and wild instead of like one big eye roll. I mean, what the

fuck? Who were these people? I have listened to the A-side jam, "Hit Girls," ten times in a row already, wondering if the singer has a vague German accent or if she's just channeling some sort of mangled Ari-Up sound through her Midwestern dialect, or maybe she was actually Milwaukee's biggest (ever?) Hans-A-Plast fan. On Hunky Records 001, which makes them that much more dreamy, DIY lady punks with a sense of humor.

A text message exchange between me and Layla after my finding the single went something like this:

Me: found the Ama-Dots single at Amoeba!
Layla: Rad! How good is it, seriously?!
Me: Totes awesome, for reals.
Layla: hit girls, haute girls oh oh oh oh…I think I like Ama-Dots better than the Delta 5.
Me: Delta 5 = art school hipsters. I don't think we'd be friends if they were around now.
Layla: Too self-aware, like a poetry slam about Marx.
Me: And Ama-Dots was from Milwaukee, dude.
Layla: Delta 5 was fucken posers.

Postscript: A quick Google search uncovered a rad website with a bunch of Ama-Dots flyers (I know, what? The internet is amazing, dudes), many of which feature art that could be described—and which must have struck locals as—disturbing, bizarre, scary, or downright inexplicable. You should take a look, it's at: www.milwaukeerockposters.com/amadots.html

Apparently, there is also an Ama-Dots demo that predates the single, which I would very much—hint hint, nudge nudge, tape traders—love to hear.

(Oh, and relax, we *like* the Delta 5.)

WILMA – *Pornography Lies* EP (Subterranean Records)

This record is kind of a mind-fuck, a victory and a tragedy all in one, because it has one unconditionally perfect fast punk song ("Fast Fascist"), and two dreary, depressing, uh, ambient soundscapes, which are like, hit-the-stop-button-or-run-*NOT GOOD-ON-ANY-LEVEL*, but hey, you can't win 'em all. Wilma—and I don't know who their namesake is, Wilma Flintstone, or more likely Wilma Mankiller—was a four-piece San Francisco band (hence being on the best ever SF punk label ever) of self-described radical dyke separatists who I swear to god wrote one of the great all-time punk songs in "Fast Fascist." The vocals are both intense and playful, and the guitar player is doing these weird little herky jerky things, but the overall effect is just punk punk punk, all the way. According to Steve Subterranean, Wilma did *not* get along with Tim Yo, and I find the idea of that feud really charming for some reason. I wonder where these ladies lived and hung out back in the day, probably somewhere the dot.com boom ruined forever.

Wilma went on to release more records, sadly as unlistenable as the two non-punk songs on this single. But I am *convinced* they wrote other punk classics, so if anyone out there has any punk demo recordings by them, I will gladly trade you my ovaries for 'em so you can go make some little test tube babies to name after this band.

The Brat – "The Wolf (and the Lamb)" (Rhino Records)

This isn't a record, but rather a song on an obscure Los Angeles comp called *Los Angelinos*, which features The Brat and the Plugz, but also a *lot* of random, non-punk East LA Chicano bands of all different styles, making it a regional comp in a very true sense. "The Wolf" was recorded three years after the Brat's only record—which is one of the unsung greats of early LA punk, a self-titled mini-masterpiece originally released on 10" then later re-released as a one-sided 12"—and is their best song, a total classic anthem about the exploitation by American society ("The Wolf") of immigrant labor ("the Lamb").

Not so long ago, Martin and I were driving the then new issue of MRR to the post office on the outskirts of the city, listening to the mix tape we always listen to in the car, which has this song on it. Driving on Cesar Chavez Street (*neé* Army Street) leaving the Mission, where things starting to look a little barren, there is a stretch of road always being patrolled by a handful of migrant workers. On that particular drive, this song was blasting right as we drove by that familiar scene: "*You say this democracy believes in our equality. You lie. The wolf and the lamb, the wolf and the lamb. We are the lamb…Your claw of injustice knows no boundary line...Living off the poor man's labor, sucking all our spirits dry. We say this democracy is laced with your hypocrisy. It's true.*" That shit nearly brought tears to my eye.

NJF – *Wounded Knee* EP (Green Fuse Records)

This is the record on here that I know the least about, and no combination of words on Google helps me find out very much. Strangely, this is also the only record on here that has been reissued; the one thing I've managed to find out about NJF—other than the fact that they're Canadian and that their name stands for Negro Jazz Funeral?!—is that the OG of this record is a very expensive record, which seems kind of random and weird. I bought the reissue on a whim—it was in the dollar bin, it had photos of girl punks, and it was from the early '80s—so why not?

The title track sux in the style of the Wilma slow jams, but the three songs on the B-side sound like the Tyrades recast as an early '80s hardcore band. I found this weird website that describes them as "thrash," but that reminds me of the ridiculous hipster magazine I once read that called Flipper "grindcore." I can't make out what the singer is saying, so I just kind of hum along to the thump-thump-thump-thump of the rhythm section, which makes NJF seem sort of thuggish and primitive, not exactly falling apart but sort of lurching drunkenly forward in a not quite straight line.

THE PETTICOATS – *Normal* EP (Bla Bla Bla Records)

This one-woman band had me in love before I even put needle to vinyl. A flimsy paper sleeve with green spot color on two photos of German iconoclast Stef Petticoat, and what is the spot color for? Her green leopard print tights, of course. At once jangly and dissonant and punk, there are three DIY outsider feminist anthems on this EP, all fucking cheeky and tough but touching as well. I have no idea what combination of things made it so that this strange German lady was in London in May of 1980, recording these songs and then releasing this record, but the idea of it makes me happy indeed. One of the great records of the late '70s DIY explosion, "this record contains three B-sides. Play Loud."

Stef Petticoat, if you are reading (what a mind-blower that would be), get in touch!

There are a ton of other records that I could go on about, but it's nearly three-thirty in the morning, and I am feeling sort of light-headed and giddy from all the cups of tea I drank listening to these records over and over again. I had pulled out a bunch of other stuff with the idea that I'd write about it in this column, but I guess those records will just have to wait. Sorry Ultimo Resorte, Sin 34, and Tozibabe, maybe next time.

In the past few months, I have played all of the aforementioned records (and plenty more) on all lady punk sets on MRR Radio, which you can still find online if you are interested in checking these bands stuff out. Oh wait, I haven't played Ama-Dots yet 'cause I just got that tonight, but I will play it next time I'm on the air for sure.
www.maximumrocknroll.com/radio

***

Oh, and this column reminds me…speaking of rad lady punks, Condenada from Chicago came out here just a few days ago and played a one of the best shows I've been to in a long time, a totally inspiring show with the always awesome Boom Boom Kid, Bruise Violet, and Outraged at the Balazo Gallery in the Mission. It was like a dream of everything a show can be: art, awesome bands, delicious mojitos, funny and smart political skits, and fucking raging hardcore punk, with an enthusiastic crowd of kids. Condenada also provided the best bit of in between song banter I've heard in a while: "This is for the fucker who pissed on the toilet seat, we are gonna come to your house and fucking shit on your face while you're sleeping." Seriously, Condenada blew me away as a band and as people, and their new record is (gonna be) great. Thanks for Thanksgiving dinner (and drinks), ladies!

Another thing: We are still looking for my replacement, I've only got a few issues left before I take off. If you are interested in the job, please get in touch.

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Or: golnar@maximumrocknroll.com

BUSH'S COMPROMISES WITH VICTORIOUS DEMOCRATS
ONLY THE FIRST HALF OF OUR PHONE CALLS WILL BE LISTENED TO
SO I GO-NO, WAIT. HE TOTALLY GOES-
DANG! JUST WHEN IT WAS GETTING GOOD!
FIGHT IN IRAQ, BUT ONLY ON ODD-NUMBERED DAYS
NO FAIR! TODAY IS THE 18TH!
THAT WAS ONE OF OURS.
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ONLY THE TOP 50% OF THE RICHEST 1% OF AMERICANS TO KEEP THEIR TAX CUTS
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HALF AS MUCH TORTURE
AND CUT HIS RAPE QUOTA TO HALF.
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CONGRESSMAN CHARLES RANGEL, INCOMING CHAIRMAN OF THE POWERFUL WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE, WANTS TO BRING BACK THE DRAFT. BUT NOT REALLY.
IF YOU WERE B
ON MAY 4
IT'S ABOUT MAKING A POINT. THE POINT IS, POLITICIANS WOULDN'T START WARS SO FAST IF EVERYONE—INCLUDING THEIR SONS—HAD TO FIGHT THEM.
LOOK NEXT FOR MORE "POISON PILL" LEGISLATION—BILLS THEY IDEOLOGICALLY OPPOSE BUT WHOSE EXTREMISM IS DESIGNED TO EMBARRASS THE REPUBLICANS.
BALLS & CH
REPUBLICANS DON'T WANT AN INCREASE IN THE MINIMUM WAGE? FINE—LET'S GO ALL THE WAY AND RESTORE SLAVERY!
AINS
BALLS & CHAI
AS USUAL, THE REPUBLICANS WILL CALL THE DEMOCRATS' BLUFF.
I'M IN.
ME TOO.
BUSINESS LUVS IT.
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RESULTING, NATURALLY, IN MORE OF THE SAME—BUT WORSE.
@★#Ø DEMOCRATS!
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PEOPS

I WAS IN EUROPE FOR 6 MONTHS & I WAS IN 4 RIOTS - I FLEW INTO FRANKFURT A MONTH BEFORE THE S26 ACTION IN PRAGUE & TOOK A BUS THERE - WE WERE TRYING TO SET UP A COMMUNICATIONS NETWORK FOR THE PROTEST BUT EVERYPLACE WHERE WE COULD RENT EQUIPMENT SAID THEY HAD ALREADY RENTED EVERYTHING TO THE WORLD BANK SO WE SET UP A BIKE NETWORK & PEOPLE USED THEIR CELL PHONES - I WAS RIGHT IN THE THICK OF IT - I WAS WITH THE BLUE MARCH - THE "BLACK & BLUE" MARCH - SPANISH ANARCHIST - POLISH - THEY WERE NUTS - GREEK ANARCHISTS WERE PSYCHOTIC - IT WAS NO HOLDS BARRED WE WENT TO WHERE THE SHIT HEADS WERE & SOMEONE SPONTANEOUSLY STARTED A COUNTDOWN & THEN WE RUSHED THE BARRICADES - THE COPS WERE LETTING OFF PERCUSSION GRENADES (OR "CONCUSSION" GRENADES) THAT SOUNDED LIKE MACHINE GUN FIRE BUT ACTUALLY DONT HURT - I WAS RUNNING INTO THE MIDDLE OF THEM TO DEMONSTRATE THIS CUZ THERE WAS A BIT OF A LANGUAGE BARRIER - SOME GUYS WERE THROWING MOLOTOVS THAT WERE MADE OUT OF PLASTIC BAGS! THAT WAS A TRANSFORMATIVE MOMENT FOR ME - THERE WERE ALSO BOTTLE MOLOTOVS - THE COPS WERE GETTING HIT - SOME OF THIER SHIELDS CAUGHT FIRE - THERE WAS ONE GUY WHO BROUGHT A PICKAXE & HE WAS TEARING UP THE PAVING STONES FROM THE STREET & PUTTING THEM IN A PLASTIC GARBAGE CONTAINER ON WHEELS THEN HE WOULD RUN UP TO THE FRONTLINE & DISTRIBUTE AMMUNITION AFTER PRAGUE THERE WAS A BIG CALL TO ACTION TO DEFEND ENTREPODOK - A BIG SQUAT IN AM'DAM A COUPLE HUNDRED PEOPLE WENT STRAIGT THERE - PROBLY A MONTH LATER THEY CAME TO EVICT SO WE HAD A BIG PARTY & BROKE INTO THE CONSTRUCTION SITE NEXT DOOR - GOT A COUPLE JACKHAMMERS & DUG UP THE STREET - ALSO WE GOT A BACKHOE & WE DUG A TRENCH AROUND THE BUILDING - WE LIT A TRAILER FULL OF GARBAGE ON FIRE & HAD SCAFFOLDING FORMING BARRIERS - PEOPLE WERE SMASHING PAVING STONES FOR AMMUNITION - A HUGE BOX OF FIREWORKS GOT LINED UP & SET OFF RIGHT INTO THIS HUGE LINE OF COPS - AFTER AM'DM I WENT TO A RIOT IN ZURICH - BANKING CAPITOL OF THE WORLD - LUXURY CARS WERE BEING TURNED OVER IN THE STREET - IN BARCELONA IN RESPONSE TO SQUAT EVICTION PEOPLE WENT OUT TARGETING THE BANKS & MULTINATIONALS & MACDONALDS GOT HIT HARD THEN IT WAS BEAUTIFUL TO WATCH AS PEOPLE JUST VANISHED

04/07/01

FLY.

Brad Will – 04/07/2K1 – ABC No Rio Zine Library NYC

I met Brad in Wisconsin in the summer of 1993 – he was like a wide- eyed enthusiastic kid who wanted to experience anything & everything – we told him about the squatting scene in NYC & he showed up in the lower east side a few months later – pretty soon he was squatting at 5th St & getting involved with the pirate radio station – Steal This Radio – when the city tried to knock down 5th St squat he alone held them off by hiding in the building for hours – Brad got more & more involved in a wide variety of struggles – defending community gardens, forest defense, food not bombs, critical mass, the battle of seattle – he started traveling internationally getting involved with the global justice movement especially in Latin America – Brad recently travelled to Oaxaca Mexico to cover the protests organized by teachers to force out the corrupt local government – on October 27 Brad Will was shot & killed by paramilitary gunmen as he filmed them attacking a barricade on the outskirts of Oaxaca – 2 others were also killed in the attack – please visit www.nyc.indymedia.org and www.bradwill.org – I am having a hard time realizing that I will never see Brad again – that someone so sweet & full of life & purpose could just be gunned down – at least he died doing what he loved & fighting the good fight – he will be sorely missed – xox fly (fly@bway.net)

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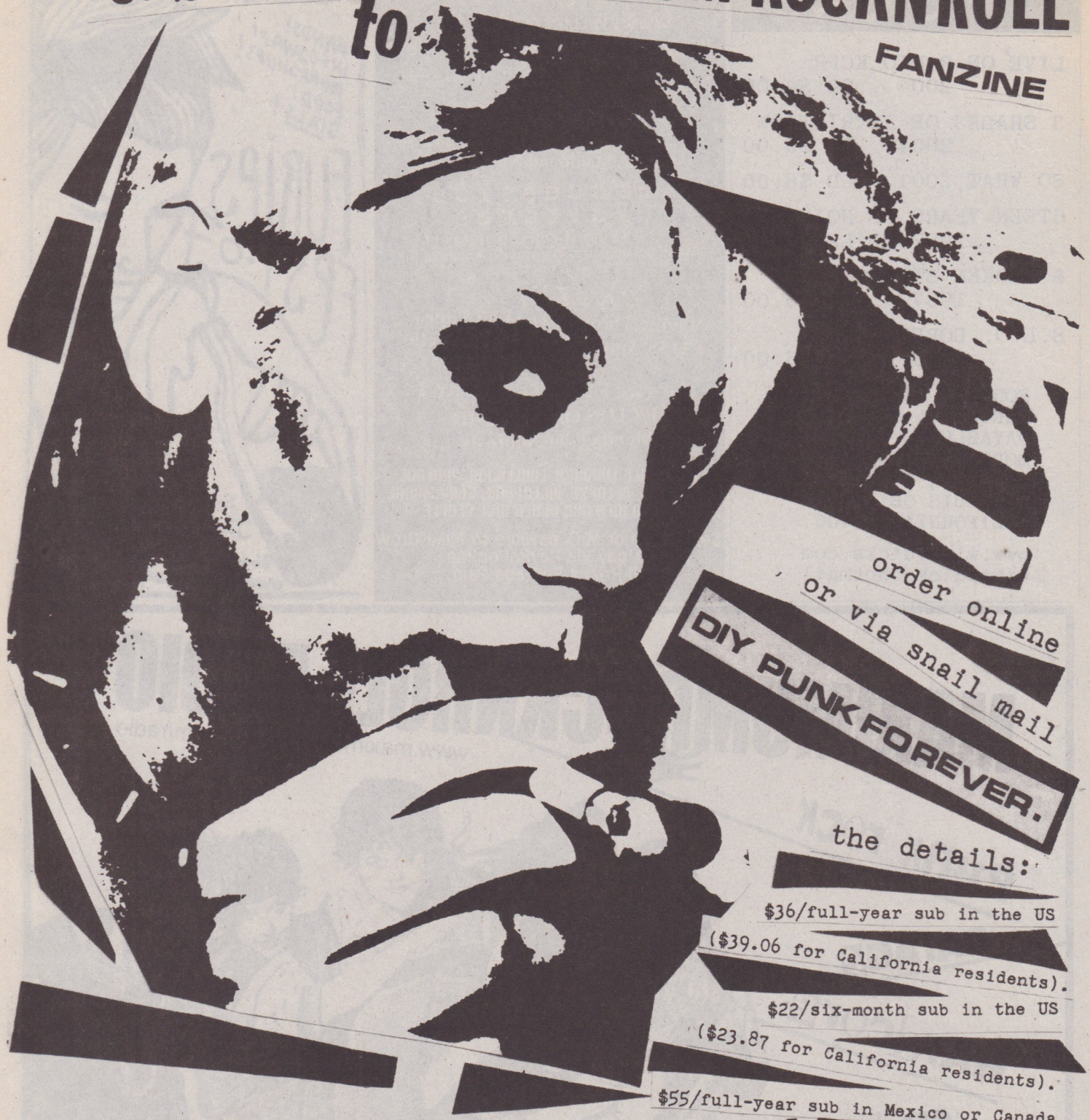

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MRR NEWS

MRR NEWS FOR ISSUE #284 COMPILED BY ARIEL CELESTE & GOLNAR NIKPOUR

JAMES "ALIEN BOY" CHASSE KILLED BY POLICE

by erin yanke

James Chasse was a 42-year old man who lived in Portland, Oregon. He was beaten and killed in custody by Portland law officers on September 17, 2006.

Chasse was a schizophrenic man who liked to walk around downtown and keep to himself, but somehow came to the attention of the cops. There were verbal instructions that Chasse didn't not follow, and a scuffle ensued. The police began trying to subdue Chasse, and tackled him to the ground. They beat him until he was coming in and out of consciousness, and hog-tied him. An ambulance arrived and Chasse shouted out, "don't leave me alone" but the ambulance left the scene, and the cops took him to jail. The jail nurse told the police he was too badly injured to book, so the cops but him back in the squad car to drive to a hospital about 100 blocks away, in rush hour traffic. Chasse died on the way to the hospital, and was then put in an ambulance and taken to the Clackamas County Coroner.

The state medical examiner's report revealed 16 of Chasse's ribs were fractured; 26 individual rib bones in the front and back of his rib cage were broken, splintered or crushed. He also suffered multiple bruises, contusions and abrasions to his head, chest and abdomen. Toxicology tests revealed no alcohol or drugs in his system.

The state medical examiner, Dr. Karen Gunson, cited blunt-force chest trauma as the cause of death and ruled the death an accident.

The Grand Jury that was convened declined to press criminal charges against the officers involved in Chasse's death, Sgt. Kyle Nice, 39, who'd worked for the a 14-year veteran of the Portland Police Bureau for 14 years, officer Christopher Humphreys, 31, a seven-employee, and Dep. Brett Burton, 26, who has worked for the Multnomah County Sheriff's Office for two years.

James Chasse was also known as Jim Jim when he was the darling of the early Portland Punk scene. He began going to shows when he was 14, and was in bands, Possum Society being the most well known, and did a zine called *The Oregon Organism*. He called himself a "poet about town" and was remembered as a quiet, sweet, and gentle young man. He was the "Alien Boy" Greg Sage wrote about on the Wipers first record, and he was the inspiration for "Nothing To Fear," the last song on the Neo Boys 12" record.

From a Portland Indy Media posting by Morgan: "Yes I knew Jay, quite well in fact, back in the early days of punk here 1978-79 era. He was one of my favorite people in the scene, very creative and caring. His parents shipped him off to Dammish State Mental Hospital (*One Flew Over the Cuckoo*'s nest was filmed there) because he was underage and had run off to live with a girlfriend (same age) and was "weird" i.e. early punk/new wave type artist-zinester. One time I drove about a dozen of us in my old Travell all down to Woodburn/Dammish to visit. It was just like the movie, with a Nurse Ratchett collecting our punk badges then telling us we couldn't see him—parents' orders. He was never the same when he came back. I always hated them for it."

"Go and grab your gun, Got him on the run. 'Cause he's an alien, and they hurt what they don't understand."
—from "Alien Boy" by The Wipers

From a posting by XJ Elliott: I met Jim-Jim when I moved to PDX in '78. He was a funny, kind, spontaneous guy of about 15 then. He was part of the very small "punk" or new music scene back then. He was an avid music enthusiast, going to most of the shows, even the ones that didn't allow all ages in (he would hang around outside & wait to hear details). He often came up to my apartment in the anthrax & listened to 45s. He loved the Wipers, Neo Boys, & the Fix. He help start a band of his own in '79 or '80, at first called the Psychedelic Unknowns, then changed to the Combos (so his parents couldn't track him down). He had been committed to Dammasch in May of 79, once he got out he rejoined his friends as soon as he could. I had done graffiti & badges("Free Jim-Jim"), as we all were worried he would never get out. His paranoia & nervousness had roots, let me tell you. Years later he came by Friction, a gallery I co-founded & ran, & told me he was really Joan of Arc & that he was still being pursued by demons & witches, through many lifetimes. That was one of the last time I talked extensively with him. He was a sweet, fragile, gentle young man. I would see him on the streets from time to time, but by then he was in his own world & didn't seem to notice the world around him much. I wish the news would stop saying he was homeless; he wasn't. He needs to be remembered for his creativity & beautiful spirit, not his sad illness or horrific death. As back then, I still say: *Free Jim-Jim*!

A final Portland Indy Media post, by Greg Sage: "I remember the first time I met Jim-Jim in late '77. He struck me as an amazing spirit right off the bat. He didn't seem to fit in anywhere till he found friends in the early PDX music scene. He loved people, music, art, and was one of the most creative people his age I ever met. He was a good friend and large influence on some songs I wrote and recorded. I remember when he first started seeing and hearing negative visions. I told him of an experience I had and how I dealt with it, which he seemed to find relieving. I always felt bad that I was traveling a lot during his time in the hospital. I still see him as young Jim-Jim, a funny, loving soul. I hope there will be justice for Jim. He was loved by so many people."

Jason Renault and the Mental Health Association of Portland are following this case closely, and have gathered all local media on this case onto their website, www.mentalhealthportland.org.

James' Public Memorial was held October 28, 2006 at First Congregational Church. Over 650 people came to remember James, meet his family, and console each other. There is an hour-long audio documentary featuring the speakers from this event. Contact eyanke@gmail.com for more information.

SUDAN CLOSING OFF DARFUR

International observers, journalists, and humanitarian organizations are being forced out by the government.

By Katharine Houreld Correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor*

The African Union patrol was only seven miles from Sirba, the site of one of the latest Darfur massacres, when they were forced to turn back. Nearly 400 Arab militiamen in Sudanese government uniforms, with new Land Cruisers and weapons, blocked the dusty track.

The incident was only the latest in a crackdown on access for international observers, journalists, and humanitarian organizations— a pattern that is becoming wearily familiar to those working in Darfur.

"The timing is no coincidence," says Leslie Lefkow of Human Rights Watch. "[Sudan is] stemming the flow of information from Darfur while it continues to commit massive crimes and run a military campaign."

As outgoing UN chief Kofi Annan began a major push to stem the escalating crisis during high-level meetings in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, the Sudanese government told top UN humanitarian official Jan Egeland that all his proposed destinations on a three-day trip to Darfur are too insecure to visit this weekend.

Last week, the Norwegian Refugee Council announced it was being forced out of Darfur after its permit to operate had been indefinitely suspended for the fifth time, making working conditions "impossible." Other foreign aid workers say they have been denied permission to reenter the country after leaving to attend a family emergency or to seek medical treatment.

Killings mount

Thirty villagers were reported killed at the time of this reporting in Sirba, but no outside investigators have been able to enter the town to confirm the reports. Sudanese rebels accused government troops and militias of killing more than 50 people in another attack. Two weeks ago, 63 people were reported killed in Jebel Moon, and their bodies buried in the desert.

In that case, investigators were able to access the massacre site, and found that more than 20 of the victims were children. Some of them had been shot through the head. Survivors described Arab men in uniforms, with Thuraya satellite phones, new vehicles, and animals, similar to the group seen only a few miles away barring the road to Sirba.

The government-backed militias have been blamed for hundreds of atrocities since local, non-Arab tribes first took up arms to protest government neglect and the arming of Arab tribes three years ago. Since then, an estimated 200,000 people have died and 2.5 million have fled their homes.

After the government signed a peace deal with one of the three rebel factions last May, the militias, known as the *janjaweed*, were supposed to be disarmed. Instead, the government appears to be using them as a proxy force to avoid accusations of cease-fire violations. But accurate reporting of militia movements, and alleged massacres, is becoming increasingly difficult.

Crackdown on journalists, aid workers

Journalists able to secure a visa face a bewildering array of permits and paperwork; the Sudanese government must be informed in advance of any travel in Darfur. Officials insist on listening to interviews; they intimidate interviewees, and have attempted to confiscate notebooks.

"I can take any of [your permits] I want ... you're going to hell," one official hissed at this reporter. "Do you think this is a free country?" Last week, all permits for journalists to travel to the region were being denied.

The African Union (AU) monitoring force of nearly 7,000 soldiers is also frequently stymied in its investigative attempts. Officials say fuel is stolen, government permission for them to leave their bases is refused, and their soldiers have been killed when convoys were attacked.

During the one-day talks in Ethiopia with UN, EU, and Arab League officials, Mr. Annan pushed for a "hybrid" force of AU and UN peacekeepers to be allowed into Darfur. But early indications were that Sudan would reject this.

Even humanitarian organizations, charged with delivering food, water, and medicine to destitute Sudanese, are under attack. When Doctors Without Borders spoke out about rape cases last year, its two most senior staff were arrested. Since then, aid agencies say the situation has worsened.

"It's disgusting. They are holding their own people hostage to shut us up," complained one aid worker bitterly. "If we speak out, we get thrown out. Then who will help these people?"

Tens of millions dollars and a Herculean effort have managed to stabilize key humanitarian indicators like the infant mortality and malnutrition rates, and aid agencies are reluctant to risk their hard-won gains by criticizing the government for atrocities.

All aid workers interviewed for this article agreed to speak only on condition of anonymity. But it's not only the government that is piling on the pressure. Thirteen humanitarian workers have been killed since last May's peace deal, which pitted signatory and non-signatory rebel groups against each other. As the fighting intensifies along the Chadian border and in the north, all sides in this conflict want vehicles and the shiny white 4x4s used by aid groups are a tempting target.

Carjackings of both aid vehicles and commercial trucks are rampant. In a single day last month, nine vehicles were snatched. Convoys have also been attacked and employees beaten up or sexually harassed, say aid workers here.

The breakdown in security means vast swaths of northern Darfur are no-go areas for groups providing food, medicine, and clean water for tens of thousands of displaced villagers. "It's become very dangerous to work here," says another aid worker, whose organization has suffered repeated attacks. "Before, we could negotiate with the rebels for safe access, but now we don't know who controls what territory any more."

Pinned on the wall behind her was a series of maps showing humanitarian access for Darfur month by month. The inaccessible areas, colored orange, are spreading like spilled ink.

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US WANTED FOR CRIMES AGAINST THE PLANET

From www.alternet.org

World leaders recognize that time is running out to halt global warming, but the next Congress needs understand just how high the stakes really are.

World temperatures are rising to levels not seen in at least 12,000 years. Greenland's ice mass is melting at "what NASA calls a 'dramatic' rate of 41 cubic miles per year." And unless climate change is reined in, "extreme drought could eventually affect one-third of the planet." More than 5,000 activists, scientists, and diplomats understand these facts and have gathered in Nairobi, Kenya for the annual two-week UN Climate Change Conference, which is now in its final three days. As U.N. Secretary General Kofi Annan wrote in a *Washington Post* op-ed, "The stakes are high. ... Yet too often climate change is seen as an environmental problem when it should be part of the broader development and economic agenda." The Bush administration and the 109th Congress haven't understood these stakes. Hopefully, the 110th Congress will. Incoming Senate Environment and Public Works chairwoman Barbara Boxer (D-CA) recently said, "Time is running out, and we need to move forward on this." The Bush administration's chief climate negotiator, however, promised conference participants that the White House would continue to do as little as possible.

Conference Against Climate Change

The Nairobi conference is the 12th Conference of the Parties to the United Nations Framework Convention on Climate Change. It is second meeting of the Parties to the Kyoto Protocol, a portion of which the Bush administration will not be attending. The United States and Australia are the only major industrialized countries to reject the Kyoto Protocol, which "requires 35 industrialized countries to reduce those emissions by 5 percent below 1990 levels by 2012." Some of the main agenda items at the conference are securing commitments to reduce greenhouse gases under Kyoto for the period after 2012 and helping poor countries manage climate change. (At the 2006 Clinton Global Initiative, the Center for American Progress made a commitment to help poor countries enter the global carbon-trading system.) "We are all gathered...on behalf of mankind because we acknowledge that climate change is rapidly emerging as one of the most serious threats humanity will ever face," Kenyan Vice President Moody Awori told delegates in an opening speech. Delegates are also receiving "a closed-door preview of the latest scientific findings on a warming world, to be published next year in a comprehensive U.N. assessment by the world's leading climate scientists." This report— which will offer "much stronger" evidence and "authoritative new data" on man-made global warming— may provide "just the right impetus to get the negotiations going in a more purposeful way," according to the group's chief scientist.

Fuzzy Climate Math

President Bush and his administration have faced especially harsh criticism at the conference. Over the weekend, Kenyan children led a march through Nairobi and called on industrialized nations to do more to fight climate change. One man carried a poster of President Bush reading: "Wanted—For Crimes Against the Planet." UK Environment Secretary David Miliband said, "It's absolutely vital that the United States is party to the global commitment that is necessary. I can think of no greater legacy for President Bush in his last two years of office than to lead a bi-partisan drive to put the United States at the heart of global emissions reductions." But no bi-partisan drive is likely from Bush. On Monday, chief US climate negotiator Harlan Watson defended the Bush administration's stand against compulsory caps on global-warming emissions: "I certainly got no indication that there's any change in our position, nor is there likely to be during this presidency." He added that the United States, "Is doing better at voluntarily restraining the growth of such gases than some countries that are committed to reductions under the Kyoto Protocol." Watson cited a UN report that showed "growth in US emissions in 2000-04 was 1.3 percent, compared with 2.4 percent overall for 41 industrialized nations." But as Forbes notes, "When compared with Kyoto's 1990 benchmark, however, the picture is different. [E]missions of all industrialized countries declined by 3.3 percent between 1990 and 2004, while U.S. emissions grew by almost 16 percent. Among the Kyoto-obligated countries, Germany's emissions dropped 17 percent between 1990 and 2004, Britain's by 14 percent and France's by almost 1 percent."

A Lack of Investment

The United States is the biggest emitter of greenhouse gases, responsible for 25 percent of global emissions. According to a new study released by Climate Action Network Europe at the Nairobi conference, the United States ranks 53rd in climate change performance of the 56 top carbon dioxide-emitting nations. Bush has contended that the Kyoto Protocol would be too expensive to implement and continues to shirk his campaign commitment to regulate carbon dioxide emissions. "If the USA, currently among the bottom five, were to exercise an international climate policy stance as progressive as the UK, it would move up more than 30 places," notes the Climate Action study, "but because of their adverse position in national and international climate policies the United States blows this chance." Annual federal spending for research energy and development has fallen from an inflation-adjusted peak of $7.7 billion in 1979 to just $3 billion in the current budget. Bush has "sought an increase to $4.2 billion for 2007, but that would still be a small fraction of what most climate and energy experts say would be needed." In contrast, funding for military research has increased 260 percent and is now at more than $75 billion a year.

Hope in a New Congress

Environmentalists likely won't miss the 109th Congress. Twice in three years, the Senate has rejected a bill from Sens. John McCain (R-AZ) and Joe Lieberman (D-CT) that would have limited greenhouse gas emissions. Other more aggressive bills by Sens. John Kerry (D-MA) and Olympia Snowe (R-ME) in the Senate and Rep. Henry Waxman (D-CA) in the House have not received a vote. Senate Environment and Public Works chairman James Inhofe (R-OK) has been one of America's most vocal climate skeptics, calling global warming the "greatest hoax ever perpetrated on the American people" and the Kyoto Protocol "a lot of economic pain for no climate gain." (He's wrong.) But when the 110th Congress takes office in January, the new chairwoman, Barbara Boxer (D-CA) has promised to begin, "A very long process of extensive hearings" on global warming and hopes to put together a global warming bill that addresses all contributors to carbon dioxide emissions. "He [Inhofe] thinks global warming is a hoax and I think it is the challenge of our generation," Boxer said recently. "We have to move on it." In the House, Rep. John Dingell (D-MI), who is poised to take over as the Energy and Commerce Committee, is expected to hold a series of hearings on global warming. Incoming chairman of the House Government Reform Committee, Henry Waxman, will likely "conduct extensive oversight of federal agency efforts on environmental and energy matters, primarily climate change."

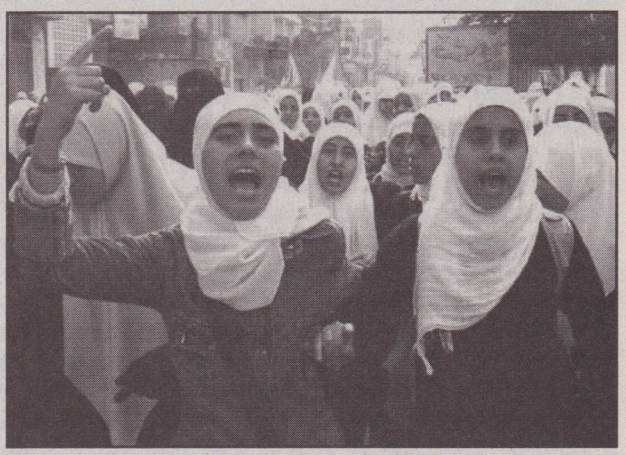
NEW YORK TIMES MARGINALIZES PALESTINIAN WOMENS' RIGHTS

Patrick O'Connor and Rachel Roberts, *The Electronic Intifada,*

A November 7, 2006 *New York Times* news article about a Human Rights Watch report on domestic violence against Palestinian women brings welcome attention to human rights issues. Unfortunately, the same article, viewed in the context of *The New York Times*' reporting on Israel/Palestine over the last six years, provides a powerful example of typical US mainstream media bias against Palestinians. Research shows clearly that *The New York Times* pays little attention to human rights in Israel/Palestine, downplays the larger context in which violence against Palestinian women occurs and generally silences Palestinian women's voices. By omitting crucial details and emphasizing certain others, *The New York Times*, one of the US' most respected and powerful media outlets, has turned a valuable piece of human rights reporting into a tool that can be used to reinforce a Western agenda that has cynically exploited "saving Muslim women" as an excuse for dominating and abusing the rights of people from other cultures.

The Human Rights Watch November, 2006 report, *A Question of Security: Violence Against Palestinian Women*, is important and needed. However, this human rights report received unusual attention from *The New York Times*. Since the current Palestinian uprising began on September 29, 2000, three of the leading human rights organizations focusing on Israel/Palestine—Human Rights Watch, Amnesty International, and the Israeli organization B'Tselem—have published 76 reports focused primarily on Israeli abuses of Palestinian rights, and four reports primarily focused on Palestinians abuses of Israeli or Palestinian rights. This weighting suggests that Israel has committed a disproportionate share of the human rights violations. Yet, a Lexis-Nexis search reveals that *The New York Times* has published only four articles on those 80 reports, just two full articles on these 76 reports primarily about Israeli violations of Palestinian rights, and two full articles on the four reports on Palestinian violations.

The other three *New York Times* articles fully devoted to a human rights organization report on Israel/Palestine, were a November 1, 2002 article on a Human Rights Watch report criticizing Palestinian suicide bombings, a May 3, 2002 article on a Human Rights Watch report largely devoted to criticizing Israeli actions in Jenin, and a November 13, 2001 article based on a B'Tselem report about the Israeli army's exoneration of soldiers who killed a Palestinian child.



SOMALIA:
TEN STATES BLAMED OVER WAR

From an article by Patrick Nzioka Nairobi from www.allafrica.com

Ten countries have been accused of violating the arms embargo on war-torn Somalia by arming factions in the conflict. However, Kenya is not among the countries flouting the UN rules, the Monitoring Group on Somalia says in its latest report.

The group was established by the UN Security Council to investigate, identify and make recommendations on those breaking the embargo. Its report gives details of countries and groups supplying arms, personnel and equipment to various Somali factions.

Members based in Nairobi submitted the report to the chairman of the UN Security Council committee on Somalia, Mr Nassir Abdulaziz Al-Nasser, a month ago.

Uganda and Ethiopia are named as having aided the transitional government, while Eritrea, Iran, Libya, Syria, Egypt and Saudi Arabia were accused of supporting the Union of Islamic Courts. But all have denied taking sides in the conflict. Other countries accused of violating the embargo are Djibouti and Yemen.

Uganda has dismissed the report. "It is all trash," Defence minister Chrispus Kiyonga told reporters. "Uganda will now formally protest to the UN about this serious, negative and false report." Ethiopia said the claims were "without basis."

Libya on Friday dismissed the report as unfounded. It had always been a peace-broker between the Somali Government and its rivals, it said.

POLICE OFFICER ARRESTED FOR HELPING GUNMAN ROB DRUG DEALERS

www.axcessnews.com – by staff wruters

A recently appointed police Chaplin has been arrested by Camden Pennsylvania police for allegedly helping a gunman rob drug dealers.

The 42-year-old Camden Police Corporal Michael Hearn of Woodbury, an 18-year veteran of the Camden Police force, is charged with official misconduct, money laundering, weapons possession and conspiracy to commit robbery. He is being held on two million dollars bail in the Mercer County Jail.

Hearn was arrested Saturday night at a Motel 8, where the police officer had supposedly given a gun to the robbery suspect to hold up drug dealers. After each robbery, the gunman would return the weapon to Officer Hearn and give him the cash he stole from the drug dealers. Hearn would then launder the money and give a portion to the gunman, a Camden police spokesperson said.

The gunman turned on officer Hearn, informing on the police Corporal about the armed robberies in which in at least one robbery, the gunman netted at least $30,000 in cash.

A NEW/OLD STORY IN IRAQ EVERY DAY

Jeff Severns Guntzel, *Electronic Iraq*

The Democratic victory last week means that in January, the Democrats will, to a certain extent, inherit the war in Iraq. There is already talk of a phased withdrawal to begin months after Democrats officially take over and Nancy Pelosi has thrown her weight behind Jack Murtha, nominating the pro-"re-deployment" congressman for majority leader.

Meanwhile, over at Tom Dispatch, Ira Chernus has a good take on the elections-as-referendum-on-Iraq theory:

"It is a rare day when I agree with neo-con pundit Charles Krauthammer. Yet he was right on target when he said: 'The election will be a referendum of sorts on Iraq. But it will be registering nothing more than uneasiness and discontent. Had the Democrats offered a coherent alternative to the current policy, one could draw lessons as to what course the country should take.'

"A number of Democrats, like Congressman John Murtha, have spelled out their own plans for getting us out of the Iraq fiasco. But the Democrats as a party have not yet come close to agreeing on a single, clear alternative policy—no less a story to tell about it. They've merely played on our cognitive dissonance about the Bush administration's losing war by telling us what they are against. So a midterm vote against the administration could not have been in favor of any specific Iraq policy.

"That means it's now up to us to decide whether Krauthammer's conclusion proves true: 'If either friends or enemies interpret the results as a mandate for giving up, they will be mistaken.'

"That's certainly what the Bush administration wants us to believe. And advance reports suggest that the Baker-Hamilton Iraq Study Group (of which Robert Gates was a member until he was nominated to be the new Secretary of Defense) will probably agree. But the election results hint at a public hungry for a new story about the war. And George Bush's day-after response—sacking Rumsfeld—shows that, however reluctantly, he will change his story in response to voter disaffection. The public may be able to force policy change too, but only if there is a compelling new story that demands a new policy."

The story in Iraq today is one of rapidly accelerated deterioration. Reading today's headlines, it is difficult to imagine the situation the Democrats will "inherit" in January.

With hundreds killed in Iraq since Sunday, a CNN headline read: "Baghdad's morgues so full, bodies being turned away." In the *LA Times*, this one: "Anti-corruption official in Iraq accused of fraud."

A story in the *New York Times* notes that Moqtada al-Sadr's influence is on the rise, but quotes a Shii'te politician as saying: 'The Sadrists "are really facing a problem...They formed a militia. It expanded. Now each one is a cell. This is the dangerous thing."

Meanwhile, Iraqi Prime Minister Nouri al-Maliki, according to AP, is promising to "reshuffle his Cabinet after rebuking lawmakers for disloyalty and blaming Sunni Muslims for the country's raging sectarian conflict...In the coming Cabinet shake-up, key lawmakers from al-Maliki's Islamic Dawa Party said, Interior Minister Jawad al-Bolani was at the top of the list to lose his post because police and security forces were failing to rein in the unbridled sectarian killing that has reached civil war proportions in Baghdad and the center of the country."

Those are today's headlines only. There is still tomorrow, and next week, and next month. If the American public truly is hungry for a new story about the war, they are getting it every day. The new story is the old story: this war is a murderous failure.

IRANIAN-AMERICAN STUDENT TASERED BY CAMPUS POLICE

From www.democracynow.org

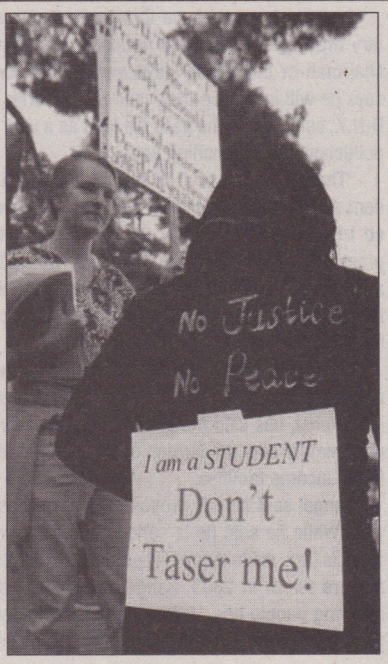
Officials at the University of California in Los Angeles are launching an independent investigation into campus police officers' repeated shocking of an Iranian-American student with a Taser stun gun. The student was handcuffed the entire time. The incident was captured on video has and sparked outrage across his campus and the country. Officials at the University of California in Los Angeles are launching an independent investigation into campus police officers" repeated shocking of an Iranian-American student with a Taser stun gun.

The incident took place last Tuesday evening in a UCLA library filled with students studying for their midterm exams. The student, Mostafa Tabatabainejad—a 23-year old senior—was in the library's computer lab. Campus police ordered him to leave after he failed to produce a student ID.

Police then handcuffed Mostafa and shocked him with a Taser gun at least five times. The entire incident was captured on video by another student and has been widely seen on local TV news and the website YouTube. In the video Mostafa can be heard screaming, "I said I would leave" after police repeatedly shock him with the Taser gun.

Mostafa"s attorney, Stephen Yagman, said he plans to file a federal civil rights lawsuit accusing the UCLA police of "brutal excessive force," as well as false arrest. He said Mostafa initially refused to show his ID because he thought he was being singled out because of his Middle Eastern appearance. Mostafa is of Iranian descent but is a US citizen by birth and a resident of Los Angeles.

Meanwhile more than 200 UCLA students marched to the university police station on Friday calling for an independent investigation and the suspension of the officers involved. Hours later, the university announced that a veteran LA law enforcement watchdog would head up the probe. Merrick Bobb served as staff attorney for the Christopher Commission, which was formed to examine allegations of excessive force in the Los Angeles Police Department after the Rodney King beating in the early '90s.



BLAIR ADMITS IRAQ A "DISASTER?"

From www.english.aljazeera.net

Tony Blair, the British prime minister, has admitted in an interview with Al Jazeera English (speaking exclusively to David Frost) that events in Iraq since the US-led invasion have been a "disaster." But he insisted that it was right to remove Saddam Hussein, the country's former leader, from power and blamed al-Qaeda, Sunni fighters and Iran-backed forces for the ongoing violence.

Responding to a suggestion from Sir David Frost that the conflict had been a disaster from the start, Blair replied, "it has," before blaming a combination of factors for the crisis.

In a wide-ranging interview, he also said Iran and Syria could play a constructive role in the Middle East. Blair stressed the importance of progress in the Middle East peace process, and also in winning the US-led "war on terror."

Deliberate strategy

Speaking on the Frost Over the World programme, Frost suggested that since the 2003 invasion of Iraq events there had been "pretty much a disaster." Blair replied: "It has, but you see what I say to people is why is it difficult in Iraq? It's not difficult because of some accident in planning, it's difficult because there's a deliberate strategy—al-Qaeda with Sunni insurgents on one hand, Iranian-backed elements with Shia militias on the other—to create a situation in which the will of the majority for peace is displaced by the will of the minority for war."

A Downing Street spokesperson later said Blair's views had been misrepresented in the interview, and the UK leader had simply acknowledged the question when he agreed with Frost's suggestion. "The prime minister does not use the word disaster," the spokesperson said.

"What he does is set out that the violence in Iraq is of course hugely regrettable, tragic, and very difficult, but that this violence is a result of malicious external intervention, not some planning error three years ago." Blair also called for greater involvement of Iran and Syria—Iran once described by George Bush as the "axis of evil"—in resolving the Middle East impasse.

He said: "We have to go out there, ourselves and the Americans, and say we are not against you because we believe we should decide who governs Iran or we should decide who governs Syria.

"What we're saying to you is very clear...If you are prepared to be part of the solution there is a partnership available to you, but at the moment...you are behaving in such a way that makes a partnership impossible." He rejected claims that talking to Iran and Syria amounted to "appeasement."

Blair insisted progress in the Middle East would send a signal that westerners and Christians were not in conflict with Muslims. "It was a battle between all those who believe in tolerance, in living together in harmony, in a non-sectarian future against those who want to divide us."

Blair has previously committed himself to bringing peace to the Middle East, but during the interview he did not immediately endorse a new peace proposal initiated by France and Spain. "It's good to have everyone on the same page; but its really about making sure that we make progress to the two-state solution," [in the Israel-Palestine conflict] he said.

He said it was vital that the international community, "manages to get into a situation where we are negotiating about the details of peace rather than looking at the appalling consequences of conflict." The British prime minister has been in office for nine years and is expected to step down within months.

Blair has said that he wants a new peace deal in the Middle East to be his legacy and warned that the greatest challenge facing with world now was "religious extremism."

"The fundamental political difference is less to do with the traditional left-right politics…it is whether countries are open, whether they are tolerant, whether they embrace people of different views and different faiths or whether they are closed societies," he said.

Marwan Qabalan, a political analyst from the University of Damascus in Syria, told Al Jazeera that Tony Blair's interview contained many contradictions and indicated that Britain and the US needed to decide on a common policy towards Syria and Iran.

He said: "It might be in the end that they [Britain and the US] have to decide if Syria and Iran are supporting the insurgency or whether Syria and Iran have real influence in Iraq, so that they can be getting involved in the political process to stabilize that country [Iraq]."

HOUSE DEMOCRAT WANTS DRAFT REINSTATED

By John Heilprin – Associated Press Writer

Americans would have to sign up for a new military draft after turning 18 under a bill the incoming chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee says he will introduce next year. Rep. Charles Rangel, D-N.Y., said Sunday he sees his idea as a way to deter politicians from launching wars.

"There's no question in my mind that this president and this administration would never have invaded Iraq, especially on the flimsy evidence that was presented to the Congress, if indeed we had a draft and members of Congress and the administration thought that their kids from their communities would be placed in harm's way," Rangel said.

Rangel, a veteran of the Korean War who has unsuccessfully sponsored legislation on conscription in the past, has said the all-volunteer military disproportionately puts the burden of war on minorities and lower-income families.

Rangel said he will propose a measure early next year. While he said he is serious about the proposal, there is little evident support among the public or lawmakers for it. In 2003, Rangel proposed a measure covering people age 18 to 26. It was defeated 402-2 the following year. This year, he offered a plan to mandate military service for men and women between age 18 and 42; it went nowhere in the Republican-led Congress.

At a time when some lawmakers are urging the military to send more troops to Iraq, "I don't see how anyone can support the war and not support the draft," said Rangel, who also proposed a draft in January 2003, before the US invasion of Iraq. "I think to do so is hypocritical."

Sen. Lindsey Graham, a South Carolina Republican who is a colonel in the US Air Force Standby Reserve, said he agreed that the US does not have enough people in the military. "I think we can do this with an all-voluntary service, all-voluntary Army, Air Force, Marine Corps and Navy. And if we can't, then we'll look for some other option," said Graham, who is assigned as a reserve judge to the Air Force Court of Criminal Appeals.

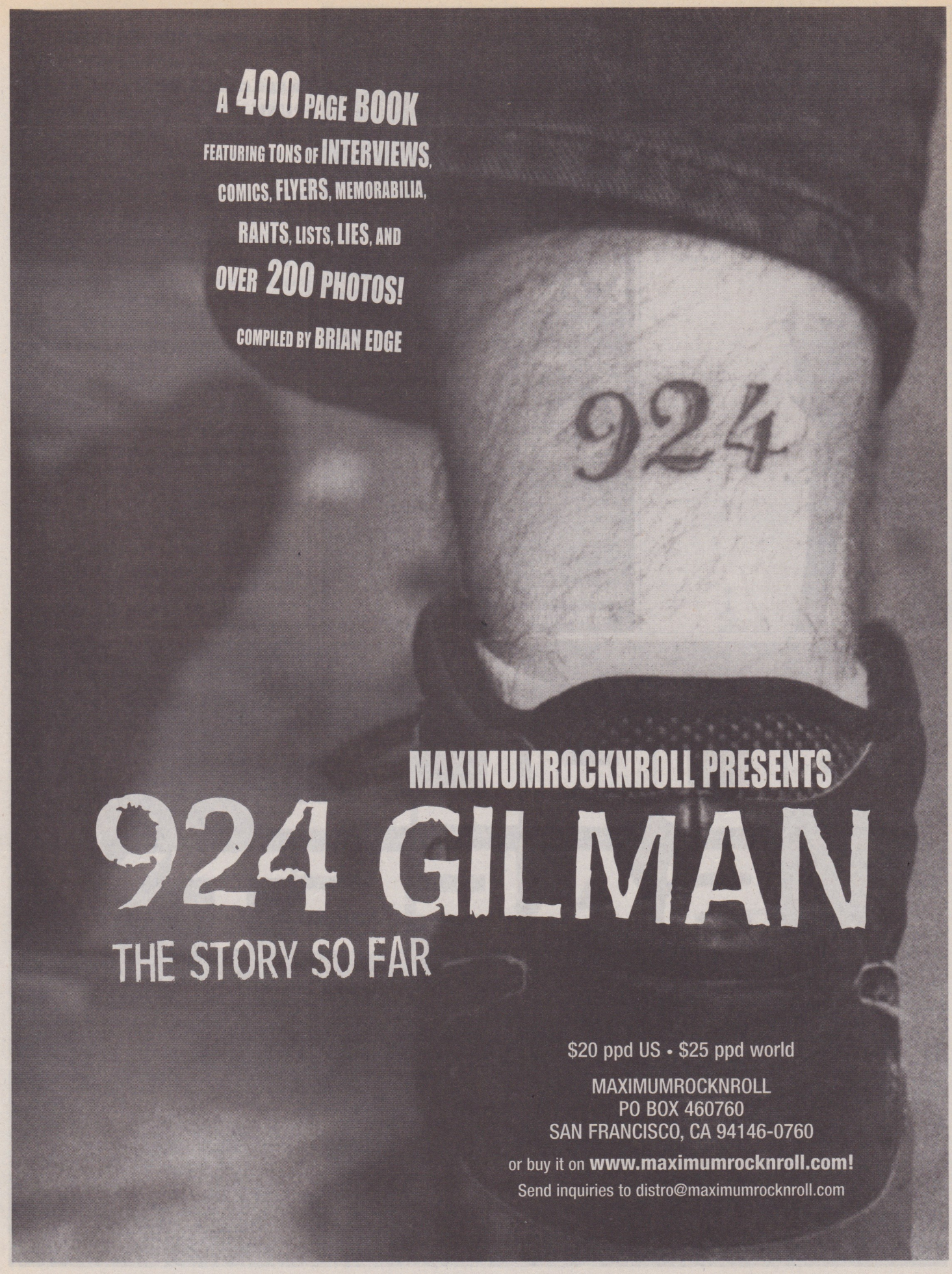
Rangel, the next chairman of the House tax-writing committee, said he worried the military was being strained by its overseas commitments. "If we're going to challenge Iran and challenge North Korea and then, as some people have asked, to send more troops to Iraq, we can't do that without a draft," Rangel said.

He said having a draft would not necessarily mean everyone called to duty would have to serve. Instead, "young people (would) commit themselves to a couple of years in service to this great republic, whether it's our seaports, our airports, in schools, in hospitals," with a promise of educational benefits at the end of service.

Graham said he believes the all-voluntary military "represents the country pretty well in terms of ethnic makeup, economic background." Repeated polls have shown that about seven in 10 Americans oppose reinstatement of the draft and officials say they do not expect to restart conscription.

Outgoing Defense Secretary Donald H. Rumsfeld told Congress in June 2005 that "there isn't a chance in the world that the draft will be brought back." Yet the prospect of the long global fight against terrorism and the continuing US commitment to stabilizing Iraq have kept the idea in the public's mind.

The military drafted conscripts during the Civil War, both world wars and between 1948 and 1973. An agency independent of the Defense Department, the Selective Service System, keeps an updated registry of men age 18-25—now about 16 million—from which to supply untrained draftees that would supplement the professional all-volunteer armed forces.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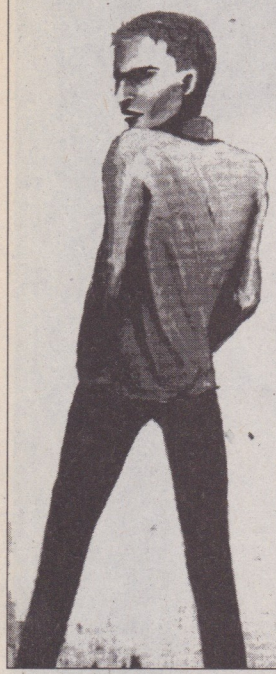

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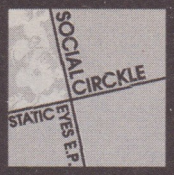

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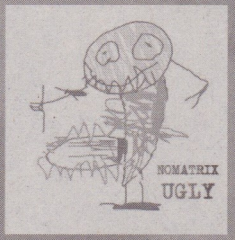

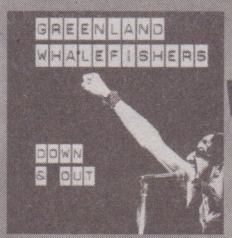

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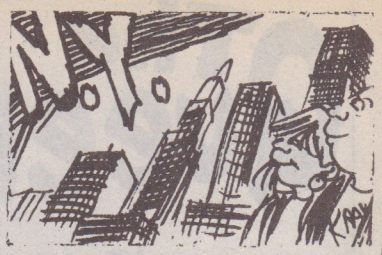
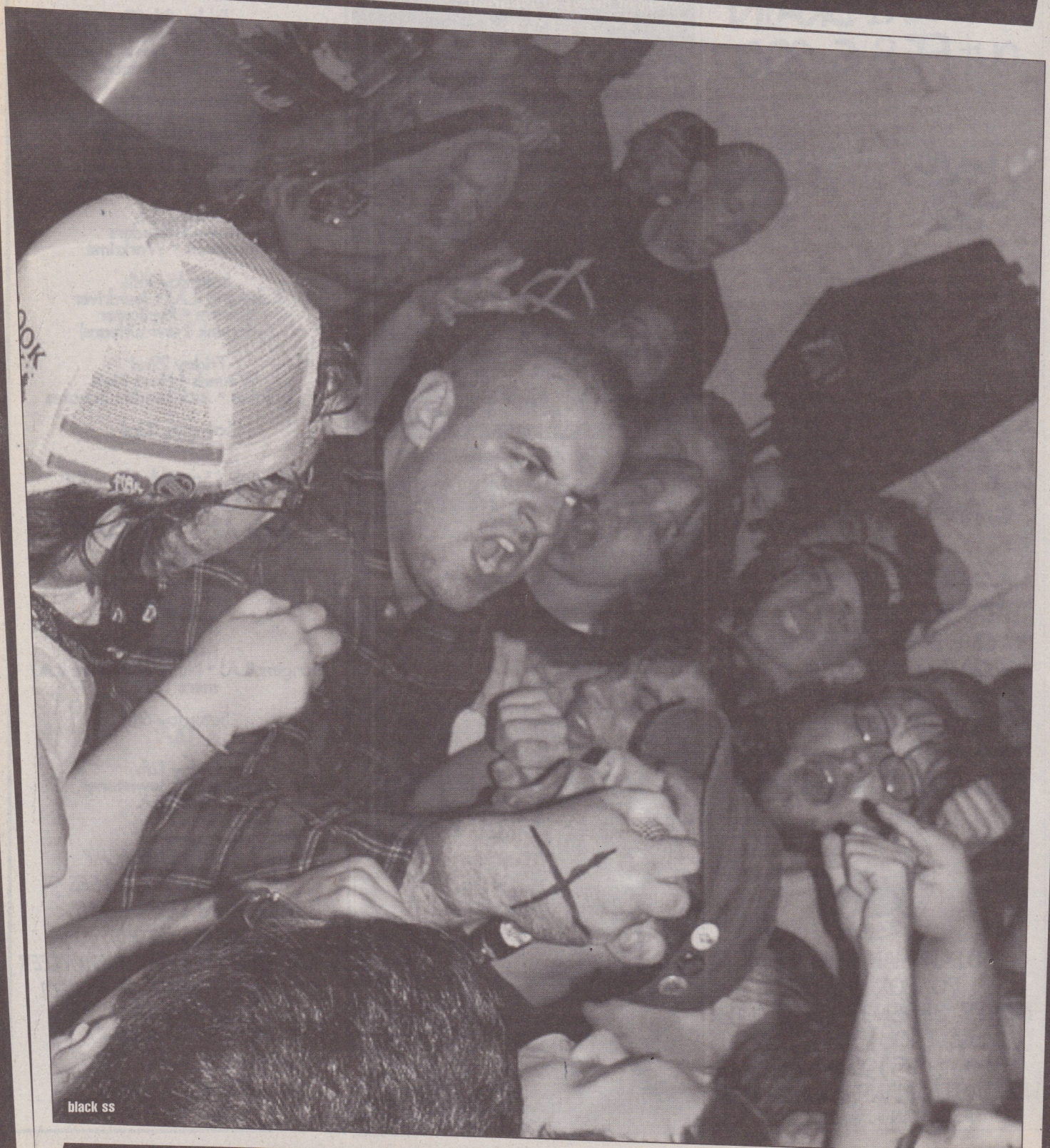




black ss

Greetings, *Maximum Rocknroll* readers! My name is Josh Smith, and I'm from a small town outside of the great city of Syracuse, NY. Not great in the sense of beautiful weather, but great in the sense of our ever-growing hardcore punk scene and eclectic wealth of bands. While the days of eco-friendly metalcore giants EARTH CRISIS are all but a romanticized memory (thank goodness for that!), Assault City has kept some of the positive aspects from that period in local punk history. Veganism, straight edge, and political activism continue to play a huge role in shaping the Syracuse hardcore punk scene. Here's a list of local bands that encompass Syracuse DIY punk, a run down of their releases and where you can check them out.

i object!

engineer

Bands:

ATTITUDE is one of Syracuse's hardest-touring bands. They've been around since 2003 but made their first official release last year on Specimen 32 Records out of Ontario, Canada. 1917 Records put out their new LP this past summer. If you like classic rock-inspired hardcore with a modern slant, check it out. (www.specimen32.com or www.1917records.com)

WARVOMIT is the area's token D-beat band but are not your average DISCHARGE clone. After releasing their demo last summer, the band parted ways with their bassist, becoming a two-man attack. The hiatus proved to be short-lived, as the group reunited, and now they sound better (and louder) than ever. A new tape should be out before this report even sees the light of day.

Fastcore heavyweights BLACK SS mix '80s straightedge hardcore a la UNIFORM CHOICE with Japanese thrash. After releasing a couple demos throughout 2004, they released their debut EP on Third Party Records and two split seven-inches (one with Chicago's RAINING BRICKS, the other with Rochester's HOW WE ARE). Their follow up full-length saw its release on local label Reaper Records early this year. (www.thirdxparty.com, www.reaperhardcore.com, www.specimen32.com, www.organizedcrimerecords.com)

EARTHQUAKE plays a '90s style of hardcore not unlike FLOOR-PUNCH or TEN YARD FIGHT. They've got a demo and split 7" with Rochester, NY's GAK ATTACK! out on Triple B records. (www.triple-brecords.com)

OMNICIDAL SYSTEM is a female-fronted crust band akin to WITCH HUNT. They have yet to release a demo.

ANOTHER BREATH plays a modern brand of hardcore in vein of MODERN LIFE IS A WAR and THE SUICIDE FILE. They recently released their second full-length on Rivalry Records out of California. (www.rivalryrecords.com)

Chaotic grindcore trio ED GEIN also calls Syracuse home. They released their debut EP and first full-length on local label Hex Records before releasing their latest LP in late 2005, all the while completing several US tours. (www.ed-gein.com / www.hanginghex.com)

From the ashes of local bands JOHN WAYNE'S SEVERED HEAD and TERRORIST comes WAKE UP SCREAMING. They play fast and pissed-off HC punk (much like their previous bands) and credit BLACK FLAG and DOOM as influences. A split EP with BURNING BRIDGES from Massachusetts, as well as a seven-inch of their own, should be out early next year.

NORMANDY released a couple demos this past year filled with their youthful brand of modern hardcore.

CULTURE SHOCK is a group of youngsters playing fast hardcore.

NO FOLLOWERS is one of the city's longest-running bands and also features some of the youngest members. Their new self-released CD is a far cry from their early demos. They've added skate rock elements to their early street punk style.

OUTATIME is central New York's answer to CUT THE SHIT. The band released a demo in late 2004 and toured early this year with ATTITUDE and EARTHQUAKE. However, they rarely play locally, and their future is uncertain at the moment.

another breath

NO IDOLS plays metal-tinged hardcore. Following their debut EP on Grave Mistake Records, they released their first full-length early this year on their singer's Hex Records. (www.hanginghex.com)

SHOCK NAGASAKI plays '77-style street punk. Their full-length, originally released on Kangaroo Records, has recently been re-released on TKO Records. (www.shocknagasaki.com / www.tkorecords.com)

DIY juggernauts I OBJECT! can be considered a Syracuse band now that two out of the four members live within the city limits. They have been living in Upstate New York for years, releasing several of their records through their bassist's label, Punks Before Profits. Their latest LP was released on Alternative Tentacles. If you haven't seen I OBJECT! yet, keep your eyes open. They'll probably be coming through your town soon. Within the past year, they've completed tours of Europe and South America and have played much of the continental United States. (www.i-object.com / www.punksbeforeprofits.net / www.alternativetentacles.com)

BLACK MAST is one of Assault City's newest bands featuring members of BLACK SS and NO IDOLS. They play heavy sludge hardcore and released their own demo this past year.

ENGINEER is a group of four (three of them brothers) who play a unique brand of metallic noisecore. You can check out their split CD with Rochester's ACHILLES and full-length on HEX RECORDS. (www.engineermusic.com / www.hanginghex.com)

There are a few recently-defunct bands that I feel deserve mention in this scene report.

DAGGERS RULE played their last show at the Assault City Hardcore fest this past April. Within their two-year existence, they released two demos. If you enjoy skate-influenced hardcore, hunt down these songs. (www.reaperhardcore.com)

CASE CLOSED, although around only for a few short months, released an awesome demo, filled with hardcore ragers. A reunion is reportedly in the works.

Also playing their swan song at Assault City Fest this year was HIT THE LIGHTS (not to be confused with the Ohio indie band of the same name). Aside from a track on the *Reaper Records Assault City* compilation, the band never made an official release. (www.reaperhardcore.com)

BORIS KARLOFF called it quits this past July. While they were only around for about a year, the band completed an East Coast tour and made a 7" of thrashcore tunes, released on local label Vulture Records.

Venues:

There has been a steady stream of short-lived venues and punk houses over the past few years. But the Westcott Community Center is one of upstate New York's longest-running venues and the backbone of Syracuse hardcore. The Westcott has been housing all-ages, drug-and-alcohol-free shows since the late '80s. (www.westcottcc.org)

Distros And Zines:

You'll find very few distros at the shows and even fewer zines being passed around, but this will hopefully all change in the coming year. Shana, lead singer of OMNISYSTEM, writes a zine published a couple times annually. It's called *Scumdidlyicious* and deals mainly with feminist issues. Hex, lead singer of NO IDOLS, puts out zines from time to time, either in print or through his label's website. Then there's *Nothing Solid*, a zine by *Heartattack* contributing writer and local punk Weston Czerkies. And if that's not enough reading for you, there's usually a table filled with animal rights literature at any given Syracuse show.

Most of the bands in this report have pages on the 'Space that you can check out. If your interest is piqued and you'd like to learn more about punk-rock from Syracuse, shoot me an email at joshuatsmith01@gmail.com. Thanks to Mike Tommyrot, Ryan Hex, Chuck Hickey, Ryan Engineer, Zack Vomit, Daniel Cafferty, Brian, and Barb Object for pictures and other help.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Before I get started, let it be said that I am writing this scene report directly for touring bands on a small level (or maybe even a medium level). For the people with no booking agents who could really use this information I hope I provide you with all the great places, people, and things to do to ensure a good San Diego touring experience.

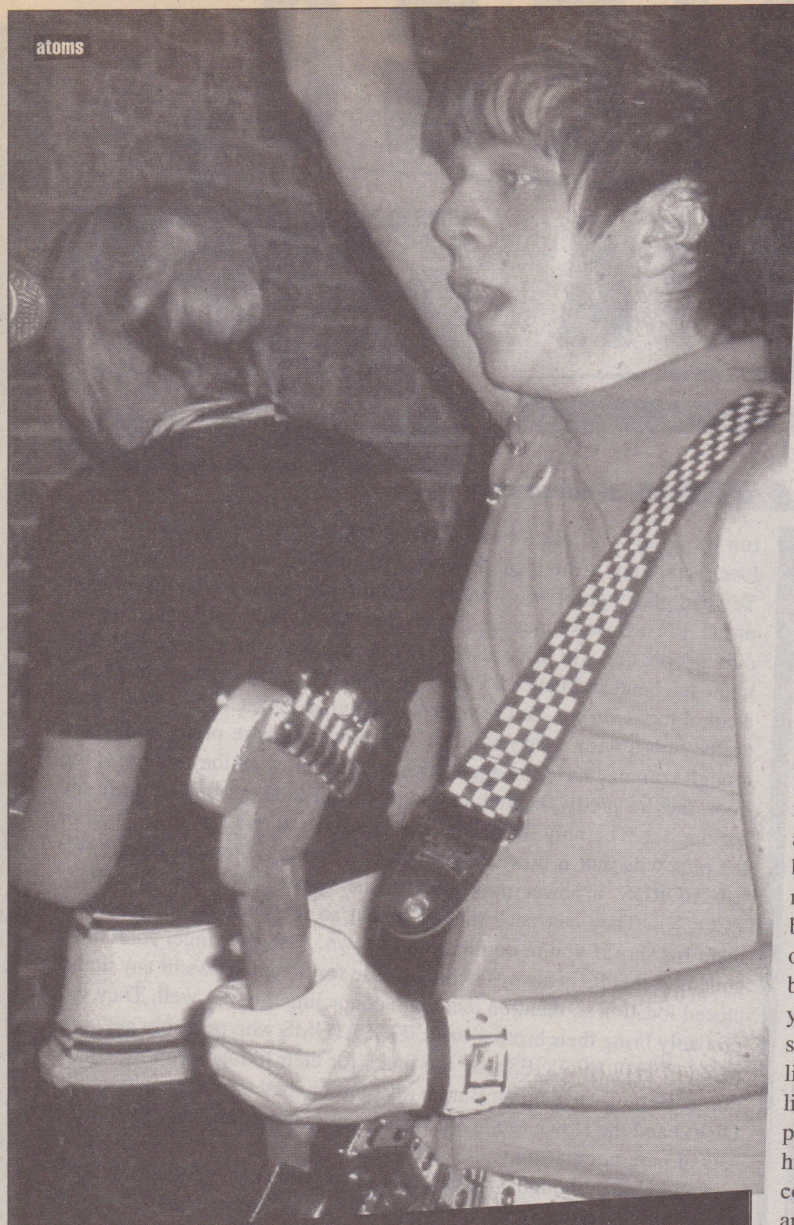
First off, let me dispel the rumor that the San Diego scene is all baggy pants BLINK-182 acts. I mean maybe I'm oblivious to all that bullshit, but the only bands I'm seeing around are *sick-ass* groups like PC DEATHSQUAD, a hardcore/thrash band that spawned after John Lockjaw of PIT BOSS (NYC) came to our sunny city. Basically these guys look like they just arrived in a *DeLorean* from the year 1986 (actually it would probably be a van filled with smoke), bringing everything with them but the ultra violent take yourself -too seriously attitude. Don't get me wrong their shows are plenty *ignorant* as they say; I mean the pit goes nuts just like any HC show. But it's more likely you'll be running around grinning as the blood trickles out of your mouth while you sing the lyrics to "Fuck Metallica," a staple in the SQUADS set list. They have two releases out and a DVD tracking their existence so far and they just plain kick ass live, playing short sweet sets so you can move through the whole fucking thing.

The nucleus of the HC scene is one of our all ages venues called The Che Cafe, a small collective just off the University of California campus that serves vegan food, participates in Food Not Bombs, and from what I hear takes care of touring bands quite well. A few bands that make up the HC scene are LIFE OR DEATH, WACO FUCK, TAKE OFFENSE, MOTHERSPEED, VIETNAM HARDCORE, UNTIL THE FALL, LEWD ACTS, and SBV. The main person to get in touch with as far as I know at the Che is Spencer Gooch, who also fronts the band LAST PRIEST and can be reached through the website he runs called www.SanDiegocore.com, the cyber social pipeline for the HC scene. I recommend that site to get in touch with anyone from that scene as well as www.gloom.org where you can post to Chris or Tim about doing possible shows at a place called The Lions Club in Chula Vista. Make sure to wear your BAD BRAINS T-shirt if you're walking around in Chula, and you're sure to make a few friends. Now, admittedly, most of the tough guy, chest beating, screaming into a microphone with Satan vocals type stuff gets me about as excited as the next GOOD CHARLOTTE release but if you are into that scene this is absolutely where you want to be.

Two all ages clubs I would shy away from are the ultra hip Epicentre and Soma. The first, being run by a soccer mom and giving off a punk rock day care type vibe (with an asshole sound guy from some snooty indie rock band with a band name about a plan to blow up a French monument). And the second, being run by a guy who plays both sides by booking major label bands and local acts, only if the local acts can bring at least one hundred people! You can play them if you want but I would wait until you're on Epitaph or Fat. Plus, these venues are like on the crust of the scene. Meaning the only people that will drive all the way out there are the kids who already know the band and have all their CDs. They're really strict on drugs and alcohol too—*boring*. You're better off playing THE CHOB, an all ages coffee house with a side building for shows. They're pretty cool there though you may have to haggle with them about what they charge at the door, they're pretty flexible and don't care if kids get fucked up in the parking lot. The only downside is shows have to end there by 10:30 or the pigs will shut it down. The main band around there is THE POWERCHORDS, a power pop outfit in the vein of 1977 and the BUZZCOCKS. They can pack that place out so it's good to hook up with them for sure if you're coming out of town. Also the singer John has a generator that he is always itching to use for illegal shows in any undisclosed location so mention that upon contacting them as well. They will probably bring their brother band, THE ATOMS who probably get compared to THE EPOXIES way too much for their liking because they are doing the new wave thing. But, in my opinion they sound straight up like DEVO and the *Dawn of the Dickies* album playing fun, hyperactive live sets of pure pogo-pop joy.

San Marcos, though a bit far out, has spawned a good all ages club in the Jumping Turtle, an all ages joint with a bar! So you can play to the kids and get drunk! Much more of a thrash vibe in San Marcos (I think I should mention the resurgence of old HC locals BATTALION OF SAINTS here) though amongst that vibe has come a band playing raunchy DEAD BOYS style rock n' roll called THE SEX GIRLS. This band plays a kick ass style of RAMONES tempo punk with that NEW YORK DOLLS trash sound mixed in. Plenty of drugs and Johnny Thunders-worship fuel this band so if you're a junkie you might want to hook up with them for that aspect too. The bar scene , or 21+ venues give off much more of a rock 'n' roll style punk vibe and center around the hot spot city of North Park. THE DISSIMILARS are a band that delivers a ferocious garage/punk (DEAD KENNEDYS…Iggy!) style that you can pit to, pogo to or just plain convulse on the floor to. Their live show is great as they are fronted by a comic book nerd/nudist whose stage presence is like a pissed off twelve-year-old badly in need of some Ritalin. They have two seven-inches out and have received great reviews in *MRR* so they are getting some further recognition outside of SD which is well deserved.

Now, hands down the best bar to play in my opinion is the Zombie Lounge because the atmosphere is just great. Giving off sort of a rockabilly vibe best seen in favorite regulars THE SCREAMIN' YEEHAWS, a psychobilly style drunk rock party band, the Zombie is the local hangout so even on a Monday night you're going to be playing to at least ten or fifteen people. They treat you fucking awesome there and don't get



atoms

dissimilars

pissed off at crazy stage antics like the ones displayed by the self proclaimed *"full contact rock 'n' roll"* band THE HOMELESS SEXUALS. Featuring members of LIFE CRISIS (thrash/hardcore) and THE WASTRELS (a Bush bashing HC band), the SEXUALS deliver a set of pure chaos, which mostly centers around the lead singer Davit, abusing himself and everyone around him mercilessly, while the crowd tends to treat him like a human piñata. All this being done while the band backs him with some STOOGES meets JESUS LIZARD style background music. Truly nuts. If you can't get a gig at the Zombie though literally one block down the street is a bar called CHASERS. You have to go through Another Zeke Productions Booking, though if you play there to get some people in because that place doesn't draw flies. Or you can do what THE RICH WHITE MALES, (a spastic punk band in the vein of THE FORGOTTEN REBELS and THE RAMONES) do there, which is go over to the Zombie with a megaphone and steal all the people down for their show!

The second best place to play in my opinion is Tower Bar, a derelict infested dive that turns into a great house for punk rock with their Hams beer posters on the walls, Pabst on tap, and Miggs, the best local DJ spinning the coolest tunes between sets. They are also very easy to book and cool to deal with because the owner Mick is just plain rad. Thirdly, is Scolaris Office. Technically it gets better off the street foot traffic then the Tower, but beware that it can mostly be inhabited by smarmy indie rock types in SONIC YOUTH T-shirts. And of course I have to mention the KENSINGTON CLUB in the same breath as these clubs, which is a great place to play with a good atmosphere as well (Miggs also DJs here as well). A great band to get in contact with for the Ken Club gigs and the band best noted for starting this whole North Park (best fucking city in SD!!) bar scene is long time locals VENA CAVA. A melodic and in my opinion very CRIMPSHRINE, Berkeley-circa-1989 style punk band. They are super cool people and if you get on a bill with them you know you will have at least three people sticking around for your set. Oddly enough, the beach scene isn't where it's happening at all like you might think if you're not from around here. There are bands like DPI, GIZZARDS, and CHAOTIC MESS, all thrashing skate punk style bands, trying to make something happen at Winstons, a hippie bar down in Ocean Beach where they actually got JFA to come down and play along with BATTALION OF SAINTS. There are a few bigger bar venues that are the 21+ equivalent to Soma or the Epicentre in the sense that they get bigger bands usually. Not to say they won't book you though. The first venue in mind is The Casbah which is in the downtown, more expensive area of San Diego. The bar itself is cheaper than anything else down there with dollar Pabst in the bar in the backroom. But, like I said beware that they generally do book bigger bands though I have seen some notable evenings there with bands like THE CREEPY CREEPS, a crazy instrumental band that plays dance parties rather than shows in their minds. And they always dress up in some crazy ass costumes. When I saw them they were astronauts, really fun pogo type stuff. The other club in my mind is BRICK BY BRICK. But to tell you the truth folks, they have almost completely fallen off the map, getting way into the metal thing and having crappy acts like, a U2 cover band? Plus they are really kind of out of the loop geographically too, just like the two similar all-ages clubs. For example THE RICH WHITE MALES opened up for Glen Matlock from the Pistols and only like nine people showed up!

Now if you got some down time before a gig I suggest you cruise through some of our fine record stores. First off, if you're coming down the 101 from like San Francisco area you want to pull off and stop by Lou's Records in Encinitas. It's worth hours of thumbing through vinyl and it's right near the beach. If you hooked up with the

Ocean Beach/Winstons crew then you can always stop by Cow Records, which is a tiny piece of solitude in the black hole that is Ocean Beach. Don't go out of your way though. If you're in the North Park area, besides all the thrift stores, you'll want to hit Off The Record, Record City (I bet you five bucks when you walk in the owner will be telling some bored looking customer about X band he saw in 198X — send all money to PO Box 555 SD, CA 91942) and Thirsty Moon Records. One of my personal favorites is Taang! Records in Pacific Beach, which brings me to my next topic of record labels in San Diego. Taang! obviously a large record label featuring bands from all over the country and the globe is actually based right here in San Diego, and most recently signed San Diego locals RAT CITY RIOT, a street punk fist in the air, skinhead (who hate to be labeled that, though that is your first impression) type band who are now on tour with THE BUSINESS. Then there is Swami Records, who are in the works of putting out a release by THE HEARTACHES, a power pop combo featuring pro skater Christian Svitek on drums, and are in the vein of THE DICTATORS, RAMONES, CLASH, etc. Other labels around are those like Crooked Records, Whiskey Records, Hillbilly Stew Records, and I know most of the hardcore bands have releases out too. Like Buka Records (SBV), Old Guard Records (LAST PRIEST), Eating Rats Records (LEWD ACTS 7"). Any other labels in either punk or hardcore that I was too lazy to mention can be found through www.SanDiegopunk.com or www.SanDiegocore.com as well.

That just about raps it up other than the places to eat in San Diego which other than any Mexican food place anywhere that isn't Taco Bell (barf!) would include Pokeys, Mexican food, and Studio Diner, the *best* fucking place to go after a gig and you can sit there all night long if you want to. You can chow down your grub while scoping out some of our local zines such as *Genetic Disorder, Fast Times, Rich And Bored*, and the *Mormo Zine*. The Che Café has some fine literature on their racks as well. Alright well I hope this helped shine a little light on the city that no one seems to think has produced anything good since THE ZEROS or BATTALION OF SAINTS. Now don't come down here and act like a bunch of fucking assholes!

All the bands mentioned can be contacted via www.myspace.com.

rich white males

vena cava

Venues/booking contacts:
Che Café: 858-534-2311 http://checafe.ucsd.edu
Epicentre: 858-271-4000 x. 11(ask for Doreen) www.epicenter.org
Soma: www.somasd.com – booking@somasandiego.com
Jumping Turtle: 760-471-7778 – www.thejumpingturtle.com
The Chob: 619-557-0156

21+:
The Kensington club: 619-284-2848 (better to contact Dissimilars or Vena Cava first)
Winstons: (contact chaotic mess, DPI, or Gizzards first)
Blind Melons: 858-483-7844
Casbah: www.casbahmusic.com – 619-232-4355
Brick By Brick: 619 275 LIVE (sulo king)
Zombie Lounge: myspace.com/ZombieLounge – Chris does the booking
Scolaris Office: myspace.com/10230721 – Donnie all booking
Tower Bar: 619-284-0158 – Ask for Mick

Zines:
Genetic Disorder (can be contacted via Dissimilars MySpace page. Done by one of their members)
Fast Times (myspace.com/fasttimeszine)
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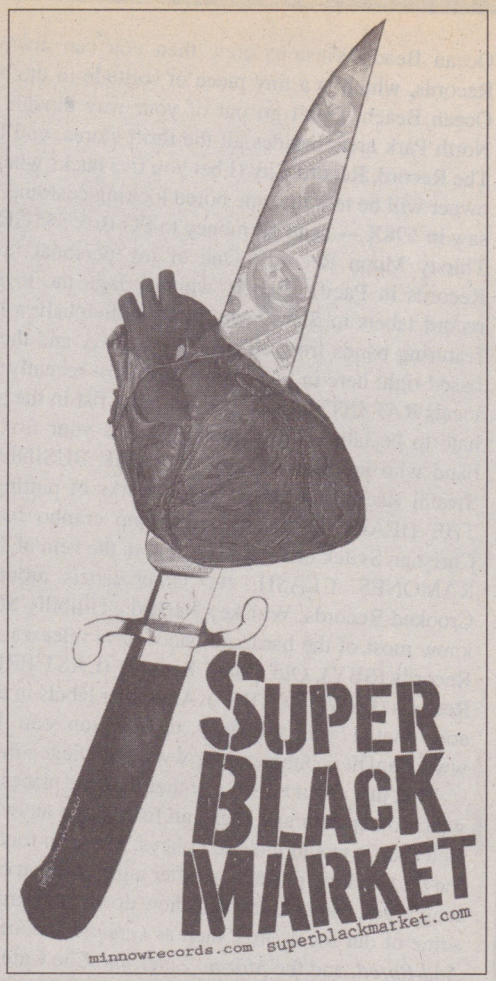

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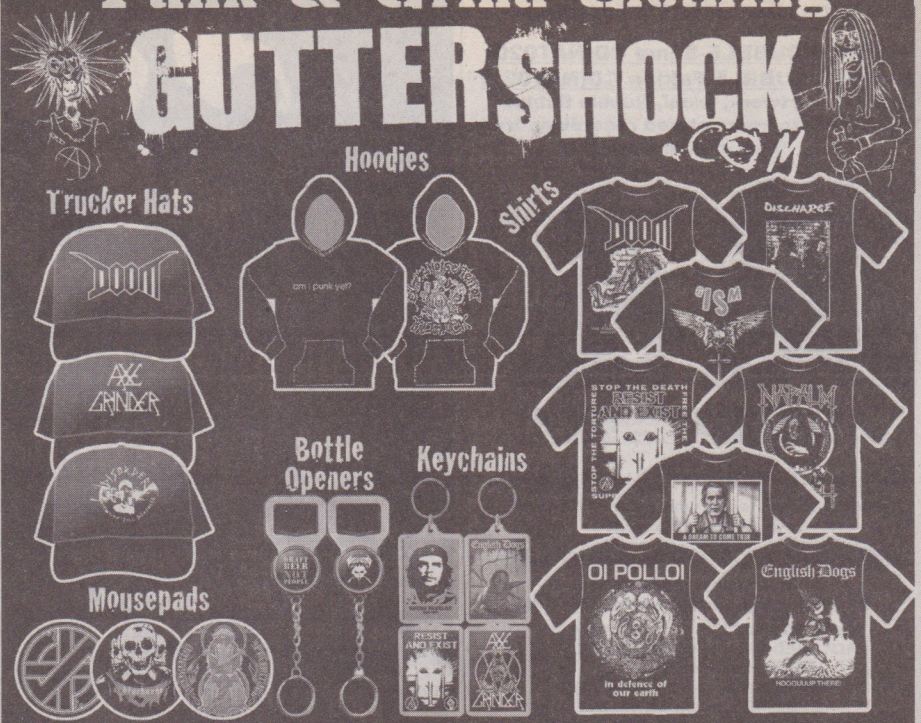

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Insuiciety "Believe And Die" Cd Totally devastating and refreshingly original doom/sludgecore in vein of Eyehategod and Grief.
Desolatevoid "Self Medicated Psycho Therapy" Cd Consider this an album that is anchored in a more straight ahead SOILENT GREEN, sucks the bone marrow out of EYEHATEGOD, and smokes up a little HIGH ON FIRE. Maybe then you'll understand why this shit is too heavy. (Blabbermouth.net)
Neuron "Gleichschritt" Cd Wicked grindcore from Germany. Some of the best I've heard. Neuron is all about grinding, thick, powerful grindcore
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Audio Kollaps "Music From An Extreme, Sick World" Cd / Lp A brutal mix of Crust, Grind and Metal. The best combination possible.
Head Hits Concrete "Thy Kingdom Come Undone" Cd Discography of their stuff to date. Head splitting ferocious grindcore.
Homoiratus "Apocalypse" Cd Pulverizing Grindcore / Death Metal from Greece. Comparisons to Rotten sound come to mind.

Beyond Description "A Road To A Brilliant Future" Cd / Lp // **Despite** "No Promise of Tomorrow" Cd / Lp
Urban Head Raw "Human Instinct" Cd Japanese Crust. // **Agathocles** "Alive And Mincing" Cd (Ltd to 1000)
Words That Burn "Spawning Ground For Hatred" Cd / Lp (Mailorder Ltd to 100 Red Vinyl) // **To What End?** "The Purpose Beyond" Cd
Remains of the Day "Hanging on Rebellion" Cd // **Asschapel** "Fire And Destruction" Cd // **Disgust** "The Horror Of It All" Cd / Lp
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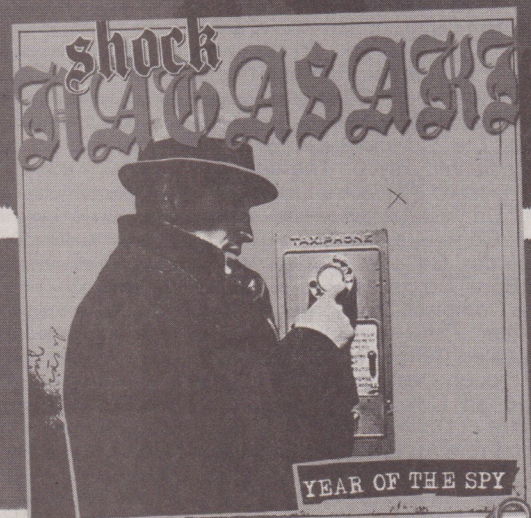

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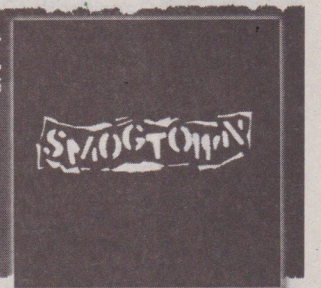

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MARGARET THRASHER

Margaret Thrasher is this band I know from here in East Vancouver. In September, I tagged along with them to a show they played in a community centre cafeteria in Victoria, a trip that involved an expensive two-hour ferry ride across the Georgia Straight. We snuck an impressive eight people, a mix of band members and friends, onto the boat by hiding under blankets and equipment in the back of the van. Their set was, as we've come to expect, crushing. I sat them down for this interview on the ferry ride back to discuss their August West Coast tour and the recent release of their 7", Are You There God? It's Me, Margaret Thrasher, on Clarence Thomas Records. Interview and introduction by Nathan Maxfield

MRR: So just introduce yourselves and say what you do in the band.

Juls: I'm Juls and I do vocals.

Gabriela: I'm Gabriela and I play drums.

Anne: Anne, I play bass.

Skidge: Skidge, I play guitar.

MRR: All right, so, tell me how the band started.

Juls: Well, we tried to be a band in summer 2004—me Gabriela, and Anne, when Gabriela first started playing the drums. Do you remember that? No, shit. I mean, it was me, Gabriela, and Skidge. We just tried to do a Sex Pistols cover, but it didn't really work. That's what we first tried to jam on.

Gabriela: I didn't know how to play drums.

Juls: And I didn't really know how to yell…err, I don't know. I was super unconfident. After that Skidge and I were in a pop punk band together called Uncle Moustache. We started that band in Winnipeg and then the Winnipeg kids came to Vancouver and we reformed. When they left we just decided to try Margaret Thrasher again. And it worked. And then we asked Anne [to join].

Anne: And I said, "Yes."

MRR: How long ago was that?

Juls: That was, like, March or February 2005.

MRR: How long were you playing before you put your demo out?

Skidge: We put it out in November, so nine months.

Gabriela: We decided to move quickly, maybe, but that was a good thing.

Juls: I don't know. Most bands put out their demos right away. I thought we were slower than most bands. But it was our first band for most of us, for everyone but Skidge. Not our first band, but our first time playing the instruments we play.

Skidge : You can ask us about how when we started, Juls wanted us to be a hardcore band—

Anne: Yeah.

Juls: I wanted to be a straight-up youth crew band, but everyone was like, "That'll be boring." But I thought it would be different 'cause there are no straight-up youth crew bands with girl vocalists that I can think of, at least around here.

Skidge : Then I just wrote good songs and forced them to play them.

Gabriela : And then every practice, she'd be like "We should put a breakdown in here." But that wasn't working.

MRR: So how would you describe what your band sounds like now?

Skidge: Fast punk.

Juls: Yeah.

Gabriela: But not that fast.

Skidge: Pretty fast.

Gabriela: We've been described as lo-fi fast garage punk.

Juls: You mean your boyfriend said that.

Gabriela: Yes. I said, "We've been described as," not "Everyone in the world says that."

Skidge: Make sure you put in these fights so you can get a true representation of the band.

MRR: Are there any misconceptions that people have of the band?

Juls: Well, everyone thought we were gonna be a thrash band, which is a pretty easy assumption to make because our name is Margaret Thrasher. And then we weren't.

Skidge: Or on tour, how they expected us to sound like Chuck Norris or something 'cause I'm in the band.

MRR: Well, I don't think people are disappointed when they see you play, anyway.

Skidge: No, it usually goes over well, but people just expect what they've last seen you play.

MRR: You've never felt patronized or underestimated or anything because you're a mostly female band?

Gabriela: Well, I'm sure we have [been underestimated], but no one ever said that to our faces, so we have no idea. But I'm sure there is a large group of people who thought: A. we really sucked, and B. still think we suck. We're not the best musicians or something like that. Or we're girls, or I don't know. But we personally never hear it so we can just go on in our bubble or whatever.

It's hard to know if anyone's just patronizing your band, but you would think no one would buy a record just to be nice to you. But maybe someone in your immediate peer group says nice things about your band just to be nice to you, whether they mean it or not, just because they want to support you. And I think that's generally a good thing. I think there are a lot of bands that do suck in the beginning, and then get better and turn out to be really amazing, you know what I mean? Everybody's rough when they're first starting.

MRR: How many shows have you guys played now? You guys keep track?

Gabriela: No, not really.

MRR: I was just thinking about the differences between the shows you guys play—

Juls: What do you think are the differences?

MRR: On tour you played a hardcore show with Outraged and Look Back and Laugh, and then a show with Onion Flavored Rings and One Reason in the same city. I think it's cool that your band's able to do that because of the range of your style.

Skidge: Yeah, it's cool. I got kinda used to that from playing with Chuck Norris, where we'd play all sorts of different shows.

Gabriela: I don't think our shows have really changed. Every show we've played since day one has been a different mix of bands, to a venue, to a basement or whatever. It's always different. And I don't think anything's changed in terms of type [of venue] or even amount of people. It always varied.

Juls: What are you talking about?

MRR: Do you want to talk about your lyrics?

Juls: Yeah. Let's get down to serious business.

MRR: Because your lyrics are so outspokenly feminist and you almost solely sing about women's issues, do you call yourselves feminist? Do you think it's important to do that?

Juls: I kind of do but no one else really agrees.

Skidge: Yeah, we've been arguing about that.

Juls: Because Troy wanted us to come up with a description or whatever. And I was like, "Yeah, feminist," but [the rest of the band] were like, "Nah." Except Anne. Anne is always on my side. And I kind of agree with Gabriela and Skidge. I know that you don't have to use those labels 'cause people can read your lyrics and figure that out for themselves. But the [description] is for people who haven't read our lyrics. My intention with this band was to be a super feminist band. At the beginning I wanted us to be like a youth crew band. I like hardcore because it's angry and unapologetic, and I like feminism because it's really angry and unapologetic, and around here hardcore hasn't been girls yelling about fucked up stuff. And not that I don't believe other things are important and it's not like I don't write about other things, but I guess I've been pretty single-issued with this feminist thing, while trying to not be too self-righteous.

Gabriela: I think it's really interesting, the role that feminism plays in hardcore/punk. It's very complicated and varied, and subjective. I like to think that everyone holds feminism (or what they think feminism is) dear to them. I also think a lot of women probably get sick of being viewed solely by their sex, and don't want the fact that they are women to even play into anything else they are doing

(like playing music). Sometimes I feel that way too. Sometimes I want the fact that I'm a woman to be ignored, and for me to be taken or seen in a different way. But is that different way just a male standard? Sometimes it's really hard to know and to try to move outside of all that stuff.

MRR: A lot of people are really feeling your lyrics.

Juls: I know that a lot of things that I say have been said before, preaching to the choir or whatever, but I feel like they haven't been said in a while. I feel like younger kids are coming in [to the scene] and a lot of bands don't have the lyrics talking about fucked up stuff. I understand the appeal of really vague lyrics but I just wanted to be like, "This is because of this and this is fucked up for this reason." In "Hell No," I wanted to be like, it's not really cool to let bands with pro-life messages slide because I feel like it's important to not let there be a perpetuation of shame and guilt surrounding abortion in our scenes or communities.

MRR: You also talk about prostitution and other things that are prevalent to our neighborhood. It's so good to hear a band addressing any problems that are happening in our neighborhood, because it's not really heard about from other bands.

Juls: Yeah, well, the prostitution thing, I feel like nobody really talks about that.

MRR: Unless it's in jest.

Juls: And it's crazy. We live within like a two block radius of where one of the biggest mass murders ever happened. As in, I think he personally murdered the most people out of anyone ever. And that happened in our neighborhood. Literally on our blocks. And

there's this stigma around sex trade workers. It was all prostitutes that were murdered. And people still think its okay to make fun of them. And lots of times people will come to shows at our house and make fun of the prostitutes who are outside the house, and it's so fucked up. And then my dad did it and I was like, fuck. Gross. So that song's about wanting to fight across any sort of degradation against sex trade workers at all because it's all sort of the same dehumanizing mind frame that allowed those disappearances [of the murdered sex trade workers] to go unchecked. And it's also about how privilege sometimes directly benefits you or the people immediately around you, which makes it harder to call it out.

MRR: When your band gets reviewed, how are the lyrics interpreted?

Juls: They never really say, besides the review that *Slug and Lettuce* did where they said the lyrics were mainly about stances of women in today's scene, no one really gets into it.

Gabriela: Maybe the reviewer was like, "They're good lyrics. I really like these, but I won't call them feminist cause they're just common sense awesome lyrics," which was what our friend Mike was saying, that he would hope every band would be a feminist band, so you don't need to say that you're a feminist band. I would hope that people would say, "This is good," not necessarily feminist good, not anti-racist good, they're just good. But I agree with your point that preaching to the choir is bullshit anyway 'cause people don't hold the same views, just because you think they do. Does that make sense?

Juls: No?

MRR: Why did you record the 7" live?

Skidge: I just never recorded live before and I thought it'd be fun to try. Everyone else I talked to was like, "What? I've never recorded not live!" So I was like, "Let's do it."

Anne: I think it was easier too.

Gabriela: It was fun and seemed easier.

Skidge: I don't know if I'd want to do it again.

MRR: Did you like how it turned out?

Skidge: Yeah, I like how it turned out but it was frustrating.

Gabriela: It was both easy and really hard.

Juls: I like how the tape sounded better. [For the seven inch] I hated that everyone else got to record together. And then I just got to go in and scream in front of this dude who had never heard our band before. It was really awkward.

Skidge: I just got tired of playing the same songs 30 times over. The thing I like about live though is that it sounds more like how we actually play. There're mistakes on it, but I like that.

Juls: Can we talk about the name of our 7" and how we're not a Christian band?

Anne: We are not a Christian band.

MRR: I don't think anyone would assume that, because most Christian hardcore/ punk bands aren't really forthright about making sure they mention God right in the cover of their album. They usually have to sneak it in, right?

Skidge: In the thank you list.

Juls: Just to clear it up, it's a Judy Blume reference. It's a book about a girl coming of age.

MRR: What's the book about? I've never read it actually.

Juls: Periods and coming of age and struggles with religious beliefs.

Gabriela: It's just a young girl's story

MRR: Okay. Well, let's talk about tour.

Juls: I hated tour.

Gabriela: I loved tour.

Skidge: I love touring.

Anne: I loved tour but shitty stuff happened.

Gabriela: I loved tour because you play better the more shows you play. And at the end I thought we were playing as a band really well.

MRR: You guys had the perfect tour! You had all the good shows and all the right setbacks. So in all what did you lose on tour?

Juls: My voice.

Skidge: My glasses.

Juls: …In the ocean.

Anne: Juls and I got our bags stolen out of the van.

Gabriela: My virginity.

(Everyone laughs.)

Juls: I got kicked in the face before we even played a show. I thought I was gonna have a concussion; I couldn't think for like two hours.

Skidge: We lost all our T-shirts.

Juls: We left them in San Diego.

Skidge: I left my blanket in Long Beach.

Juls: Skidge lost his wallet but I found it for him again.

Gabriela: With hundreds of dollars in it.

Juls: There was a scabies scare.

(Everyone groans.)

Juls: That one night Robbie (member of accommodating household in Portland) wouldn't even come back to his house—

Gabriela: Well, no shit!

Anne: Every time we'd go to a house to stay at: "Do you have any scabies cream?"

Juls: I said that once!

Skidge: I got sick towards the end, and then after we got back from tour I got strep throat and was delirious for two days. I thought I was in Japan for like seven hours one morning. Yeah! I was laying in bed, and it hurt so bad to swallow, and I was thinking I was in Japan and really needed help but no one could understand me.

Anne: And at the end [of tour] I got peed on by a dog.

MRR: In your last pair of clothes!

Anne: When my bag was stolen it had all my clothes in it.

Skidge: That is amazing. The dog peeing was the crown.

Juls: But Mike, who did our show in Portland, got us new Keepers to replace our stolen ones, and that was really nice.

Anne: Oh, yeah!

Gabriela: That was really nice.

Anne: Yay, Mike!

Skidge: We also didn't get our records until the last show.

Anne: I didn't find out about this interview until two days ago.

MRR: Me neither.

Anne: Everyone forgets about me.

Skidge: Anne is in the band.

MRR: So what's planned for the future of Margaret Thrasher?

Gabriela: Europe. Two-month tour. That's the plan. Suck it up, Juls. Anyone who wants to help us out in Canada, the US, or Europe (eventually) *please* get in contact and we will be so grateful and happily oblige you with an evening of music.

Skidge: Also, we're planning on doing another 7" for the beginning of next year.

Margaret Thrasher, PO Box 21530, 1424 Commercial Drive, Vancouver BC V5L 5G2

Clarence Thomas Records: www.bistrodistro.com

924 GILMAN st.

20 YEARS OF DOING IT OURSELVES

By Paul Curran • Photos by Larry Wolfley, Jemuel, and Paul

Wow, I never thought I'd be the one writing this article. For nearly 20 years I've been a fairly passive patron of the Gilman Street Project, later the Alternative Music Foundation, and now 924 Gilman. At its inception, Gilman was an unprecedented concept: a club owned and operated by the punks, for the punks. Before Gilman, there were no well-established, all-ages, alcohol-free places for independent bands to play in the Bay Area... or the whole country, for that matter. In 1985 some folks here at *Maximum Rocknroll* started scheming about the possibility of opening up some kind of show/community space. A year later they teamed up with some other punks who were working on a similar plan and the unnamed, half-conceived space at 924 Gilman St. in Berkeley was born.

I started going to shows there around April of 1987, a few months after it opened, but only in the past few months have I started working at the club. I can't really say why I decided to volunteer, since I have way too much work in my life as it is. Maybe it's because I, like just about everyone that works there, discovered that working at Gilman is about 100 times more fun than just attending shows there. When you work at Gilman you feel more at home, and thus freer to goof around, dance, do graffiti, drink too much coffee, and make fun of the bands. It also gives you a greater sense of ownership in the club and when it comes time to stop a fight or ask people not to drink at the club, it's something you do out of a true sense of wanting your club to survive and continue giving people like myself a safe haven from the "world outside."

A lot has already been written about the long history of Gilman, almost all of which can be read in the book *924 Gilman: The Story So Far...*, a sort of oral history/scrapbook by Brian Edge. The last thing I wanna do here is go on a nostalgia trip, so what I'm going to do is concentrate on the current state of things at the club.

The club is experiencing a looming crisis right now. We're rapidly losing money, and there are barely enough regular volunteers to keep the club going. The neighborhood is being gentrified and we may ultimately get rent-hiked or re-zoned out of our space. These are things that the volunteers are always discussing, brainstorming, arguing, and fretting about while the club-goers come and go each weekend night seemingly oblivious to the fact that the sword of Damocles hangs above.

The fact that the general patronage is unaware of how precarious things are can be seen as a success on the volunteers' part. Most of the punks who come to Gilman probably just want to see some punk bands, hang out with their friends, maybe dance or make out or discreetly get wasted (or all of the above), then get home safely and pass out. When this happens, the club has done its job well and everyone is happy.

But at this time of celebrating our 20 years of success, many of us are worrying about how Gilman is going to survive for the next one or two, let alone *another* 20, years. The hope for the future rests squarely on the club's regular volunteers, a.k.a. the Gilman Workers, so to commemorate 924 Gilman's 20th anniversary, I wanted to talk to the folks who bear this great responsibility, and for whom I have a ridiculous amount of respect for giving so much to our awesome punk scene.

Here, you'll hear from Ryan E. (current Head Coordinator), Heather Blotto (flyer coordinator, Stoar* worker), Mike Raskin (security, former Head Coordinator) Dave Scattered (former Head Coordinator and everything else), Vernon (head of Stoar, security, mail and other random things), Ben (former head of security and show coordinator), Jemuel (booker and jack of all trades), and Ariel Awesome (Stoar), with a little bit of my own musings throw in for good measure.

*Stoar = the Gilman store!

Having put so much time and work into the club, no one understands better than the volunteers just how special something like Gilman is. How does Gilman differ from other clubs, and what is important about that?

Ryan E.: There are a lot of things that set Gilman apart from other venues. Mainly the fact that we are not run for profit. We are run for the sole purpose of keeping the club alive, and I for one think that that's a good thing. I also feel that it's a pretty inclusive club. At our meetings we have people from just about every age range, which is really awesome to see. I think the foundation of the club is an enormous aspect of what sets it apart.

Jemuel: Going to Slim's or Bottom of the Hill, you don't get the feeling like you're in the same sort of establishment as Gilman. Gilman feels more like a punk house mixed with a high school. And in all the sort of creepy ways as well as the awesome ways. It is a place for teens, which no clubs are. Does Berkeley even have a teen center? I don't know. I am sure if there is one, the floors aren't gray from years of spit, the walls aren't held together by graffiti and there are no scabies rumors.

Ben: I can get involved. I love that about the club. It's my second home, and has been for a long time. And probably more stable than any other place I've called home.

Dave Scattered: Gilman is different from other clubs in several ways. The most obvious to bands is the way we deal with the money. When a band is booked, we make it clear that we do not work with contracts or riders. Then after the show the way we do payout is different from other places as well. We take all the money from the door and subtract 5-7% to pay the security staff. After security is paid we divide the money in half. Half for the club so that we can pay our rent and bills, half for the bands so that they can get to their next show, record, or whatever. Then we divide the band money amongst all the bands based on distance and draw. We think this is a very fair and up-front way to deal with the money.

I asked what it is that makes people come to Gilman, especially when there are so many alternative venues these days. Most workers agree that it's the music, along with the club's consistency, longevity, and reputation, that are the big factors that attract patrons to the club. But what keeps folks coming back on a regular basis is usually a more personal connection. And to make the leap from regular club-goer to dedicated worker takes something more. For many, volunteering at Gilman starts simply as a way to see shows for free; others, like myself, feel a sense of obligation to club—a need to give back a little something, or concern for the club's survival.

Heather Blotto: I think a lot of younger kids come to Gilman because it's accessible. It's not a secret or really underground like a lot of the other punk shows in the area. People come because it's a good venue, good setup, good sound and good history. I like it because it's not owned by anyone, nobody's making money off of other people's work, and there's no boss. There is, at least ideally, a general understanding that everyone working, playing in bands, or in the audience is there to have a good time and support the scene. That's something you don't get at a bar or a profit-driven venue.

Mike Raskin: At this point, I don't know what's keeping people coming to the club. It seems like there are all these factors that are driving people away, but not much drawing them in. I think between the necessity of evolving rules at Gilman and the popularity of house shows and underground "illegal" venues that have the same shows, there are just "better" options for a lot of people. I don't agree with the people who think this, but I do think that this is the case.

I stick to Gilman for a few reasons. One, because Gilman's still gonna be there when cops shut down the rest. Gilman's approaching 20 years, with definite set backs, but still alive today. In the years I've been going to shows I've watched Burnt Ramen close twice, The Slaughterhouse close and be torn down, and countless houses get stopped, and that's just since late 2000. The other reason I'm still at Gilman is because the club took me in, and I made it my family and my home. There's a bond between the people that work at the club. We put our time in to support this place and keep it open, just because. There's no pay involved, no good pay at least. It's something internal.

I have a feeling the club is going to quiet down for a while, but soon the house show phase will settle back down, and Gilman will become a place to go again.

Vernon: What keeps people coming to Gilman is their interest and attachment to the punk scene. It's a place that you can consistently go to every week and hang out with your friends, meet new people and see your favorite bands play. Those are the same reasons that keep me going.

Jemuel: The audience *doesn't* come back to Gilman. Part of what has kept Gilman running is that a new crop of kids keep coming, thinking Gilman is cool. But most of the kids start going to warehouse shows, parties, and eventually bars, once they're older. Gilman's average age has always been sixteen. What keeps the bands coming back? Shit, it ain't the money. Though sometimes it is just because they aren't big enough to play Bottom of the Hill. As for why workers keep on coming back, the usual joke from bitter Gilman coordinators is to reply "masochism" or something of the sort. But I've been thinking of the volunteers who have really lasted and it seems to me that Gilman gave to them before Gilman started taking. People getting involved with no prior involvement with Gilman because of punk ideals or Gilman's reputation don't last. But the kids who started volunteering after a few years of getting kicked out for drinking, sneaking in and making messes to clean up: once they're in it they last. And a lot of us stay involved because we have a lot to give. That's how I think of my own involvement. I don't really have a lot of outlets of being involved in meaningful projects outside of Gilman. Maybe my time would be better spent feeding the homeless, countering consumerism with creativity or lobby Congress for the four-day work week, but I've already gotten so deep in Gilman, keeping on wanting to help out.

Ariel Awesome: People keep coming to Gilman because there are shows they wanna see and people they wanna kick it with. That's what keeps me coming back. At any given show, huge or tiny, there is always someone I know there. It's like Cheers without the booze. Really, Gilman is just a building with a stage in it—it's the awesome punks here in the Bay that make it the fun inclusive space it is.

Ryan E.: I think what keeps me, as well as others, coming to Gilman is it gives us hope. I'm really inspired when I come to a show and see a band I've never even heard of before, but the heart, passion, and intensity with which they play reminds me why I got into this whole thing in the first place. I'm inspired when I come in night after night and see these amazing people that work with me to keep this place alive so that we can all experience this together. Despite its flaws, I just believe that a place like Gilman should always exist. I feel like there *needs* to be a place to help nurture and empower kids to come when they don't feel like they belong anywhere else. So in short, what keeps me coming back... the values, (some of) the kids, the music, and that's not to mention that it's just a good fucking time!

Something that I've come to realize since going to Gilman meetings is that Gilman has sustained itself in large part due to the contributions of its older, stalwart volunteers like handyman Pat Wright, or John Hart, who does our monthly budget reports, and Jesse Luscious who does a lot of community outreach. These are people who have bring years of knowledge and experience to the club, and who know how to deal with the nuts-and-bolts of making things happen—dealing with official permits, talking to the other neighborhood business, figuring out how to

NO STAGEDIVING
ESKAPO
FLESHIES
STOAR PUNX: ARIEL, VERNON, HEATHER
PAT WRIGHT
"THE TRAG"
BIG BEN!
LIVE THE CHAOS
THAT'S THE PUKE WALL. EWW...
COUCH PUNX

AL BLOTTO
LAUREN
ZINES FOR SALE
+ WE MEAN ALL-AGES.
THE TOOTH.
MIKE
RUSSEL
UP THE PUKE!!!
EGGPLANT ♥'s HAIRCUTS
CLEAN UP DUTY
I'M POOR AND I DON'T DRINK. WHERE THE HELL ELSE AM I GONNA GO ON THE WEEKEND
COFFEE!
LARRY♥
AWW..
BRONTEZ
SECURITY SAM
924 GILMAN
DIY! I DID
JEMUEL ROCKS.
PUNX UNITE!
MO' MONEY, MO'MONEY.

build stuff. These are also the people that are the furthest behind the scenes, and most club-goers are never aware of their contributions.

Since the inner workings of Gilman are not common knowledge, I asked the workers what they thought people should know about the club, that they may not already be aware of.

Heather Blotto: It's really easy and fun to get involved. There are so many different jobs that need doing that it's easy to find something that you like.

Ariel Awesome: I hear people make pretty blanket statements about the club and I'd like to point out that there isn't an all-encompassing belief system we all abide by. This club is run by an incredibly varied group of people and assuming that "Gilman" has collective opinions about things is silly. We agree that Sexism, Racism, and Homophobia have no place in a punk club, and that if people drink in or around the club we'll get shut down. We also agree that major label bands get enough support everywhere else, and don't need to be taking up resources at our DIY space. Those are the things we agree on, and even those we agree on to varying degrees. When people say, "Fuck Gilman, they think..." I wanna say who!? Who thinks that? All of us? Any of us? Who are you talking about?

Mike Raskin: All decisions are made at meetings held the first and third Saturdays of the month. If you got a problem with how things are run, get off your ass and do something about it. Get involved. Go to a meeting. Make your voice heard. Don't just sit back and complain, waiting for others to make changes for you.

Ben: Gilman is really their club and says as much about punk in Berkeley and the punk scene as anything else. Gilman has set the standard of being a 20-year-old all-ages punk club, and I don't think there's anything that can be said to take away from that.

I do think it is important to note that it is representative of the larger community in that it is both male leadership heavy, mostly white, consistent of an apathetic majority... So although it is great in its many ways, it is still a few people leading a majority. Hence, I would like people to listen a little more closely at the ideals in the songs they listen to, and try and fuck with that status quo a bit more.

Any funny Gilman moments to share?

Ben: Two great moments...

1) I was hanging out in the office when this girl I knew came in and we started chatting. I had seen her around a few times and I had a huge crush on her. I was talking to her about my recent Halloween experience as a drag queen. She didn't believe me, or for whatever reason goaded me into changing clothes with her and going on stage during the Fleshies.

So I, working security that night, gave up my pants, shirt, and security hoodie to this very beautiful girl who exchanged with me a plaid skirt and a midriff shirt that was entirely too small for me. At the height of the Fleshies set, when John (the singer) was in his underwear the girl and I ran up on stage and started dancing with him. I jumped into the audience and started a pit while she strattled John. The best part was the walk back to the office as I passed very confused patrons as the guy that just poured their liquor on the street walked past them in a short plaid skirt and a midriff.

2) Benumb was playing, and all the big boys were out. The pit was as heavy as I'd seen it in years. A fight had nearly exploded because at this point hardcore dancing was still relatively new. So, as I turned from calming a man down who got punched by an unknown assailant, I noticed Jemuel was waltzing through the crowd and entering the center of the pit. I came over to him quickly, and warned him he might be in danger, him being 5-foot-plus and 100-plus pounds standing in a group of 6-foot-plus men weighing 200-plus pounds. He, however, shooshed me away. Upon doing so, and causing much confusion in the surrounding audience of warrior-like men, Jemuel began to do a little ditty and shaking his groove thang on the dance floor. He spun in circles and shook his little scrawny butt, and no one dared touch him. And when he was done, he waltzed back out the way he had come, and the guys parted like the seas for Moses. And then everyone went back to dancing and tried to forget it happened, but I'll never forget.

Jemuel: Well... Aaron Cometbus had mentioned he wanted to play in the girl's bathroom. Janelle heard the idea and stole it for her band, Panty Raid, doing the dirty deed. Aaron felt like he had to one up her. What was the band with him, Robert Eggplant and John Geek? Oh yeah, Harbinger—they were booked to play some show and Aaron showed up before the show and asked me if they could build a shack in Gilman and play in the shack. I had just become co-head coordinator and I thought the idea sounded fine. Some of the older volunteers saw it happening and told me it was a bad idea. Looking back now, they were right. It was some big show that would need the space the shack took up—where the bands usually put their equipment. A lot of things could have gone wrong. But it was so much fun and crazy. It's the sort of thing that wouldn't happen anywhere else.

Ryan E.: There are so many that I can't even remember a lot of them. I think Sam vomiting burrito out his nose while I was telling him about how I had offended a bunch of Christians definitely takes cake for me though.

Ariel Awesome: So much puke! Kids puking on themselves, on each other, on their parents who are carrying them to the car. For a club that doesn't allow booze inside we have an inordinate amount of puke.

Heather Blotto: Punk Prom 2000, my band got to play with Pansy Division and a magician. It ruled. I got nominated for prom queen but I was drinkin' at the tracks. I walked 4 or 5 blocks down Gilman Street with no shoes on because I had uncomfortable girly shoes on for the prom. I got disqualified because I wasn't there. Eventually, Pansy Division played and it was a rabid pop-punk dance party with tons of confetti and fancy outfits and streamers and gayness.

Everyone who's been involved at the club would agree that working at Gilman gives you a whole new perspective on not only the club, but the punk scene as a whole. For some, it seems to give them a more realistic, less idealistic view of how things work; for others it gives inspiration and hope. So I asked, "How has Gilman changed the way you see the punk community/punk music?"

Ariel Awesome: I thought it was the nature of punk establishments to have a short life span. I went through a lot of evicted houses and shut down show spaces, always heartbroken. Gilman has taught me that we can work together and create lasting things in our communities. That gives me a lot of hope, not just for punk, but for everything.

Mike Raskin: When I started going to the club, it was just a place to go to hear music. After having worked at the club, helping bands, teaching people, learning from people, and growing, Gilman made punk my family. That's the difference between punk and other music scenes. Ultimately punk is about standing together.

Dave Scattered: Working at Gilman changed the way I view the punk community in a big way. Before I got involved I didn't really care about anything. Now I can see that is shaped the way I think, it taught me everything I know about being responsible, and it showed me that punk is more than getting fucked up and breaking anything in your way.

Jemuel: Gilman hasn't changed the way I view punk, it has completely shaped it. Gilman was my introduction to punk. Certainly as a community, and a lot musically too. I've had almost all of my involvement with the underground through Gilman. It is the standard by which I judge the world of punk.

Vernon: Before working at Gilman I had no idea just how big the punk scene really was and just how many bands there are out there. It made me notice just how generic so much of this music is. It really made the bands that do something a little different stick out and makes me enjoy them that much more.

Ben: I have worked there for 11 years, on and off. Where I once saw anarchy and punk with a bright-eyed optimism, I quickly learned that most folks get into it because they want to party and fuck off responsibility. I guess I was probably a bit unique in that I actually didn't get into punk until I had to quit drinking and drugs, after a brief stint at a rehab. But I've seen enough beautiful moments at Gilman to keep me coming back. My favorite is when folks that would cause the most problems at Gilman would come back and volunteer. It's also pretty much made me a punk for life, for better or worse.

Ryan E.: Gilman has given me a fairly different perspective on things in the punk scene. In some respects I can appreciate it better, but in others I feel much more jaded. Working at Gilman gave me faith that there were people who came to the punk rock community to find something with substance and to feel a part of something. I've always had a hard time connecting with kids in the "scene," particularly because for the longest time nobody actually reached out to me, and I felt like a lot of kids used the community space as an area to flaunt their ego and act like assholes. Quite frankly, I still feel this way about some kids. I was just going to shows cause I loved the music, not so much for the social aspect of things. I did begin to bond with some people in the scene before working at Gilman but I think that Gilman really helped me to see a lot of different type of kids, kids that I wouldn't normally be exposed to ('cause I didn't go to the same types of shows they did). Despite the fact that I listen to a different style of hardcore punk than a lot of the other volunteers at Gilman, I feel that I can connect with them on a much more substantial level than a lot of the kids who listen to the same music as me. In this respect Gilman has helped me to open my mind.

On the other hand I feel much more jaded because I understand how kids of *every* subgenre of punk disrespect the club and the people working there. For a group of kids that is supposedly so environmentally aware, I've never had to clean up more than on the block in front of our club after some of the shows at Gilman. It's amazing to me that kids feel freer to throw their crap all over the place at Gilman than at a lot of privately owned venues.

This past January, one night after Super Sabado Gigante Fest, I was one of three volunteers cleaning out in front of the club until 4 a.m. Only recently has it actually started to feel empowering when I get called a fascist for asking kids (mostly underage) to drink more than two blocks away from the club so we don't get in trouble with the cops. Only at Gilman would I get threatened with physical violence for adamantly sticking to a single standard of treatment in regards to band members and patrons. Despite the negative revelations I've come to through working at Gilman, I'd much rather focus on the positive ones, because they severely outweigh the negative ones.

Perusing Brian Edge's book and re-reading a piece written for *MRR* on Gilman's 10th anniversary, it's interesting how people back then were discussing many of the same problems we still see today: lack of volunteers, the need for more communication, kids drinking near the club, issues with the city and the police... In a way it's kind of a bummer that we're constantly beating our heads against a wall, but in another way it gives me hope to know that Gilman has persevered despite never permanently resolving any of these issues. Or maybe these issues are what actually keeps the club going—who knows? I haven't been involved long enough to see much evolution in the inner workings of Gilman, but I can say that as things have gotten worse—the club losing money, a severe volunteer shortage, high burnout rate among coordinators and security people—the general attitude of the (remaining) workers has become much more positive. So maybe crisis really is what drives the club. Well, let's hope not...

I was curious to see what changes our volunteers have seen since they've been involved at Gilman.

Ryan E.: We've definitely started losing a lot of money since I started working here. I hope there isn't a direct connection, ha ha.

Vernon: In my two and a half years here I've seen a lot of people come and go. We're on head coordinator number four since I've started. It's the most stressful job at Gilman and it seems to get to people. I miss seeing Mike, Dave, and Lucy every week.

Ben: There has been a larger cry for structure in the last few years. I think the greatest evolution the club took on was when we were making collectives out of all the sub-groups within Gilman, such as security, booking...so there were essentially going to be no heads. But it didn't pan out, I think mostly due to the fact that a couple people ended up taking on the entire responsibility of the club, so there was nothing to be collective about. But I left shortly after I initiated the process so I can't say for sure, my speculation is only based on the trend before I left, and when I came back and we seemed to have gutted our volunteers heavily and there were only a few people left doing most of the tasks.

Jemuel: Everyone who used to go to Gilman always says it was better five years ago (when they were sixteen). But it hasn't changed in my eyes, only gone back and forth between two aspects of punk. Sometimes the silly, goofy, anything-goes kids have real influence. That's when Gilman is the most fun, but seems like its going to fall apart from mishandling. Then some responsible, hard-working blowhards will come in and it will feel like a scenester haven, and the trains run on time. It's always a fight between these sides.

Dave Scattered: The biggest change to me is the attitude of security, and in turn the club as a whole. When I first started going to shows the security would fight anybody for any reason. We made a conscious decision to change that attitude. We adopted a friendlier and more communicative security staff, and I think that people have noticed.

What are the biggest problems the club is facing? What should we do about solving them?

Ariel Awesome: If "mo' money mo' problems" is true then why aren't our problems gone? Because damn if we have any money. We were somewhere around $10,000 in the red last year, and so far we're about $7,000 under for this year. How is this possible? Show attendance isn't what it used to be, and door prices have gone up very little ($1-$2 based on the number of touring bands) even though rent has raised substantially. Which has added this shitty pressure to make money on shows, and I can tell it weighs on us all.

All our problems are interconnected; they are part of larger shifts going on in the Bay Area. Part of the reason show attendance is down is that punks can't afford to live in Berkeley anymore (fuck, man, a bike ride from West Oakland to North Berkeley takes commitment). The fancy new neighbors are driving up our rent and the city would love to rezone our neighborhood for retail because they would make a ton of money on the sales tax.

What do we do about it? Right now we are in the process of applying for non-profit status (particularly 501c3), that would save us some money in taxes and we could apply for grants. Other than that, we just have to figure out new ways and different ways of making money I guess.

Whatever, whether we eventually get pushed out by the city, raising rents, or the cops, it won't be over. We'll find a new space and start again. If we can build and maintain something this awesome for so long...who says we can't do it again?

Ryan E.: The biggest problems we face these days come down to finances, and drinking around the club. Financially, we aren't in great shape as our rent and expenses go up every year. As we stand right now, I think that we really need to focus on ways other than shows to subsidize our income, because shows just aren't covering the bills these days. Attendance is definitely not where it has

been in the past, and even if we had shows that got 150-200 kids out every night, we still don't have enough money at the end of the month for rent. Personally, I think that the constant focus on making shows better is always good, but I think searching for other sources of income is of pressing importance at the moment.

Jemuel: The last few years have been in the red financially and that's not going to change. The costs go up and revenue isn't. The obvious solution is to raise door prices, but a lot of people hate that idea. The solution may take some real creativity and hard work that Gilman simply doesn't have. I'd be (happily) surprised if Gilman lasted another five years.

Heather Blotto: We really need to figure out a way to revive local interest in the club. Between high rent, new and unfriendly neighbors in the West Berkeley area and low attendance, things aren't looking very promising. Maybe a new approach to booking, having shows on weekdays, and/or having non-music events will help prevent volunteers from burning out and encourage the punks to come out and appreciate the club. Not every city has an all-ages, all-volunteer run, not-for-profit punk club that can hold 600 people. It's not something to be taken for granted.

Despite all these troubles, the punks tend to stick with it through and though. Gilman volunteers put up with a lot of crap, and it takes a great deal of dedication, understanding, patience, and a little bit of insanity to keep coming back each weekend. What are the moments that make all the hard work and bullshit worth it?

Vernon: There is a lot of satisfaction at the very end of every show. That time right after the last band has just finished playing and people are just starting to file out to their bikes and cars and Gilman is emptying out. Whether I'm finishing closing the Stoar or just sweeping up, that's usually my favorite moment. It's like, "Yeah, we got another one done."

Mike Raskin: It's great to hear the appreciation from bands, and to know that your work is making someone's day. It's great to go from being someone who went to shows to someone who makes the shows possible for people to go to.

And being able to talk about a place like Gilman and say "we."

Ryan E.: One of the best things for me is going to a show and watching bands I've never heard of before or never really been exposed to, and being totally blown away by how good they are. Like the first time I saw Owen Hart, Soul Swallower, Peelander Z, Mustaphamond, Rosary, or Two Gallants. Then there are the moments where I get to see bands that are just amazing every time I see them play, like Greyskull, Final Fight, Backstabbers Inc., or Set it Straight. One of the most inspiring things for me recently was watching Chris from 7 Generations speak passionately against sexism and sexual abuse, because that's an issue that has resonated within me personally for quite some time now. Then there are the moments when I just get to joke around and have fun with the other volunteers in the office and completely neglect the show going on outside, or the times when John (sound) and I will do the robot in the pit. Oh, and lastly, the occasional midnight basketball game after the show is a definite must.

Dave Scattered: There were two times that stand out to me, and both were bands. The first was Kill The Man Who Questions, who had a lot of positive and political things to say. The other was RAMBO who played a show that I was working security at. I was having a particularly stressful night and was really jaded on punk in general. When they played I forgot about everything and just had fun. Both bands were really good and have since become some of my favorite bands ever.

Ben: I think the people I work with make it worth it. I'd say a good majority of my close friends I've met through working or being involved at Gilman in some way, and those that I didn't meet there have participated in Gilman at some point because of there friendship with me. And seeing kids have a good time and bop around is always a good feeling, no matter how much of a pain in the ass they can be sometimes.

Jemuel: Lauren, the Stoar worker for most of the time I was coordinating, told me that Gilman is like an abusive relationship. Half the time Gilman is ignoring you, calling you stupid and occasionally slapping you around. You cry, "I'm going to leave you, Gilman! I hate you, I swear I do!" Then one day a year Gilman brings you flowers and you're like, "I luuuuuuuuuv you, Gilman."

What do you see in Gilman's future?

Ryan E.: Gilman's future... 20 person shows, 600 person shows, straightedge shows, crust punk shows, hipster shows, local band nights, struggling bands, troublemakers, new volunteers, headaches, heartbreaks, and epiphanies. I just see Gilman doing what it's been doing for the last 20 years and hopefully kicking just as much ass for another 20 years.

Mike Raskin: Gilman runs in a cycle. It does really well for a while and then it slows way down. Gilman's in a rut right now but it'll pull out. A new breed of volunteers will come and they will bring new patrons, and the club will rise again. Good luck to Ryan E., the new head coordinator. I have a feeling he can bring a lot to the club.

Ben: I see about five years more and then I think the financial bottom will drop out. But until then I see a lot of good times. More punk proms which are a blast to put together...more crappy bands, and more great bands...more bickering at meetings, more friends, more basketball.

I think if there's any major change it will come from opening the club one more night a week, or going non-profit and beginning to look into grants. That would keep us a float a bit longer financially, but I don't know how well it will go over in the punk community. We'd probably be catering to a larger community at that point, which isn't all bad.

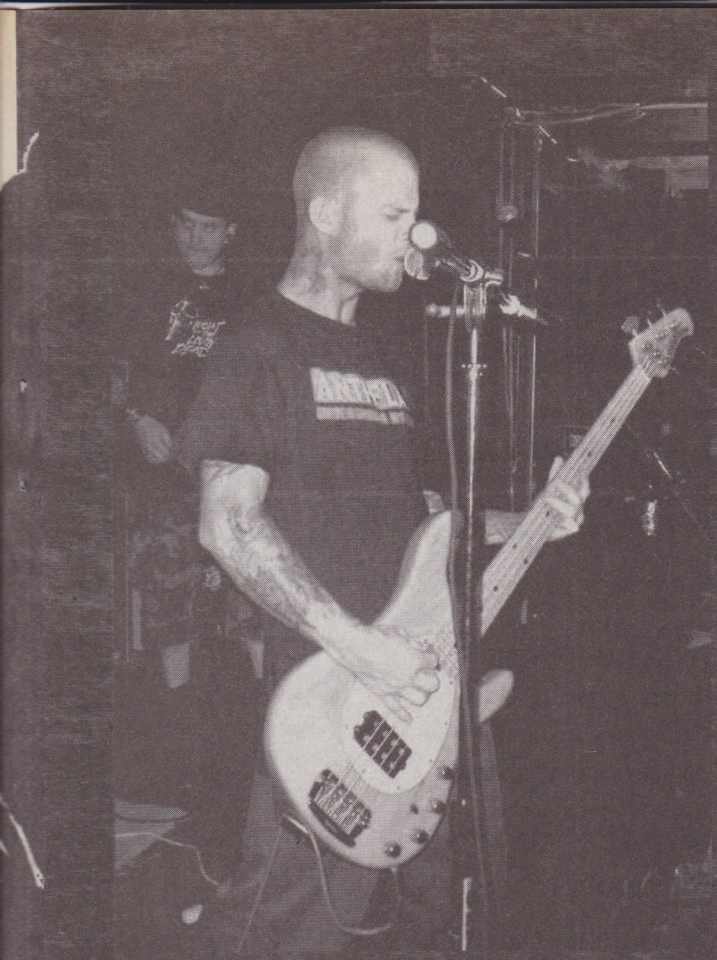
Jemuel: Death. Or change. The neighborhood is getting more and more of a place for well-to-do's to drink. When I started, half of the people who volunteered lived right by the club. Jesse Luscious and Jeremy Spew literally lived a block away, as did Al Blotto. No one does now, that I know off. Everyone lives in a warehouse in West Oakland these days. Gilman is bleeding money, the scene is elsewhere, the ever-present lack of volunteers. Gilman could just go up and die, really easily. I'd like to see Gilman pack up and leave, reorganize with our resources with another collective, The Long Haul maybe, and do everything we can't do now. Weekday events, actual community organization, more events and less shows—a clubhouse rather than a club. Someone should organize all that. 1-2-3 not it!

Ariel Awesome: I have no idea, and that's kind of scary and kind of exciting. I have no illusions that the club will continue on and on forever—which is good. I'm scared of losing this place that means a lot to me, and I'm motivated to work to keep it. I can't predict Gilman's future in the slightest... I guess we'll just have to make it up as we go.

If you're interested in learning more about Gilman's history, you should totally check out the book *924 Gilman: The Story So Far...*, available from MRR (see the full page ad in this issue). To see what's going on at Gilman, check out the website at www.924gilman.org. And if you want to volunteer, all you have to do is show up one hour before any show (they almost always start at 8:00) and talk to any of the volunteers there. We need your help!

Thanks to Larry Wolfley and Jemuel for the photos on last-minute's notice, everyone who took part in this little "survey" (sorry if i didn't get around to asking everyone—once again, this was a last minute thing), and to Ariel, who helped come up with the concept and the questions for this. And of course thanks to all the kids, young and old, who continue to support Gilman and the scene.

See you at the 20th anniversary weekend, Dec. 29-31, 2006! Bands! Food! Basketball! Chess! (Chess?!) ...And we'll see you at the 30th anniversary, too! ...And the 40th!...



ORDER OF THE WHITE ROSE

Interview and photos by Kai Nishiki

MRR: Where did you get the name Order of the White Rose?
Steve: I learned about the White Rose in a literature class I was taking at Maui Community College, my professor wanted us to understand the power that students can, and should, wield. She had us read a children's book entitled, *Rose Blanche*, which was about a little girl who found out about the concentration camps at the edge of her town. At the risk of her life, Rose would go and feed the prisoners her own lunch. I was really moved by this and researched the history of the White Rose students. It was amazing to see that there were students who stood up to the Nazi regime.

MRR: What are you doing to live up to that name? To name a punk rock band after the students who were killed for distributing leaflets is a pretty bold move, don't you think?
Steve: I agree completely. I think that by naming ourselves after the students, we took on a big responsibility and it is one that I don't take lightly. And that is what I feel my professor was challenging me to do. I think she wanted her students to use critical thinking and ask themselves what they would do in Rose Blanche's position. I feel very strongly that we need to be more than a band. I am working on ways to address many of the issues that we face in Hawaii today, whether it is corporate tourism and the prostitution of Hawaiian culture, or homelessness and hunger in Hawaii, as well as reforestation projects here on Maui.
Nate: I think the awareness we raise by choosing this name is reason enough, especially in this society where you can protest wherever and whenever you want without fear of reprisal. I think it's time we realize if we actually want change, it is going to cost a little more than rubber bullets and tear gas.
Steve: The Islands of Oceania, which are usually seen as vacation spots or playgrounds for the rich are angry. Samoa was taken over and parceled up by the Europeans and the US, similar to the way Africa was. The atolls of Tokelau are in danger of being lost to the ocean, due to the sea-level rising. Many people believe that in order for the islands of Oceania to throw off the chains of globalization that they want to return to primitivism; I, however, disagree. Many of the people of Oceania, the thinkers and the intellectuals, want the island to be self-sustaining and exist without having their natural resources stripped and

sold. This isn't a rejection of modernism. This is for our own survival. We cannot afford to pay high fuel costs to have food shipped here when we can grow our own food.

MRR: You are not from Hawaii, why would you take on Hawaiian issues?
Steve: You are right. I'm not Hawaiian. I'm from Michigan. However, I feel that it is my responsibility, as an outsider, to understand the illegal takeover of the Hawaiian nation if I am to live here. I owe it to myself to see what happened here, and what is happening here. They didn't teach me the *real* history of Hawaii when I grew up in Michigan. We were told that Hawaii voted to be the 50th state. What they didn't tell us is that Hawaii was offered two choices: a) become a state or b) remain a territory. The option to regain their sovereignty wasn't offered. After reading about George Helm and what happened in Kahoolawe when they tried to stop the Navy from bombing the island, I felt that I had to do a lot more than go surfing and revel in the beauty of Hawaii. Just the other day I was visiting my sister-in-law on Oahu and during the entire day, we could hear munitions being exploded and the Navy practicing bombing missions nearby. What needs to be understood is that the fresh water table sits on top of the salt-water table, within a sort of cup. If that is cracked, like they believe happened to Kahoolawe, the island of Oahu will not be able to sustain itself.
Nate: One thing I have been particularly interested in has been US foreign policy throughout its history and this is just another example of us spreading our empire at the expense of indigenous people and their culture.

MRR: What are some of your goals musically?
Steve: Like I said, I hope to be more than a band. I hope to connect on a personal as well as a musical level. That's really important to me.
Nate: One of the main things that attracted me to punk rock was the awareness it raises about various social causes whether it is homelessness, racism, women's rights, or the anti-war movements. I am not African American but I agree with and support the civil rights movement. If I lived back in the sixties, I would have marched and protested for civil rights. I am not from the mountains of Chiapas, but I believe as human beings everyone is entitled to the same quality of life as myself. I am not a woman but I believe that no human being should have to be abused because of gender.
Steve: I hope to raise more awareness. I know a couple of women who have gone through the Women Helping Women program on Maui, in order to get out of violent relationships. Women Helping Women provides lawyers and advice to abused women. If anything, I want to be a vehicle of information as a band, and look for hope when there doesn't seem to be any.

MRR: What makes you think your band is special? Don't you think there are enough punk rock bands out there?
Steve: I have loved punk rock for a long time. I'm 38 years old and have participated in it since I was 13 years old. I do think there are a lot of crappy bands out there, but I don't think we are one of them. I think that sonically we are a really powerful band. We don't play really fast blast beats or growl like the cookie monster, but we do play aggressive music with a lot of melody. Back in the eighties, I saw bands like DOA and Ruin and those bands blew me away. When Nate and I talked about putting a band together, those were two of the bands that came to mind. I wanted to rock as hard as they did and I don't see bands doing that anymore. I don't know if that makes us special or not, but I don't hear too many bands that sound like us.
Nate: I started listening to punk when I was 14 and it has shaped who I am as a person more almost anything in my life so this is something I cannot help but do. As far as other bands are concerned, I think our sound is more of a resurrection of the old stuff rather than another dressed-to-kill bands that sound like everyone else.
Steve: I have been asked if we play old school hardcore and my reply is always "No." I'm not interested in being a revival band, but we play this way because this is how I write songs. This is the way I play guitar. In 1981 we didn't call it old school. To quote David Hayes, "It was pre-school." We play the music that we want to hear.

MRR: What is the scene like in Hawaii?
Steve: On Maui, where we play the most, the scene is pretty small. When we play all-ages shows, they are pretty well attended, but for the most part, there isn't that big of a rock music scene. The funny thing is that there are some really great bands here. Khrinj, who are

This isn't a rejection of modernism. This is for our own survival.

our local metal band are absolutely amazing. Every time I see them play I'm blown away by their sheer ferocity. Gomega is another great band from Maui. On Oahu, there are a ton of kids and adults in the scene and lots of bands. The Hell Caminos are our local psychobilly band, Black Square is reggae-influenced punk and 86-List is a great punk rock band. We have also made friends with The Insurgents from Oahu and they put on a great live show. Unity Crayons is a local collective on Oahu and they put together a lot of great all-ages shows. To be honest with you, I haven't ever seen such hard working people in the punk scene before. And they do it on a volunteer basis! I'm really proud to work with people like that.

Nate: On Maui, where we live, the scene is small but growing. The lack of venues is one of the main reasons it is so small. On Oahu the scene is pretty cool with Unity Crayons putting on a lot of all-ages shows.

Steve: And even on Oahu, keeping all-ages venues open is very hard. It's a testimony to their hard work that they have shows as often as they do.

MRR: What are your feelings about Myspace? How do you justify using a website owned by Rupert Murdoch and the Fox news corporation?

Steve: I don't like the fact that Rupert Murdoch owns Myspace. I know that eventually they will find a way to ruin it. According to *Wired* magazine though, they really don't know what to do with it yet. Recently though, the military has been using Myspace to recruit kids. I'm not cool with that at all. I have to say though; I have met a lot of really cool people on Myspace. It has been really good to White Rose. Instead of us using it to beg people to "check out our band," we just promote ideas and try to be nice to people. That's not a marketing strategy though, I see it as an extension of what zines do and did in the past. I loved reading *MRR* and sending letters to SNFU or Final Conflict, asking them for an interview when I wrote my fanzine. On Myspace, I can talk to them directly. Where else would I get to talk to Mike Watt or Bruce Loose? I never got to see the Minutemen or Flipper, but I do get to message them and they answer back. I think that is really cool. We have met so many cool people on Myspace that it outweighs many of the negatives in my opinion. I don't think that Murdoch would agree with any of our positions on anything and it's great to use his own weapons against him and his corporation. However, as a father, I am concerned about sexual predators on Myspace and it does provide a forum for adults to interact with underage kids. I'm not sure what the solution is to that other than parents can take an active role in their kids lives and try to make sure that they are safe-guarded against perverts.

Nate: How many trees do they chop down to print a single month of *MRR*? Even if the paper is recycled, what corporation is it bought from?

Steve: I think it is very difficult to remove oneself from the taint of corporations. I do everything I can to support local farming and local businesses. We use a lot of other internet forums as well, but Myspace seems to be very popular right now.

Nate: I drive a truck to haul my drums to shows and we use Myspace to spread our anti-corporate message. In a way, I guess we are using this system to work against itself. We are all guilty in some way, I mean, they kill trees for postage stamps and envelopes. If Rupert Murdoch is spreading Republican-fascist ideology, I say, let's use his evil for something good.

Steve: I also just read that Myspace is going to sell music through their site. I'm not sure how that is going to work, if bands have to sign up for something or not. If it turns out that we have to be in a contract with Myspace, I probably will vote to take the band off of that website. It's one thing to use it for free, it's another thing to put money in the Fox corporate hands directly and have them profit off of our music. That is something I'm not comfortable with.

MRR: What are your goals as a band?

Steve: I would love to be able to travel as a band and tour. Right now, it's financial suicide for a band from Hawaii like ours to tour. The logistics of us coming over without a lot of help are really tough. I hope to tour the continent next summer. We have a lot of songs ready for the next CD as well and I'm really excited about recording them. I love working in the studio and recording, and the next CD should be amazing. We also are going to put out some 7"s as well, hopefully this fall, and we are always looking for new ways to release our music.

Nate: Steve pretty much capped that one. However, next time we record, we are going to try to use mind-control riffs to get people to like us more.

MRR: Any other things you would like to say?

Steve: I hope that we can connect with people. I'm really excited about our new CD and would love to hear from people. They can order it from us for $12.00 postage paid to PO Box 880908, Pukalani, HI, 96788. We also have T-shirts and stickers available.

REGRESS

Who, in the early 1980s, would have seriously thought that 2006 could be any worse? Even during the heyday of hardcore, who would have imagined that we would have a president that is somehow more evangelical and more reactionary (and less elected) than Ronald Reagan? Who would have thought that the Moral Majority, no longer content at the fringes of US politics, would have increasingly forced their way into Congress and statehouses across the country and been taken seriously? More importantly, who would have thought you'd be able to hear "punk" music playing over the sound system at your local mall? Chicago's Regress has been saying shit is fucked up since 1996. Reacting to the dark days we're living in, the band plays blistering hardcore that rips into the GOP and the current punk scene in equal measure. And, like a lot of the old-school Chicago bands that spawned Regress, the band infuses their socially aware songs which rarely hit the one-minute mark with a sense of humor. Over the past ten years, they've has released two EPs The Price of Power in 2000 on Won't Go Flat followed by Look Who's Pulling the Strings in 2004 on Lengua Armada, an average of one 7" every five years and are hard at work on their first full-length. As singer and bassist Joe Losurdo is quick to point out, each member of Regress is involved with other bands, perhaps contributing to the glacial pace of their output. Losurdo, for one, has started Regressive Films and is currently working on You Weren't There: The History of Chicago Punk 1977-1984, a full-length documentary about the city's storied punk scene featuring archival footage and recent interviews of bands like Naked Raygun, Effigies, and Articles of Faith. The trailer can be seen on You Tube and at the movie's website (www.regressivefilms.com). Losurdo recently took a few minutes to use the high-speed internet data highway to discuss the band, their forthcoming album, the scene and why the kids in Eastern Europe get it. Interview and introduction by Aaron Lovell

MRR: How did Regress form?
Joe Losurdo: Regress was formed in 1996 by me, Joe Losurdo, on vocals and bass, Anthony Illarde on drums and Chopper Stepe on guitar. I was in Life Sentence, Anthony was in Rights of the Accused, and Chopper was in Negative Element, among others. Our collective age is 247.

MRR: Did your previous bands play together or did you know each other from the old scene?
Joe: Rights of the Accused and Negative Element played out together a lot. Life Sentence played with Rights of the Accused and with other Stepe brothers' bands like the Outbreaks, Caustic Defiance and Inspector Gadget. We've all played in other bands with each other as well.

MRR: Why did you want to start a hardcore band in 1996?
Joe: Why not? It can be very fun and cathartic.

MRR: Was it good to be playing hardcore again?
Joe: I think what happened was we were away from playing punk long enough to miss it. I think it's important to constantly try new things, musically and otherwise. All three of us are still involved in many non-punk musical projects.

MRR: What do you think about the current punk scene?
Joe: I would say that my biggest complaint about the punk scene today is how conservative it is. In the early '80s, it wasn't unusual to have such different groups like Flipper, the Minutemen, the Misfits, Discharge, Butthole Surfers and Die Kreuzen on the same bill. And it was all punk. It wasn't sub-genred to death.

MRR: How has your subject matter changed over the course of the George W. Bush administration and two 7"s?
Joe: I think as time goes on, more info sees the light of day and it's pretty shocking. We are living under soft fascism,
which appears to be becoming not-so-soft. These are historic, fucked-up times and it influences our music and lyrics.

MRR: Are you working on a full-length or are you going to keep putting out 7"s?
Joe: We are in the process of putting together a full length. Almost all the songs are written. We just have to record them and put it together. I'm busting my ass to make it our best record.

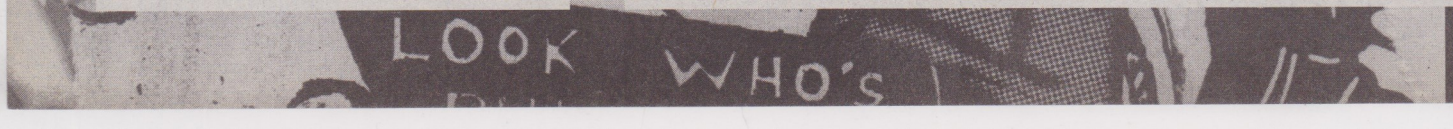
MRR: What are the songs are the new LP about?
Joe: Bush, Cheney, Rove, Rummy, corporate media, dehumanization, propaganda, imperialism, the usual suspects...and
more! As far as subject matter, this is a great time to play hardcore.

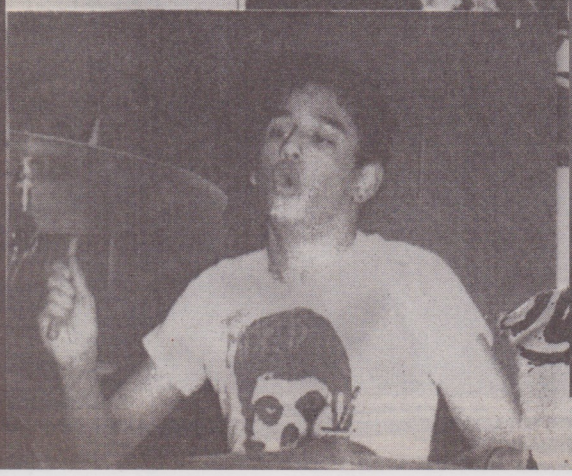
MRR: Musically, how will it be different from "The Price of Power" and "Look Who's Pulling the Strings"?
Joe: With each Regress record, we try a little harder. I think the next one is going to kick ass. At least, we'll think it does, and, in the end, that's all you can really hope for. I mean how can a bunch of cranky, old guys compete with liberty spikes and stretch jeans?

MRR: Do you have a label right now?
Joe: We don't have a label for it yet, so, if there are any interested parties, let us know.

MRR: You guys have a new song on the MRR comp that came out last month. What new songs did you do for that record?
Joe: We did a song called "Blue Blood" recorded by our friend Steve Bjorklund of the late, great Strike Under. We did it in my basement, like all the Regress stuff.

MRR: What is the song about?
Joe: "Blue Blood" is about the rich and powerful starting wars for power and profit and sending the poor and middle class off to fight and die in them. You would think that after a couple of thousand years people would figure out the con.





MRR: Are you playing shows right now?
Joe: I think we played three times this year, which is a record for us. I definitely want to play and tour more, especially to support the new record.

MRR: Didn't you recently tour Europe? How did that go?
Joe: We did a tour of Europe in 2005 and it was fan-fucking-tastic. We had a really good time and would love to go back, especially to Eastern Europe. Bratislava was off the hizzy, as the kids say.

MRR: Why? How is the scene different over there?
Joe: They seemed to really appreciate you and seemed to want to have a good time. Most of the shows we play and go to at home, the kids just seemed boring and bored. Except for the basement shows, those are usually fun.

MRR: Let's talk about the movie that you're working on. Why did you want to make a movie about the Chicago hardcore scene?
Joe: I always thought, "Wouldn't it be cool if someone did a documentary about the Chicago punk scene?" Well, years past and I quickly realized no one was going to, so I figured "What the hell, I'll give it a shot." I also felt that the Chicago scene was overlooked and didn't deserve to be. I should mention my wife, Chris, is doing the film with me. She's the other half of Regressive Films.

MRR: It does seem like Chicago hardcore gets overlooked quite a bit. Why do you think this is?
Joe: As the Replacements said, we're "Stuck in the middle." Being on the coasts means you're closer to the media and entertainment centers of New York and Los Angeles and that does make a difference. I also think being in Chicago allowed you a little more freedom to try different things, which made the scene pretty interesting from a musical standpoint. Articles of Faith didn't sound like Naked Raygun who didn't sound like End Result who didn't sound like DV8. Yet all those bands played shows together and supported each other.

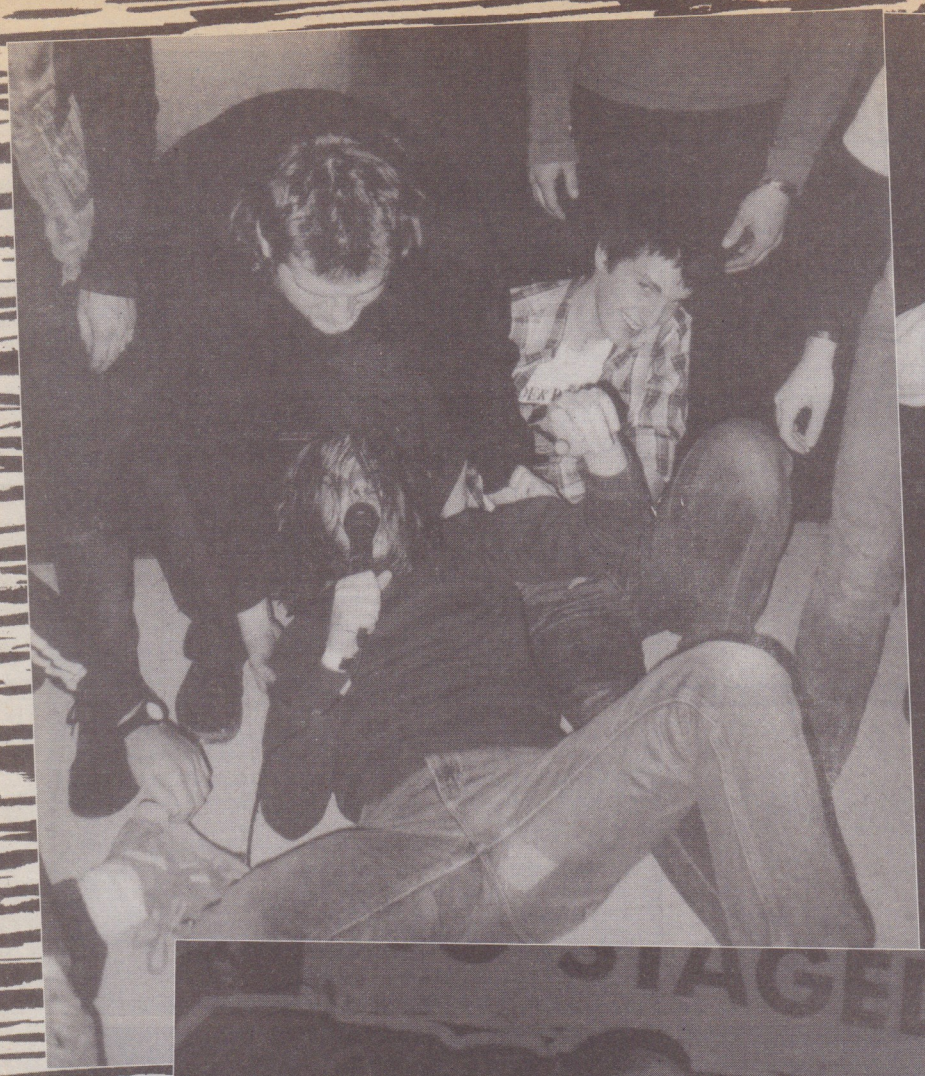
MRR: What Chicago bands did you speak with for the documentary?
Joe: We've interviewed quite a few people at this point: Members of Naked Raygun, the Effigies, Strike Under, Articles Of Faith and lesser-known greats such as Negative Element, Subverts, Seismic Waves, DA, Silver Abuse, as well as DJs, club owners and other people who were active in the scene.

MRR: What has been the most challenging part of working on and making the movie so far?
Joe: Getting people to call you back. That's pretty much is the main stumbling block for doing any sort of project.

MRR: When is the film going to be finished?
Joe: We're shooting for 2007, anywhere between January and December.

Contact: regressnow@yahoo.com

look back & laugh at 924 gilman
photo by martin sorrondeguy

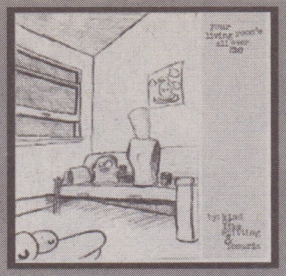


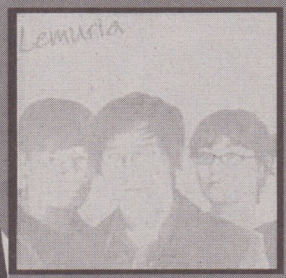
(left) brain handle. (right) chronic seizure
photos by michael holatko

knife fight at 924 gilman
photo by martin sorrondeguy

LEMURIA

RELEASES ON ART OF THE UNDERGROUND





LEMURIA / KIND OF LIKE SPITTING LP/CD $10 PPD

MRR Review issue #281 Oct. 2006:

I reviewed another split Lemuria was on an issue or two ago and I'm stoked I get to do it again. Lemuria is for the most part lady-fronted pop-punk-informed rock 'n' roll. This time around they've got a little more of the indie tossed into that rock 'n' roll. Lemuria has some really romantic poetic lyrics that haven't made me cringe yet...which is really rare. I mean, how many different ways can you say you love/miss someone before it loses all meaning? Thankfully these three found a few more. Lemuria is perfect summer driving music... especially if you're driving to the other half of your long distance relationship. Overall another bitchin' record from Art of the Underground, which is starting to become one of my favorite labels. They've really picked up the pace this year. (ST)

LEMURIA / FRAME 7" EP $5 PPD

MRR Review issue #279 Aug. 2006:

Dual-vocal female fronted pop-punk informed rock 'n' roll. This is treacherous ground to tread. It's easy to step into something you really don't want to but Lemuria interrogated a German paratrooper and determined where the mines are and thankfully aren't leading us astray. They fill out their side of this 7" very nicely and I think a purple heart and full-length record are very deserving. (ST)

LEMURIA - S/T 7"/CD EP $5 PPD

MRR Review issue #269 Oct. 2005:

Did someone turn the clocks back to 1990? A great 7" from a band that looks like your next door neighbors with a house full of roommates. A four-songer here with good gal / guy vocals from this trio, who dish out some punky pop with and indie feel. No CD filler here. Brings back the memories of the first Superchunk (Chunk) and Discount singles to name a few. A great new single from a great new band – that is a must for you 90s indie types. (RL)

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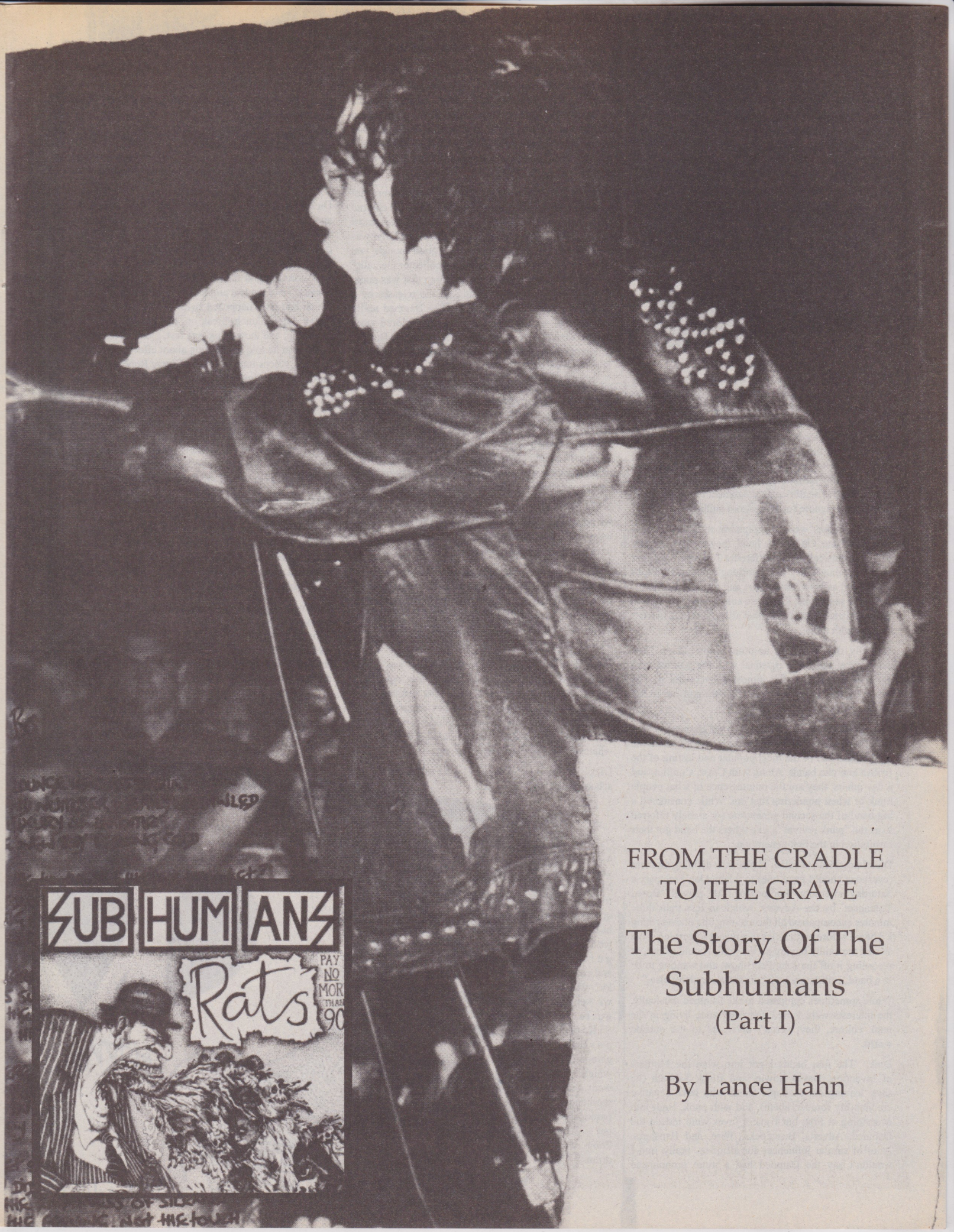
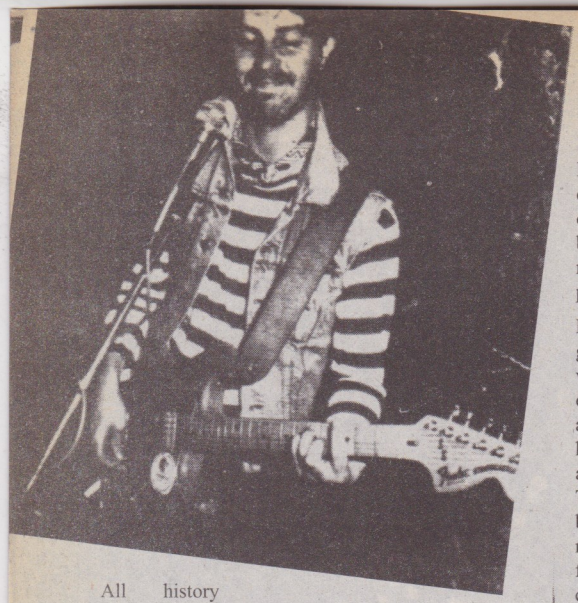


FROM THE CRADLE
TO THE GRAVE

The Story Of The Subhumans
(Part I)

By Lance Hahn



All history books, or any nonfiction, are to a certain degree subjective. What passes for news or information on any level is written with the objective of objectivity. But the reality is that it is, at best, a goal, and no written word can ever be totally free of prejudice. That leads us to the Subhumans. As much as I respect what they do and stand for and want to write, you know, just the facts, the reality for me is that they were one of my all-time favorite bands and have always had the kind of sentimental attachment to me that most people try to ignore (or at least not publicize).

The Subhumans were an epiphany for thousands of people like me. On the one hand, they were constantly evolving musically. The difference between their first 7" and the music they were working on before the split is as broad as between the first and last Clash albums. But at the same time, they were able to maintain certain characteristics in the music that allowed for the listener to grow with them.

Lyrically, they were like no other group before. They perfectly matched the personal with the political and did it in a way that felt almost conversational. The approach was open and approachable and never felt like a lecture.

The combination of musical and lyrical elements (along with some lucky breaks along the way) has made the Subhumans one of the most popular and lasting of the British anarcho bands. Along with Crass, Conflict, and a few others, they are the quintessence of what people think of when pondering that era. While considered a big band of the second generation (or snidely referred to as the "punk revival"), like others the band got their inspiration in the first generation.

Dick Lucas, lead vocalist: "I place the defining moment (everyone should have one) to when Alan Freeman, a Saturday afternoon Radio One DJ, played 'Bored Teenagers' by the Adverts, which in less than three minutes encompassed all the exciting bits of everything I'd heard before, with lyrics that meant something. That started me avidly buying all the punk I could afford, or recording it off the John Peel show, and wanting to be in a band, cutting my own hair and everything else."

While sometimes compared to the Damned musically, the interests were varied and even once living in the punk culture, they weren't oblivious to the outside world.

Dick: "The first bands I got into were the Mothers of Invention, David Bowie, and Black Sabbath (he says, leaving out a coupla bands who have negative creditability forever, ahem), and with punk, I got into everything at first, but I guess faves were indeed the Damned, Adverts, Buzzcocks, Wire, and Banshees. A lot of similar influences for all of us, really, and I wouldn't say the Damned had a more pronounced influence than anyone else."

Like many other alienated kids, the easiest way to feel like a part of something was the appeal of punk records, especially the singles. There came an exciting feeling of fear with a lot of those records. They were scorned by society and were often difficult to find. Underground records would be one of the safest addictions related to punk.

Dick: "Most punk singles, then and now, were not going to be in any shops for long, especially the colored vinyl ones, or those one-pressing-only DIY ones (most of 'em), so the very act of getting the actual vinyl was a mission itself. Taped music wasn't good enough; you had to get the real thing. It wasn't a collector mentality at first; it was wanting to hear anything that was punk. The collector thing was getting all the releases by a band, even the different sleeves. The Damned really milked this, with different sleeves and colored vinyl for the same 7" ("Love Song," for instance). But my collector mind turned off if the next single was shit. There was a limit!

"It all began though with getting a copy of *Spunk*, a bootleg LP of the Pistols' *Bollocks* sessions, and for a coupla years I collected as many bootlegs on vinyl and on cassette as I could afford, as well as the normal releases. As many of the live bootlegs were atrocious quality, I started getting selective. I still have hundreds of unlistenable tapes though—any offers? What does one do with heaps of historically interesting but audibly shite cassettes?"

At this point, most people interested in punk would want to be in a band. But only certain people would have the extra drive to actually do it.

Dick: "When Steve and SiKick wanted a singer for the Mental, I leapt at it, so the idea must've been there, but then, who didn't want to be in a band? Just to have a go, like all these bands were doing! Punk removed the myth that you had to be Special Somehow to be in a band, and opened it out to anyone."

Formed in November 1978, the Mental was a raw punk band utilizing a handful of chords not unlike the Adverts' early singles. Even in that stripped down format, you can hear one of the key elements of the Subhumans. No matter what musical progression, the vocals are distinct. Half shouted, they still find whatever melody there is in the song.

Dick: "My brother, Steve, and I were at boarding school when punk started, and got the Mental together on the back of getting guitars and a drum kit, which we kept at guitarist SiKick's parents' garage, to which we went every weekend to practice and get drunk. Toby was on drums, Steve on bass, I sang because I couldn't play anything and wanted to do something."

Over the next couple of years, they were only sporadically busy.

Dick: "We only did ten gigs, all of which were chaotic, small and messy."

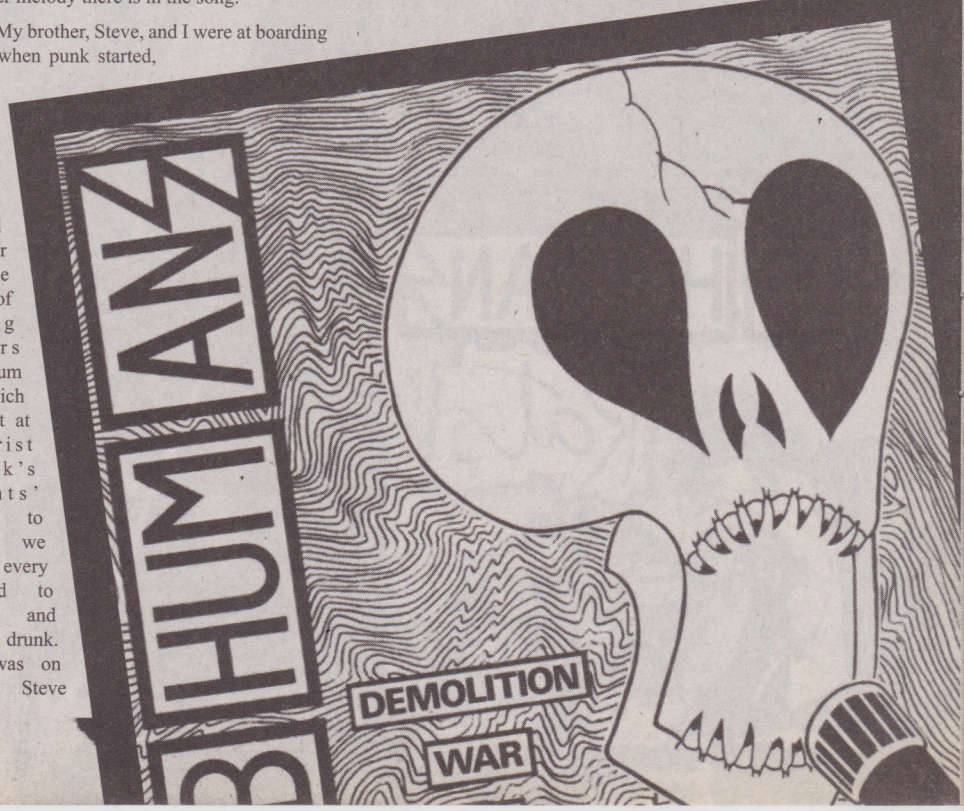
The culmination of their work was an amazing four-song 7" titled *Extended Play*.

Dick: "The one EP we did was our first time in a studio, and the engineer was devoid of any advice as to making us sound better or as to what he could do with all that gear, so we plugged in and played live. We played each song twice, except '18,' which despite the out-of-time drumming at the start was deemed good enough because we'd made it all the way to the end of the song, which had only happened twice before! The engineer had a liquid lunch break in the nearby pub after recording, and the mixing was fast, mostly because we knew [and he told us] nothing about effects. We turned our four voices into 16 for the 'Harry Roberts' bit, but that's as far as gimmickry went. We hadn't known what to expect, but the experience certainly wiped out any imagined awe at what studios must be like. After that we did two demo tapes in other studios, the second of which would've been a killer EP, but we split up. Having left school by now, the long distance practice trips were getting to be too much hassle, so me and Steve quit to get something more local together."

Starting with some room noises and a bit of feedback, the band lurches into "God For A Day" and doesn't really let up. There is certainly a sense that things are just barely being held together and could collapse at any moment. It's an exciting record and not just for historical reasons. Self-released in 1979 under the label Kamikaze Pig Records, 600 copies were pressed in all.

Before splitting, as most high school bands do, the group recorded a second batch of songs including "Party Political Bullshit" and "Attack." The four tracks were meant to be a second EP titled *Shoot The Hostages*. Recorded in June of 1980, the EP never happened and the band was done by August.

Steve and Dick had already begun work on a new band. Starting in September of 1979, the band Wild Youth had started with Herb from fellow Warminster band, Stupid Humans.



Dick: "I was in the *idea* of Wild Youth, but two weeks later I took the offer to join the Subhumans."

The other two members of the Mental went on to do a few more low-key musical projects.

Dick: "Toby's (Mental's first bassist) Plastic Sandwiches released an EP, but I never did get one, and didn't see Toby from '79 to last December!

"Death Trip, SiKick's next band, released a sticker, but that was about it."

In the small town of Warminster, the other part of the picture was forming in the Stupid Humans. A clearer prototype of the Subhumans, this group not only featured the band's architect in guitarist Bruce, but also drummer Andy and a dozen or so songs, half of which would make up the Subhumans' first set.

Dick: "I met Bruce (guitar) and Ju (vocals) of Stupid Humans at an Angelic Upstarts gig in '79, and we were all in bands (it felt like everyone was in bands then) and I kept in contact by going to see them practice and hang out (as it wasn't called then). We did two or three gigs together, the best of which was supporting Vice Squad in their home town, Warminster."

Starting in September of 1979, the Stupid Humans were also made up of Wessex kids trying to get something going. Vocalist Ju had started Addics in July of 1978, while guitarist Bruce was playing with OPM in November. By February of 1979, the two had hooked up with drummer Andy and bassist Nige in the band Vermin. Nige would take his own path via the A-Heads and eventually the post-Subhmans outfit, Culture Shock. But to make things more confusing, Bruce, Andy and Ju formed Maggotz in May 1979 (no relationship to the Nick Blinko band of the same name) evolving into the Stupid Humans in September. Okay?

Dick: "These early bands had had one or two or less gigs each, and only Vermin did a tape, recorded in Bruce's mum's kitchen. Basic tunes, but tunes all the same. The music for "Curl Up and Die" (on Subhumans' *Unfinished Business* CD) was originally a Vermin tune."

Raw punk, though not as fast, it's no surprise how together the early Subhumans recordings were, considering as early as 1979 the Stupid Humans were playing songs like "Get Out Of My Way," "Ashtray Dirt," "All Gone Dead," and "First Aid." Other classics that never made it out of the demo stage (one recorded in January 1980, the other that March) included "Sid," "Try" and "The Fuzz." Rudiments of even those parts can be heard in new configurations scattered across early Subhumans releases.

Dick: "Both tapes—one a home recording, the other a 4-track tape (done at the same place as the last Mental session)—both ended up on a recently released CD on Bluurg. Initially they went out to several new labels but to little or no response, bar one that went bust shortly afterwards.

"Several songs ended up being Subhumans songs, e.g. 'Society, 'All Gone Dead,' 'Killing,' 'Drugs of Youth…'"

As was the transient nature of the time, Ju left the band in April of 1980.

Dick: "Ju leaving was what ended Stupid Humans, so in the search for a singer the band became 'sub-human,' i.e. minus one human. All of the first songs were Ju's writings until I started singing my own."

By May, the Subhumans had formed, though not in the way recognized today.

Dick: "Polly sang for a few weeks of practices, then got fed up with it, or not. Either way she left town and no one knows where she went. She had a strong voice in a shrieky sort of way."

That initial lineup lasted about a month, with Polly vanishing and Herb leaving to play bass with Wild Youth. Grant was quickly added on bass and after a couple of months trying to make it as a trio, Dick was invite on as vocalist.

Dick: "I met all three as an outsider to the Warminster scene, in which Andy and Bruce were in Stupid Humans, and Grant in Audio Torture. My introduction to that scene (I lived 20 miles away in Melksham, where Steve and I were the scene) was through meeting Ju and Bruce at the Upstarts gig mentioned earlier, where I asked them if they were in a band. (They must have had some air about them I guess.) They were, and so was I, so there was a link to go and visit and see them practice. After Ju left, I joined to sing (August '80), as the Mental had just split, and Bruce didn't want to sing as well as play guitar."

Within a few weeks of solidifying this lineup, the group was playing live shows in Warminster. Early recordings show how tight the young band was and despite the musical chaos usually associated with the term punk, the group from then on was known for their proficient and surprisingly musical sound.

Dick: "Each of the 16 gigs we did in our first year was an event. Most were local; the first was stopped by the police, due to complaints from the locals. The tenth was a coach trip of local punks to the far realms of Stevenage, where we, and I quote, 'blew Discharge off stage.' Pete the Roadie got a brick in the head at the fifteenth, when an irate neighbor threw it into the back garden party we were playing at."

By March of 1981, they had recorded enough material to make up their first demo. The 24-track *Demolition War* featured raw and amped up versions of most of the songs making up the group's earliest releases. As rough as the recordings sound, even in those tapes you get the sense that this band was a big step forward from their previous groups, in terms of musical sophistication and pure excitement. The fact that all three recordings that made up the demo were in front of an audience surely must have helped in the energy level.

Dick: "The *Demolition War* tape was 24 songs recorded in three parts, all live, one with a small crowd at Bruce's sister's DIY-style fashion show in a room over a pub, and two in the Youth Center we (and all the other bands locally) practiced in. We used a reel-to-reel tape deck and two mics and went through most of our songs at the time. Only two songs didn't end up being used later, 'Trowbridge Park' and 'Pisshead.'."

Trading tapes was nothing new and even in this case, the *Demolition War* demo would be the seventh release on Dick's already existing label, Bluurg Tapes.

Dick: "I was recording gigs on a tape recorder (that old bootleg mentality!), then taping the band I was in, and other local bands live and at practices, and I decided to get people hearing it, so I made a list and started sending it to people who wrote to me, and inserting it into record sleeves. The cost started at 'a blank tape + 20p,' which covered postage, so it was more or less free music."

Following the release of that tape, however, Andy split to join the newly forming A-Heads.

Dick: "Andy got fed up with the lack of studio work. A month later we got to record *Demolition War* EP, so that was bad timing."

But by the following month, the Subhumans were up and running again, getting ready to record with new drummer, the enigma that is Trotsky.

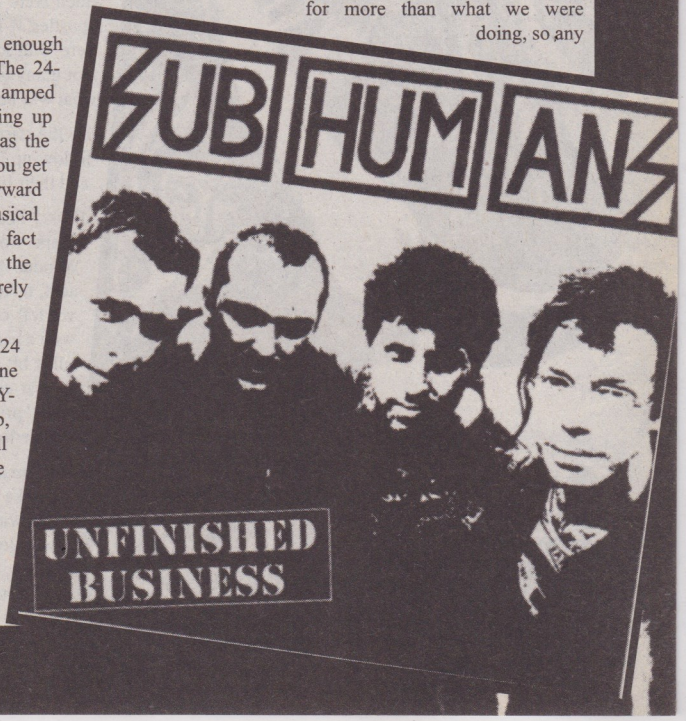
Dick: "Trotsky was (and is!) the brother of a schoolmate of Bruce's; he had long hair and an Afghan coat and a drum kit! Which was a real rarity, especially at the age of 15. Trotsky was already his name, it's a nickname based on his surname."

While not totally enveloped in the anarcho scene, the fact that there was a scene at all in Warminster was pretty impressive; the band definitely related to and understood Crass in those early stages.

Dick: "We didn't feel especially part of anything other than punk rock, and we liked Crass and other anarcho bands as much as Discharge or Wire. In terms of attitude influence, Crass' lyrics certainly woke up and inspired similar ways of looking at life, and the place music has in it, i.e. not solely for entertainment, but as a platform for communication of ideas and information. Zines were concentrating on 'Crass bands' for the fact their members had so much more to say than promoting the latest release, and that was just one way that Crass' influence was making punk something to take seriously. Sometimes *too* seriously, it seemed, but it needed to be done."

Whereas many bands outside of London felt some difficulty making progress living outside of England's alleged cultural vanguard, the Subhumans were for the most part more interested in their own personal development not relying on regular trips into the metropolis for publicity and redemption.

Dick: "Harder? It didn't seem so. We weren't aiming for more than what we were doing, so any



London gigs or interviews in London zines or (as later happened) coverage in music papers generated much nervous excitement and happiness at the exposure, but we didn't presume we 'deserved' it. There was no master plan, except to play and create as much as possible. Certainly London bands had faster access to getting known and putting records out, but on the other hand by the time we put out our first record we had a heap of tunes to choose from; and when we did play London, people turned up in numbers because it didn't happen every week."

But even with such an aloof attitude, the group had captured the attention of many people by the time Trotsky joined. One group was Flux of Pink Indians, who had just started their own imprint, Spiderleg Records.

Dick: "Flux rang up asking us to play with them at three gigs around the country in September '81, which went really well; they'd already asked us to go onto their label, Spiderleg, with our first EP, having heard a live tape of ours. There was no contract, we were free to choose songs, do our own artwork and set the cover price (as low as possible). Flux were on Crass records and carried on Spiderleg in the same DIY trust-based way that they did."

Having released two 7"s by their previous band, the Epileptics, the Subhumans' *Demolition War* EP became the first release on Spiderleg since becoming Flux Of Pink Indians. Managing six songs on the record, songs like "Drugs Of Youth" and "Society" spanned back to the earliest days of the Stupid Humans, while others were fresh.

Dick: "Songs on all EPs were a mix of old and new, fast and slow, and ideally would run into each other, as they do on this one. How to choose? Debate, voting, insistence, the usual process?!"

Fast and furious, this seminal hardcore record is propelled by busy and somewhat complex arrangements that, when played at lightening pace, are impressively dexterous. With compelling energetic but tuneful vocals, the band barely sounds contained. The record comes off feeling more like a snapshot of their live sound.

Dick: "The sound is a bit rough, and the vocals nervous and stretched, but it was the first time, and done in a day, so it captures how we were at the time. We re-recorded two of the songs years later, armed with much more studio experience, but the results didn't have the same feel at all."

Even on their first EP, the band was heading in a new direction. By the last track, "Human Error," they had introduced a mutated version of reggae that would become part of their trademark and musical territory of evolution.

Dick: "Positive reviews largely highlighting our veering away from 'standard' punk by doing the off-white reggae of 'Human Error'…and managing to fit six songs on a 7"."

While the record lyrically was a mix of Dick, Bruce and Ju, it did manage to touch on much of the subject matter that would appeal to the Flux audience. But in addition, there was already the indication of Dick's more personalized songwriting injecting his worldview as opinion as well as statement.

Well I won't fight for my country
Because the government wouldn't fight for me
They can't afford the dole money
So they'll put the unemployed in the army

Dick: "My political stance was basic and instinctive along the lines of No More War and similar CND-style slogans, I hadn't gotten to the point of analyzing facts and figures, but just felt there was a lot of wrong going on. Add doses of social paranoia and cynicism, of which I had lots."

Originally used on their demo tape, the record cover also solidified that band's logo that could equally be related to as a raw symbol of the times or like a regrettable tattoo from your impetuous youth.

Dick: "I had the skull and mic idea. Grant drew the original picture. I did the three-bar logo too, and chose those straight-line S's because they were harder looking than the usual curvy ones. Try to look hard and see where that gets you! 25 years later those straightened S's are banned under the new anti-Nazi symbolism laws in Germany, due to the SS, and punks have been told to remove Subhumans patches or get arrested! Crazy."

The record was a wild success certainly in terms of independent or underground releases. The young group used it as an opportunity to play live and tighten up even more.

Dick: "The second year had 27 gigs, almost half of which were in London, with bands like Flux, Sinyx, Apostles, R-Peni, Part One, the Mob, and a lot of which were with locals the A-Heads and Organized Chaos. Not many gigs, but we were getting into the heart of what was becoming the anarcho-punk scene."

By the start of 1982, the group was ready to record a follow-up EP. With the success of both the debut EP and their live show, other labels came sniffing.

Dick: "For the second EP we were given two other offers from labels; Skunk Records and Small Wonder. At the Skunk meet-up a chap, possibly on acid, talked to us for half an hour about music and we left confused, noting on the way out a board with a page for a porn mag being laid out. That was all a bit dodgy. Small Wonder, an ace label, had a vast contract and couldn't do a 'pay-no-more-than' price tag due to overheads, so we stuck with Spiderleg."

In January, *Reason For Existence* was recorded. Unlike the first totally raw EP recorded at Pickwick, this one was recorded at Southern with John Loder. This would be the start of an on again, off again relationship ultimately leading to a long partnership with Southern. Recorded in the same studio used by Crass and Flux and many others of the genre, the four-track EP is powerful second release avoiding sophomore syndrome with equal performance ferocity but this time with much more clarity. The improvement in studio quality is especially noticeable in the drum sounds, which are powerful while having enough separation to hear every hit.

The ferocity of the music is once again expanded by the imaginative song structures. The odd time change in the title track leaves the more mid-tempo "Cancer" sounding like an all-encompassing summation.

Lyrically, the record features mostly newer lyrics from Dick that both continue in a direction of analysis with a growingly existential relation to it. The overall shift in tone is much darker than the first EP, mostly due to the newer lyrics with a somewhat Kafka-esque imagery that would grow with the band.

Gimme a break don't tell me
That life is great in the big city
It's all based on money and greed
Everything you'll ever need

Dick: "The next two EPs came out within months of each other, so the songs on both could've been on either record; any overall feel is therefore coincidental. 'RFE' and 'Cancer' are darker than most songs, whereas, say, 'Animal' is orange, these two are black. The front cover pic of me slouched in despair, and the opening lines of 'RFE,' do reflect a tendency to look on the dark side (but then challenge it rather than wallow in it), but the other songs 'Peroxide' and 'Big City' are fairly average bang-along early Subs style. It was our first recording at Southern Studios, and using far better recording equipment along with John Loder at the controls, who made us sound that much better."

That front cover photo, oddly reminiscent of Minor Threat's debut of the previous year, helped promote the idea of one person's despair against a collage backdrop of police lines. The rest of the artwork was much more literal.

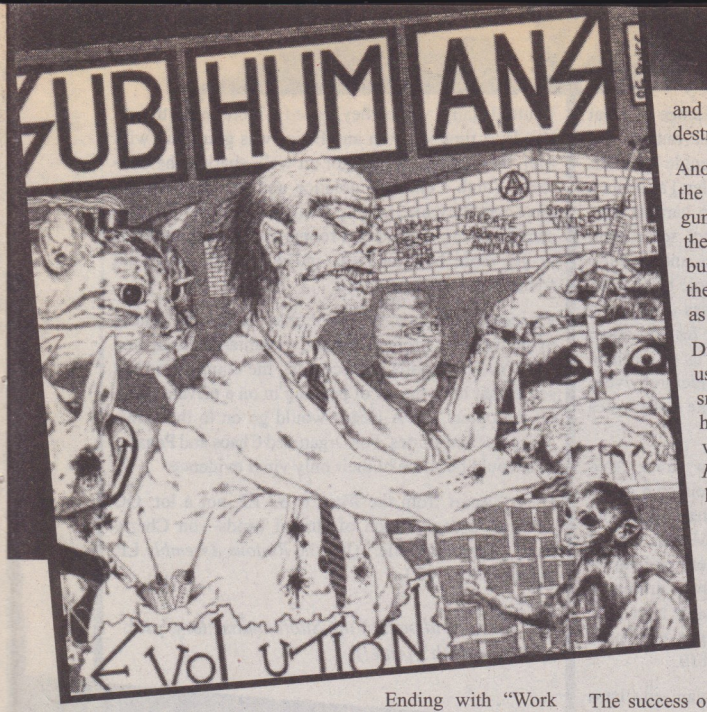
Dick: "I did the art except for two pics in the middle (the cops and the peroxide bottle), which Derek of Flux/Spiderleg drew at his insistence."

The record was another success, this time even getting a rave from the resident Oi! evangelist in the music press.

Dick: "Even Gary Bushell, who was steadily starting to mock any Crass-like bands, couldn't help but compare it favorably with an Infariot EP he also reviewed at the time, saying we knocked them into a 'cocked titfer,' i.e. a cocked *hat*, so that's good I guess?

"How people related to this EP, or indeed any release, can only be judged by sales figures—which were pretty good and the same as the other Eps, i.e. about 5000 sold in the first two months—as opposed to people's actual vocalized responses, which being complimentary (not many people take time out to tell a band they're shit) usually go as far as 'great!' rather than into the analy-pit. Reading your questions has raised adjectival analysis of these records to a degree unread before!"

Quickly responding to the success of the second EP, the group was back in the studio a month after its April release. Back to Pickwick, they recorded the four-song *Religious Wars* EP. Another progressive leap musically, the title track is a raging punk trap stepping away from the 2/4 time hardcore that characterized the first two records. Alternating tempos while maintaining their intensity let the band have a broader and more varied song while still greatly appealing to the punk audience. Echo-y guitars also expand the range of sounds along with doubled vocals, making the music slightly more accessible without having to turn down the volume.



Ending with "Work Experience," the band continue with a quirky mid-tempo experiment in bass and guitar interplay.

Dick: "This was back to Corsham and the 8-track studio, so the better sounds must be all in your ears! Although by then we knew what we could sound like, and what mistakes to avoid. Although the biggest mistake we ever made happened on this record, in "Religious Wars," before the penultimate lines, the quiet "darkness of death" lines, where they fade in. That's what you do when two seconds of music gets accidentally wiped off the tape! Add an echo to the last recorded note, and fade up the next bit of music fairly sharp-ish!"

Additionally, the lyrics were still taking form. While tackling a subject often found in so-called "peace punk" lyrics, Dick still managed to write it from a perspective of existential angst conflicting the idea that religion is absurd, but also reminding the listener of their aloneness in the Universe.

Dick: "Eh? I remember cycling home from work with what became the chorus in my head, so it was a reflection of thinking 'write that down!' Any alienation was from society at large as perceived in the paranoid teenage mindset I still had; the punk scene was lately held together because people found a social circle that didn't condemn being different."

The ultimate excuse is here
Die for a cause religion is fear
Fear of the threat of something unreal
Abdicate the way you really feel

Whether it was just coincidence or hindsight, the record also appeared somewhat fatalistic (nihilist being a more popular label at the time).

Dick: "I've never really had conscious "new direction" leaps of lyric writing, and the chance to write anything was always there (what was there to stop me?)."

In addition to the lyrics, this record came with something of a manifesto or monologue. The "question everything" message was something of a plea for free thought. The fear of new ideals growing into the old social restrictions echoed in punk's idea of revolution as much as in any left-leaning youth movement.

"All original thoughts are regurgitated a thousand times in attempts at self-realization, which must consequently fail as the person has merely become an advertisement for someone else's ideas and his own sheep-like mentality. The subcultures decay in solitude and false ideas of unity that only lead to self-destructive tribalism."

Another great step forward for the band was the attention paid to cover art. Depicting a gun-toting, demented priest standing behind the Pope, both standing over corpses and burning graves, the cover hammered home the title track's main theme almost as much as the lyrics.

Dick: "Nick Lant, who once wrote to us for some band info, and had drawn a small, very detailed picture of a punk's head at the bottom of the letter, as we were struggling to get a cover for *Religious Wars* together. I asked him if he could draw something to go with the title song's lyrics, and two weeks later the cover came in the post! Amazing! So we asked him to do those other covers as well (and really should've gotten him to do the *Cradle* cover). We only met him once, and have no idea where he is now. (Does anyone know?)"

The success of their third EP came and went for the band that was already recording its debut LP a week before *Religious Wars* was released in July of 1982. A month and a half after finishing the EP, the group was back at Pickwick recording 16 tracks that would be *The Day The Country Died*.

From the first song, this is a pivotal moment for the group. Despite being one of their oldest tracks, "All Gone Dead" introduces the vocal harmonies that define the Subhumans apart from all of their previous and posthumous ventures. The assortment of tracks on the record (old and new), show a band that can stretch out musically ("Subvert City," "Black And White") as well as bash out raunchy three-chord punk ("Mickey Mouse Is Dead," "I Don't Wanna Die").

Dick: "How do you quantify the workings of Bruce's musical imagination? He came up with so many ideas of structure, harmonics, linking the songs together, the sort of originality that comes from a guitarist who listens to music in terms of structure, harmonics, etc., rather than as mere tunes. And backing vocals really make a massive difference to a song; they make it more dynamic and reinforce meaning."
New arrangements and even new lyrics helped make songs that went back a few years, like "Ashtray Dirt" or "New Age," sound as fresh as the newer material.

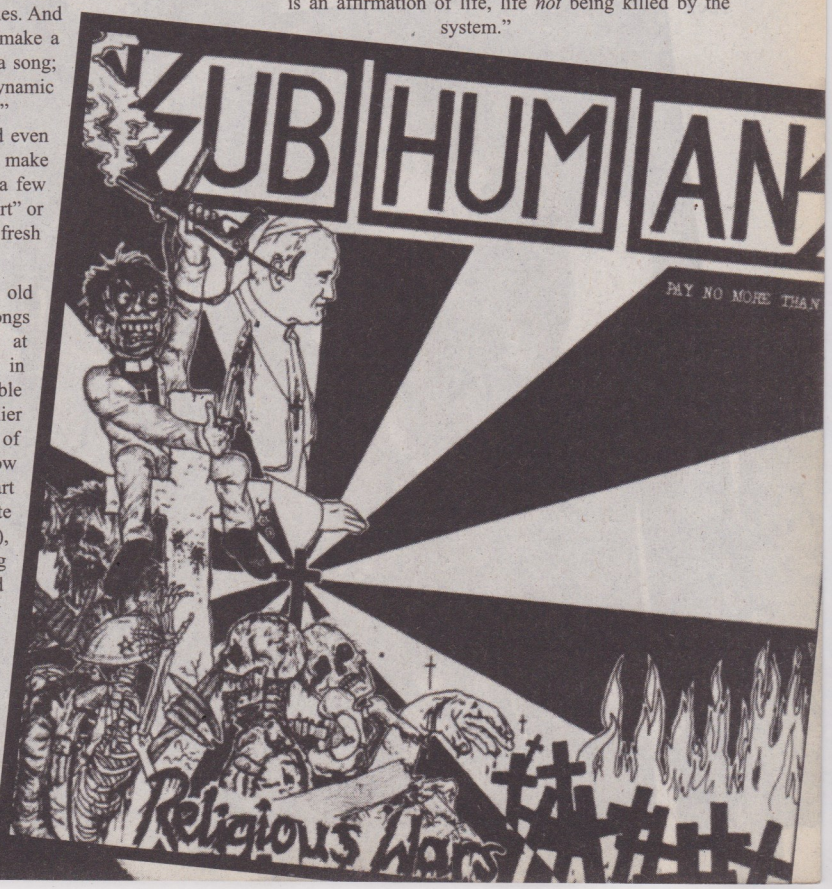
Dick: "Some of the old Stupid Humans songs weren't relearned all at once, so they weren't in the list of songs available to go on the earlier releases. What was left of the early songs we now used up on this LP (apart from two extra late arrivals on *Time Flies*), as they were getting very old! We still had enough songs. Every release we had to leave some songs on the list as unrecorded 'til "next time." We were very aware of not wanting EP tracks on LPs as we viewed each record as important as the next, and filling out LPs with "popular" EP tracks stinks of a band lacking enough good songs to fill an LP, and it's a rip-off!"

The record also showed a return to their dabbling in reggae from the second EP. While certainly not strictly in the genre, they adapted "rockers" or the choppy rhythmic structure of reggae's guitars and used it to add a new dimension to their version of punk. Unlike the first generation of punk bands to obsess over the utterly unique Jamaican music form, the Subhumans were using the techniques more so than the song structure to affect their previously existing format.

Dick: "We did want to keep fresh, and Bruce's musical background (not just punk, at all) almost guaranteed that. We never consciously thought 'oh look, we're playing ska,' as there was no intention or plan to do that, specifically—same with reggae-ish bits. guess the music played reflected the music we listened to, which included ska and reggae in the same way the Ruts, the Clash or the Slits did."

There is the recurring theme of nihilism and existentialism in songs like "Nothing I Can Do" and "I Don't Wanna Die." But there are also elements of irony in these songs. While fascinated with the philosophies finding new life in the punk scene, the Subhumans were always a bit too grounded to ever completely fall for one or the other.

Dick: "When I first found out that an N in a circle=nihilism=belief in Nothing (the whole alphabet was being circled by now), I really liked the absoluteness of the idea, the bringing down of every morality and rationale to the same level, where its very existence as something to follow or believe in had to be justified, not by tradition or habit but by its relevance to being alive. It appealed to my over-arched cynicism by inferring that everything was, after all, crap-until-proven-otherwise. Of course, by itself nihilism is merely destructive and suffocating, so a touch of self-deprecation or humor helps. "Nothing I Can Do" was heretical stuff from a singer of protest that equates to "Shit happens," the motto of the apathete! (Is that a word yet?) "I Don't Wanna Die," on the other hand, is an affirmation of life, life *not* being killed by the system."



Nihilist or not, the record was their biggest financial success to date, relating to a bigger audience around the world.

Dick: "I can only guess as to all this. The buildup intro and the way songs link together making it a more solid listening experience? The gritty sound and rousing choruses? The eternal yelling of the word "dead" all over the place? Being serious but not *too* serious? The singer sounding as pissed off as he felt? The mixture of speeds and tunes that separated the songs into definable entities? Or was it its reflection of the Thatcher UK riot-before-its-1984 atmosphere?"

It's true that the styles, tempos and timbres did make this a unique record for its time. The result was a new audience, who had often dismissed spiky-headed anarchos and well-intentioned novices if that. The musical sophistication that would only grow with the next album gave the group a nice reputation amongst their peers.

With their debut album having the band thinking globally, they decided to take a positive step back and start acting locally. On September of 1982, Dick's tape label Bluurg made the leap into vinyl, releasing a four-song sampler of Wessex punk, properly titled *Wessex '82*.

Dick: "Bluurg, the sound of being sick, of 'whatever' without the content, basically and deliberately meaningless. That was the name I put at the top of a list of bootleg live tapes I traded and sold through the classified ads in music papers, in '78/'79. So I kept the name when I started putting out tapes of local (and then not-so-local) bands that I'd recorded myself. The next step was to release a record, if possible."

The compilation was more than just a sampling of local music. The Subhumans, Pagans, Organized Chaos, and A-Heads were all connected via gigs together, previous musical projects, and like-mindedness.

Dick: "Step one, put your own band and your mates' bands out on an advert for local talent punk rock style, and these four bands were the essence of what that was at the time. The Wessex scene outside our Warminster-Melksham-Trowbridge Triangle had XL gigs in Bath Pavilion [e.g. Clash, Stranglers] and much smaller gigs both there and in Bristol in various non-lasting venues. Cider fuelled the Bristol scene with Chaos UK, Disorder, Lunatic Fringe, etc., and the Mob lived in a village beyond, where the whole band lived in the same house, which is "what Crass did." Then there was the annual Stonehenge music festival down the road, which from '79 to'84 taught us more than, well, anything, about society/people/hierarchy/very old rocks/equality/free will/what hash cake really tastes like, and was All For Free!"

The Subhumans contributed the new track "No Thanks." The other three bands had their own seven degrees of separation from the Subs. The Pagans had not only Dick's brother and former Mental bassist Steve, but also original Subs bassist Herb and future Subs bassist, Phil. Plus, Bruce was their drummer. A-Heads featured former Vermin bassist Nige and former Subs drummer Andy. Finally, Organized Chaos included former Stupid Humans vocalist Ju.

Dick: "We did a lot of gigs with both Organized Chaos and the A-Heads (and Wild Youth/Pagans, while they lasted), more with the A-Heads as time went on and Bruce was going out with Mel, their singer. We all got on well, sharing the two-room Youth Center to practice and get drunk in on most Saturday afternoons; it all felt like one big pile of punks running between rooms and the supermarket to get more beer, at best, and a lot of songs—and friendships—came out of it."

Preceded by *Wessex '81*, a compilation tape on Bluurg of demo tapes from A-Heads, Organized Chaos and Wild Youth (Pagans predecessor), the compilation did somewhat have the air of peeking in on a private party. Of the others, the A-Heads would go on to their own successes and stories. For Organized Chaos and Pagans, this would be some of their only vinyl evidence.

Dick: "Apart from the *Wessex '82* EP, not a lot; OC were on a compilation of Bristol bands—on Cherry Red? I forget the title." (It's the *Riotous Assembly* LP, on Riot City—ed.)

(for the second part of the Subhumans story, pick up next month's issue!)

BLANK ITS

Every once in a while I'm out acting stupid and stinking up a place when I stumble on some bunch of dummies that really shuts me up. I found a bunch one night out at the Funhouse making a whole lot of racket and screwing up song after song after song. They looked scared out of their minds. They were great! Blank Its shocked the crap out of me with fun, catchy songs that are kind of…OUT THERE!? You know? Sloppy and twisted. Betsy beating the bass, Justin spitting out the words and twang, and Jon Paul smashing the traps! How did these guys get the chance to piss everybody off? Interview and introduction by Antonioni, photos by Johnny Samra.

MRR: What are BLANK ITS all about? Do you guys suck on fume filled sacks? Are you street walkers or something?

Betsy: If we lived in Detroit. No don't write that I'll get in trouble.

Jon Paul: *(Scoffs)* It'd be funny to go to Detroit and make a living dead movie.

Justin: Yeah, that's the kind of stuff people want to hear.

MRR: I'd check that out. That's almost what its like checking you guys out live. I mean seriously, how come you guys look like a bunch of dead deer on stage?

Justin: When the lights hit you—

Jon Paul: I have no idear.

Justin: —You get knocked the fuck out.

Betsy: We're shy extraverts?

Justin: We're extra-nothings.

MRR: I keep hearing about how you guys used to be cool and that you messed up your thing by recording different versions of your songs. What did you do that for? How come you guys aren't more "garage?"

Betsy: Duh.

Jon Paul: Because we're doing the basement band. *THE BASEMENT BAND!*

Justin: We like that stuff. Does that count? (conversation breaks into talk about the Seattle Supersonics)

Jon Paul: I don't care about that shit. Unless it's just like blown out lo-fi.

MRR: Yeah, well I thought the LP was great and can't wait for the next one. What are the new songs like that you're doing?

Justin: There're new songs? I haven't heard those ones.

Jon Paul: We don't play them that often so they're always new.

Betsy: Psychedelic garage.

Justin: Just to make everybody happy.

MRR: That could work. Is that pretty much what you think you're sounding like right now? How would you describe the tunes?

Justin: It's kind of rackety or kind of a clocked up basic kind of noise.

Betsy: What did I used to tell people it sounded like? (Time

machine brain noises in background)

Betsy: Wait a minute, I think it was punk-wave-pop.

Jon Paul: I'm going to beat you down.

Justin: Yeah, let's do that.

Jon Paul: We're jazzy. Avant garde. Mostly drum-oriented.

Justin: This fool is delusional.

Jon Paul: Let the beatings commence.

MRR: When I've been listening to the record it sounds like you stick some of the "nuts" out there into your songs. Is that true or am I sucking on sacks too?

Justin: Yup, I hate them too. (Love you!)

Jon Paul: They're all about me.

Justin: Crazy delusional, this guy.

Jon Paul: Televusional. I mean "I'm ok" is kind of about crazy people on the bus talking to themselves, myself included.

MRR: It almost looks like some of those "nuts" ended up on the cover of the record. Is that true? How did the cover come about?

Betsy: We started fighting. (Laughs)

Jon Paul: Just brain storming and lots of hard work and learning Photoshop.

Justin: It was going to be way more grizzly at first, with people flying dead out of cars and painting smiles on the bodies. Doesn't that sound "Happy?"

MRR: It makes me happy. Now that I've got a few questions out of the way you guys are way smarter than I would have thought. I mean smart. Are those real brains in your heads or did someone just drop them at the door and took off running? Maybe they're knock offs?

Betsy: Definitely knock offs.

Justin: Oh yeah, real brains. Definitely.

Jon Paul: At best it's they're like a Technicolor kaleidoscope backdrop third eye movie. Just a bunch of noise.

MRR: See, that's the kind of smart answers I'm looking for. Nice job smart guys. Now I know that one of you has got to be the big talker, I mean with those big brains. I think I've figured out who it is but I want to hear it from you. Who's talking and talking and talking?

Justin: The foot.

Jon Paul: Yeah, that's Betsy.

Betsy: Well what else am I supposed to do?

Jon Paul: Play instruments?

Justin: Psychedelic garage?

MRR: A little earlier you said you got the record cover going by fighting. What kind of fights do you guys get into? Death Match? Sledge hammers?

Jon Paul: Mostly just pissing matches between me and Justin.

Betsy: Just verbally abusive ones.

Justin: We fight with words a *whooooole* lot.

Betsy: You could climb up my ass and fight for air.

Justin: That would be a fight.

MRR: I'm starting to feel dizzy. It's almost like I've got to turn on the closed captioning when you saps start talking just to figure out what's going on. Do you guys do that? Turn on the closed captioning?

Justin: This guy thinks we can read.

Jon Paul: Only while we're recording. Betsy put on "Night of the Living Dead" while recording.

Betsy: What he said.

Justin: Does this make any sense?

MRR: So you guys have been doing some recording lately? Are there songs ready to be released or did the zombies eat them too? (Just like they ate these guys' brains!)

Jon Paul: You bet (there are songs ready to go). Like the one about your mama.

Betsy: And how dirty her bath water is. (And Justin thinks to himself)

Justin: Mamas.

Jon Paul: There's another record coming out next year.

Justin: And hopefully a single or two.

Betsy: Yeah, and then whatever Jon Paul wants you to say.

Jon Paul: Um, uh. (Justin says um uh too)

MRR: You guys could probably get out of Seattle more if you wanted to but it seems like you are always out around town. How come you guys don't tour more?

Jon Paul: We love our jobs so much.

Justin: So much.

Betsy: I've got a house payment.

Jon Paul: I'd love to tour more.

Betsy: I know, me too. Especially if we had a rocket ship.

Justin: Not me, I hate everybody.

Jon Paul: *why* do you hate everybody?

Justin: This ain't a psych class man. I can handle a little bit but then.....

MRR: Well since you guys do play around town so much who do you see coming out to the shows? Who's going out to check out BLANK ITS?

Jon Paul: Our friends.

Justin: Our guest list is full.

Betsy: Jon Paul's dad. You know, people who feel sorry for us.

Justin: Feel sorry for us or just screw with us.

MRR: Sounds incestuous. I kind of like that. What's it like playing out right now? Any places you like playing at? Seems like there's some cool stuff going on, right?

Justin: It's like getting a beating. One great club and a whole shit load of rocker bars.

Betsy: Wet and cold.

Jon Paul: Any place but the funhouse would be like sacrilege.

Justin: It pretty much blows.

MRR: No dance clubs? I thought people would get into dancing to your love rhythms. No?

Betsy: Some people dance. I've had a girl tell us she likes to dance to it. Or, actually, a few.

Jon Paul: Depends on what song we're playing I think. People dance to Master Intellectual and Windows Are Dirty.

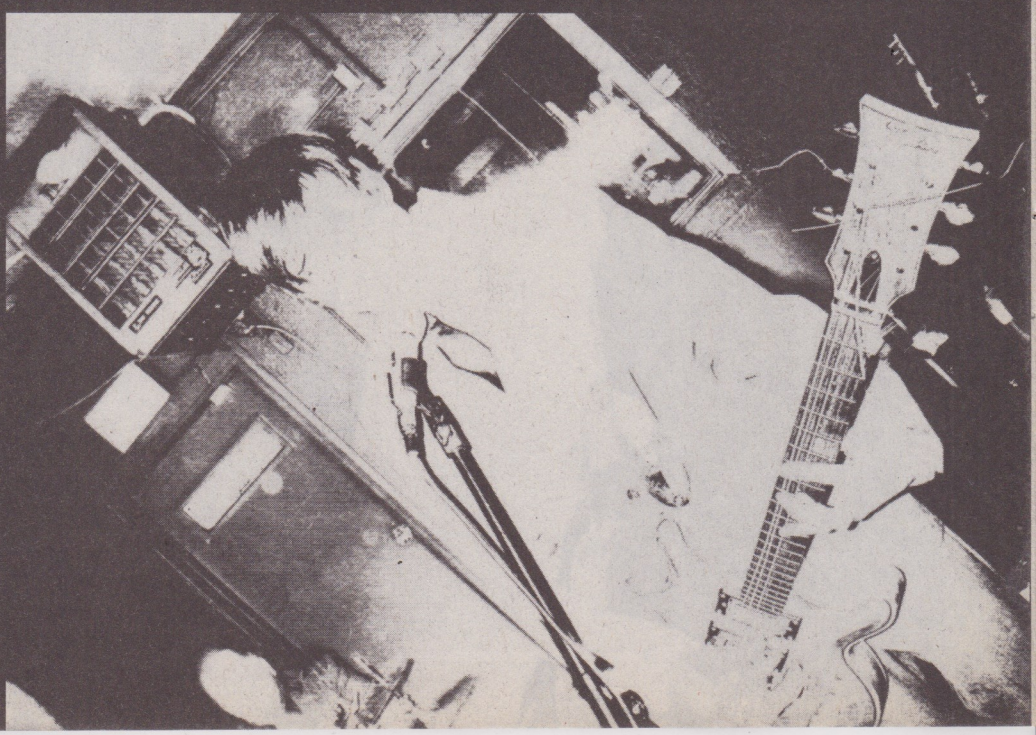
Betsy: I think mainly only that one girl.

MRR: Well guys, this is it. Last question. It's the most important question out of all the questions. Who's going to win in a stink off? I need to know. I mean farting, burping, BO, whatever, who's got the juice?

Justin: I'll put you out of the room from behind. I can pack a wallop.

Betsy: I think you guys are a tie in that stink fest.

Jon Paul: We're always in a stink. How 'bout that?



CONDENADA

Condenada, an all female band from Chicago, has been together for two years. The band consists of Megan on guitar, Trash on drums, Angel on bass, Mariam on lead vocals, and Ara doing some vocals and the band's web and graphic media. Mariam was formerly in Human Order, while Megan was formerly in Reaccion. Together, they have released a demo, and by the time this issue hits the shelves their US tour should be wrapping up and their EP on Lengua Armada Records and split EP with Sin Orden will be out. Interview, introduction, and photographs by Marie Kanger-Born

MRR: How did the band get together? Was it a conscious choice to form an all-female band?

Mariam: We started talking about having an all female band a long time before, but nothing really came of it.

Megan: Angel posted on RockOut Chicago looking for women to play with and we contacted her.

Mariam: My old band, Human Order, had a practice space way up north in Rogers Park, so we thought we'd meet there. We went to this really shitty diner and we ate crappy food. Then we went and practiced, it was magical, it was so inspired. The line-up in the beginning was totally different. Trash was always going to play drums, but we were just kind of trying things out. Originally, I wasn't going to sing, I was going to play guitar. Ara was going to sing, but it all changed. We fell into the roles that we have now. I don't think that most men would be open to that sort of experimentation.

Angel: This band is the most supportive, creative environment that I've ever been in. I don't know if that's because we're all women. I've never been in a band before, but I've played a lot, mostly with guys. If I played something good, they got kinda defensive. It's kind of an ego thing for them. I didn't want to hold back, but...

Mariam: Honestly, I think we're lucky because the Chicago punk scene is not about macho bullshit. For the most part, everybody is really cool about everything.

MRR: What about the band name, what does it signify to you?

Megan: Condenada, it's a Spanish word. Translated it can mean condemned or doomed. The thought behind the term is that we humans often tend to put ourselves and other people in boxes. Then for the rest of our lives, we're condemned to be what people think we are. Plus, it's a feminine word, Spanish is a gender specific language.

Mariam: Since there is such a huge Latino punk scene here, some people were wondering how we could have that name if we weren't all Latino.

Megan: We actually got questioned, which is pretty cool.

Mariam: It wasn't anything that made us change it, obviously.

Angel: We did have to have a dialogue about it. And because Mariam is coming from two completely different backgrounds, Mexican and Iranian, she has to deal with people questioning if she's Mexican enough. It makes no sense whatsoever.

MRR: Does the band have a particular message or agenda?

Mariam: We are serious people that do not take ourselves too seriously. We have so many weird combinations going on in this band; our sexuality (whether we're straight or queer), vegans or meat-eaters, drinkers or straight edge. We don't have a specific agenda that we're trying to push. We respect each other. It's not all or nothing—otherwise we wouldn't get along. It's about being able to work together to accomplish something. There's really no reason that can't happen, unless you are dead set on being intolerant.

Megan: One thing we did all agree on was that we wanted to see a stronger presence of woman in the scene. That's how I got into my first band. It's one of those situations where you want to see something, so you try to build it. Maybe it's an empowerment issue, but I'm always seeking out music made by other

woman. I try to listen to older stuff that I never heard of to find out what it was like for women. It is an issue and it's really powerful to be able to work with other woman.

Angel: We sponsored a female only Rock Lotto recently to enable other woman to start playing.

Megan: The idea of the Rock Lotto was to get more ladies playing music. We wanted to make sure younger women could have access to instruments, practice spaces, etc. It seems like young men get introduced to this stuff a lot earlier and get more support for starting bands, so making this a women-only event just felt right. I think that's the hardest part, overcoming the fear. If you're timid or shy, this is one of the hardest things you can do. You have to be fearless when you embark on something like this. If you're going to get bogged down by all of the typecasting, then it's not really for you. You're just not at that point yet.

Trash: You have to be passionate about it. I know that I always wanted to play music. I wanted to play so bad. I would go to shows and watch and it was always guys playing. I've seen some girl bands before, but they always have a guy drummer. It used to piss me off. I'd think, "Why can't it be all woman?" I was always going to shows and I was so into it. I wanted to be more than just a spectator. I could hold my own in the pit and all that, but I wanted to play.

Megan: When we go on tour, we're going to go beyond just playing a show because it's not just the music for us. We like to talk with people and find out what's going on with them. We've had discussions around different things that the community feels is important.

MRR: Tell me why you believe it is important to incorporate culture into your music.

Ara: I think it's important because it's a big part of what makes you who you are, so it's the most sincere thing you can give.

Angel: I can't separate myself from the culture I was brought up in. I grew up speaking Greek as a first language. My parents aren't from here, it's not like I can forget about that. What I think is cool about the Chicago punk scene is that a lot of kids are immigrants, or their parents were immigrants. It's really family-oriented. People have shows at their houses and their parents are home. It makes me feel so comfortable.

Mariam: I'm the first generation American in my family. My parents came here because they wanted a better life for us. I wouldn't tell them, "Oh fuck your morals and your values." I'm not going to say that everything is perfect, because there is no such thing, but I'm not going to shit all over their dreams and hopes for us. With the cultural thing in our city, it's not like white punks just hang out with other white punks. You don't have a choice. If you like music, you hang out. It's not an issue. If things come up, you talk about it in an open forum and everything's cool. It doesn't become such an issue. It's not so much of a division anymore. I mean as far as minorities go. I'm a minority, but Trash is a minority too. Yet she's white as white can be. She's a lesbian, that's a minority. Lots of people still don't consider that.

MRR: Two vocalists, somewhat unusual, is there a story behind that?

Ara: Yes, the original idea was that I'd do vocals. I've never been in a band before. I had thought about participating in one, but as a guitar player. I didn't like the idea of singing in front of others—too much pressure. I had second thoughts about being in this band, but Megan and the girls encouraged me again and again. I talked to more friends who also showed their support and eventually I thought, "Yeah, what the heck, I'm singing in front of my friends anyway. No reason to feel so nervous." Raul from I-Attack told me, "You're expressing yourself so who cares, it doesn't matter what it sounds like." Then, I wrote a song and that was that, we have two vocalists, two contrasting voices.

MRR: Let's talk about the graphics and logo, what's the significance?

Mariam: All the artwork is collaborative too, we all have input. We cut and paste, we use a real typewriter, we use rubber stamps.

Angel: Ara does all our web stuff, she chose our logo for our Myspace page. It's sign language for "vagina."

Mariam: We like vagina in our band...

Angel: I'm a fan!

Trash: Wooo!

Mariam: I liked it because of the symbol itself, it relates the fact that we are woman.

MRR: How about the lyrics, what are the songs about?

Megan: Someone will bring in a piece

of something and someone will add to it. Then we'll talk about what the song should be about, or what language we want to sing it in. We'll consider all of these options and then in a practice or two we have a song.

Mariam: The song, "This Fight Is Ours," is one of our first three and I actually wrote it. This woman I'm friends with told me about what happened at one of the Philadelphia Pointless Fests about three years ago, some women were sexually assaulted at this fest. This woman that was there, told me that a bunch of the punk woman got together and they hunted this guy down. They fucked him up. They fucked him up.

Megan: They put him in the hospital.

Mariam: "This Fight Is Ours" is about an issue that comes up all the time. It's our biggest threat all over the world. Rape is a violent act against woman. I was thinking about how woman have always had to explain themselves for being a victim. It's ridiculous. The thought of those women getting together and doing this vigilante justice thing—sometimes I just think that's the way it has to be handled. And after an experience like that, what is a woman supposed to do? How will she gather herself up and be strong enough to face this alone?

Megan: The thing that made this song stick out for me was that lyrically, Mariam wrote it from the perspective of the man. It's a creepy song to hear. Having been a vocalist, I would have never thought to turn to that side of it. I think it made it for a stronger song, a stronger impact.

Mariam: I don't think that there's anything wrong with woman coming together collectively and saying, this is not okay. And if you think that you're going to get away with this, you're wrong. Megan wrote, "Not Your Victim" and it's about woman having to be conscious of what their wearing, worry about who's behind them, in front of them. You always have to be completely present at all times of where you are and what you're doing.

Angel: It's a gay thing too, because I've been in circumstances, not so much in Chicago, where guys have gone after me. It's kind of freaky because you don't know if people are going to mess with you because of that. Like if you're hanging out at a bar and some guy's talking to you, and you're like, "Oh no, I don't date guys." They get really offended and they get pissed and you're like, "Well it's not a personal thing."

Trash: I get fucked with where the guys think I'm a guy and they're totally cool, but then they find out I'm a woman and they get pissed!

Mariam: It's about being empowered anywhere, knowing your potential as a human being, refusing to be victimized or pushed aside and to know what your voice is and how to pick your fights. I think it's relative to anyone, male or female. We're lucky because we have a choice now, we really do have a choice. If you want to stay meek and you're comfortable in a submissive role, there's nothing wrong with that. If you want to be that way, that's your choice, but not at the cost of everyone else.

Angel: There's no reason to come to a show and listen to the music if you're going to be disrespectful and not care about anybody.

Mariam: At the Southkore Fest, there was this kid who grabbed a girl's ass and told her she was hot. The girl was like, "What the fuck?" so when someone told me about it, I kicked the guy out. It wasn't just me, it was me and three dudes. I told him he had to apologize, then leave, and he did. Don't act like a jackass. It's really simple.

MRR: Talk about the Chicago scene.

Mariam: We work together. The scene is not gender specific. It's not culturally specific. Racism is not tolerated, even a little bit. I think people have said ignorant things before, but they're straightened out pretty fast. We're very cohesive. We're very welcoming. There's all different scenes going on. It's not just the DIY scene but the garage scene and the bar scene. Chicago's really into their local bands. You can get thirty kids out for one local band. We have all local shows all the time. Louie of Eske has an annual summer backyard show and it draws hundreds of people. Everybody comes out for that, people are there to hang out and see live music. Women are a huge part of the scene, doing shows and providing spaces. Like Sarah from the Albion House, without that house, we'd be so screwed. And she rules it with an iron fist. You come to her house, you're respectful of the house. You have a kick ass time, spill beer, hang out, whatever, eat some food, pet their dog, use the bathroom. The women are really active in helping to set up shows. Plus, there's younger kids setting up labels, really doing stuff.

MRR: What recorded materials do you have out?

We have a demo, a live CD, and a split EP coming out with Sin Orden. We also have a five-song EP coming out on Lengua Armada Records. That'll be out in December.

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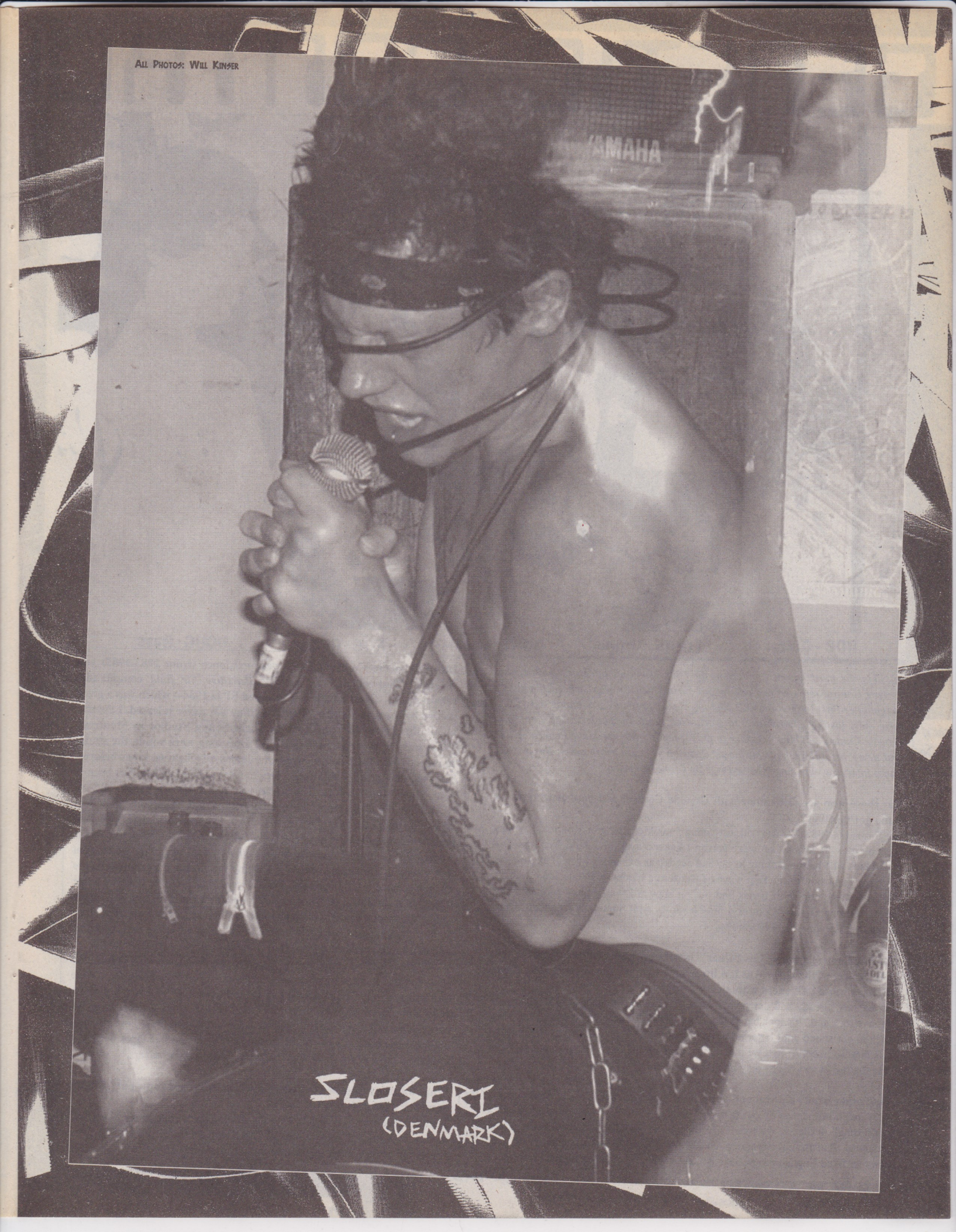
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GENETIC CONTROL

ROB - Guitar LOUIS - Drums MIKE - Vocals ROB - Guitar DOUG - Bass

Possibly the most known band from the '80s Montreal hardcore punk scene, Genetic Control released just one record during their brief existence—the highly sought after First Impressions *EP. Raging, classic hardcore, the band's only EP is their most lasting contribution to worldwide hardcore punk. In the late '90s, Genetic Control got back together to play a few shows, and since then some live and demo recordings have surfaced. Read on to learn more about this worthy band. Interview with singer Mike Price by Brandi Johnson.*

For those who are unfamiliar with Genetic Control will you share how the band got together?
We formed in 1983. We were all just young punk kids living in Montreal listening to punk rock. It seems like every person I knew played in a band. We were just bored kids who had something to say and needed an expanded form of expression. With the explosion of the first wave of California hardcore, we decided to make our own scene and form bands and put on shows. I was a punk promoter just before forming Genetic Control. I put on shows with Suicidal Tendencies, Dead Kennedys, Ramones, and Black Flag.

Genetic Control's music has Minor Threat and Bad Brains influences that were typical of the time. Was it a little hard to manage your own sound and still have those influences without copying?
We actually already had our own sound, which was influenced by English progressive rock and '70s rock bands like Alice Cooper. It probably did not show very much in our sound until latter on when we were good enough to play the musical style that we liked. At first we had to play very simple three-chord songs, as those were the full extent of our playing ability as a band.

What other bands did you and your band mates admire?
We were all influenced by our favorite bands of the times. We also used to jam a lot of songs by bands we liked. We did covers by GBH, Bad Religion, Dead Kennedys, Bad Brains, Meatmen, and Minor Threat covers to name a few. Our drummer liked English progressive bands like Genesis, Gentle Giant, and Yes.

During Genetic Control's three year existence (from 1983-1985) you recorded "Suburban Life" for the *Primitive Air Raid* compilation, released your self-titled and self-released EP in 1984—which was a great record by the way—and a LP in 1985 that was never released. Lets talk about the EP, which was done at Silent Sound Studios in Montreal. What was the recording process like? How long were you in the studio to record? Has the band ever put out demos or rehearsal tapes before?
The recording process was totally new to us as none of us had ever been in a recording studio before. The studio was run by an old hippie and we recorded in his living room. We recorded with him is because the price was right. The total cost to produce that 7" EP in 1984 was less than $500, and that included studio time, pressing the vinyl, artwork, and packaging. It was weird because even though we knew nothing about recording we thought that setting up the drums next to a washing machine and the guitars in the kitchen seemed a little odd. But we just went with it. To be honest I never liked that recording at all. He did what he did best and gave us a real hippie sound. Our actual sound was much more raw and aggressive, as represented by the 19-song tape called the unreleased LP. I think that the best recording of the band was our live release from last year called *Brave New World*.

We recorded and mixed the EP in one or two days from what I recall. We also recorded more songs than were released. The only reason there were four songs on the EP is because that is all that format would hold. If there were more room, we would have released all the songs we recorded. We have a library of songs kicking around. None of the tapes have been released but there has been talk of releasing some rehearsal and live tapes including songs that have never been heard before as well as some covers.

What was the response you received when the record came out? Did the band sell a lot of copies?
The response was very good. We sold all the copies right away. They sold mainly in Montreal and the bands SNFU and DOA helped us sell some copies out west. I think that someone in Toronto helped sell a few as well.

info - 525 SHERBROOKE EST #15

We also took out an ad in *Maximum RocknRoll* and sold a handful copies in other parts of the world. I was the record company back then and had to mail out copies to some really far locations I recall.

Tell me about live performances of Genetic Control. Can you tell me what was a typical show was like? Was there a lot of craziness? Do you remember a particular incident that went on during one of your shows?
We used to play live a lot, mainly in Montreal. The crowds were nuts. Whenever we played we basically played in front of our friends or with other local bands who were also our friends. Slamdancing and stage diving was standard fair. I actually broke my leg playing our first show in our rehearsal space, which slowed down our initial start by six months until I was healed up. I still have metal plates in my leg as a result of that accident. Note to self, don't jump in the mosh pit while you are playing it, as it could put and early end to the show.

Who has Genetic Control played with? Has the band ever toured through Canada? You told me that the band has not played in the US. How come?
We played with Suicidal Tendencies, GBH, Dead Kennedys, Toxic Reasons, Direct Action, Misfits, etc. We also with just about every other Montreal band at the time. We only played out of Montreal twice. Once in Ottawa and once in Toronto. We never played the States probably because we broke up. Had we stayed together I am sure that we would have played in the States. We had a great response from the States.

So Mike, how did you get into punk rock? Were you also into other music like rock, blues, metal, etc? What was the first punk record you bought? Did you go to shows?
I got into punk rock while I was in high school. A friend of mine told me about this new music from England. He was a record collector guy and he had a radio show in his high school and he would play anything new he could find. It started with bands like Gang Of Four and Joe Jackson and progressed to the Clash and the Pistols. As soon as I heard the Pistols I cut off my hippie hair and hopped a flight to London to check it out. I was never the same after that. I knew as soon as I heard the Pistols that I had found something that would change my life forever. Before punk I was into English progressive rock, blues, and some forms of jazz. We used to get high and listen to whatever music we thought sounded the coolest when you were high. Mostly Pink Floyd and Genesis. Blues was great too. The first punk record I bought was *Never Mind The Bollocks*, followed by the first Clash album, then Gen X I think.

In the early days was punk rock getting noticed in Montreal? Was getting punk records especially like the obscure records easy or hard to get in record shops where you lived?
Actually it was really easy to get the music, especially British albums and singles. There was a shop downtown called Dutchies and it was our hangout. This guy named Richard knew everything about music and would constantly tell us what we would like. He was so cool. He was the biggest influence on our scene. I bought the first Bad Brains single and Misfits single from him, and I still have them.

Alright, lets talk about the Montreal punk scene. It seems the Montreal scene reached its peak from the early-to-mid '80s, like 1985 or so. A lot of good bands came out of the scene—Scum, The Unruled, No Policy, The Absurds, Genetic Control, etc. How did you experience being in the scene then? Were there a lot of places to play? Did punks have DIY ethics? Were people doing zines, labels, etc?
I started out as the manager for Scum and tried to find places for them to play. As a result I ended up becoming a promoter. I put on lots of shows for touring bands as well as tons of shows with local bands. At first there was nowhere to play but eventually the scene grew. I put on shows in churches, YWCAs nightclubs, gay bars—basically anywhere I could. Usually we could only do one show at a venue as the places would get thrashed or there was too much violence. Everything we did was DIY as everyone was poor. We made our own shirts, poster tapes, clothes everything. No one even had money to get into shows. I had a zine that might have been the first Montreal zine. It was called APB. A few of my friends and I decided to do a zine to promote the scene. We only did one issue. I think everyone at the time took a stab at putting out a zine at one point or another. Once I started the band I stopped promoting shows and just focused on playing.

By the mid '80s the once vibrant Montreal scene was declining and bands were breaking up and stuff. What do you think was the cause of Montreal's punk scene fall?
I'm not sure what killed it as I moved away in 1985 never to return. All I know is while I was there it was happening. I know that it was time for me to move on and do different things; perhaps it was the same for other people.

Back to Genetic Control. The band played its last show at the Rising Sun with GBH in Montreal in May of 1985. The band also recorded some songs for an LP, which was done live in one take in the studio. Unfortunately, ya'll broke up before the LP was released. What was the reason Genetic Control split up? Were there tensions within the band?
Tensions would be a good way to put it. I think there were several factors that contributed to our untimely demise, but tension did play a roll. We used to argue a lot musically. Certain strong personal-

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ities would clash, which made for a very unpleasant environment. I know that I was very happy when I left the band. Too much time spent fighting instead of playing. When it was good it was incredible when it was bad it was unbearable.

What did you do after the band broke up? Did you continue to be involved in other bands? What did the other members of the band do?
I was going to start another band with these guys who eventually became a band called DBC. We wrote some really metal songs but I moved away before we ever did anything. The times were changing and I wanted to play Metallica style stuff and not all of the band members were up to it. The reason I left Montreal in 1985 was to go on tour with Metallica and Metal Church and bands like that. I was broke and needed money so I became a metal roadie and traveled the world for the next 15 years. Our drummer is still playing in bands, but the rest of us got jobs and or started families or got married. Usually growing up life stuff.

Were you aware that no master tapes existed and cassette copies of the sessions of the LP were made?
We are the ones who decided not to make master tapes because we could not afford the $200 for the tape. Probably the stupidest decision of our lives to date. Note to self: always make a master!

Whose idea was it to come up with the name Genetic Control and where did it come from?
It was my idea. I was really into Genesis as a young teen and our drummer played in a Genesis tribute band. We bonded over that music. I suggested that name and was shocked that the guys accepted it right away. The name Genetic Control was used in a Genesis song called "Get 'Em Out By Friday" it was also used in a book by Aldous Huxley called *Brave New World.* Genetic Control was a group of scientists who could control and design people through genetic mutation. I was fascinated by the concept and thankfully so were the other guys.

I want to move on to songwriting in the band. Did you mainly write songs or did the rest of the members write too? What topics did you mostly write about?
Basically the songs were written as a group. The music usually came form one of the Robs, the two guitar players. They would come up with an idea or in some cases in the early days most of a song. I would write the lyrics and the drummer and myself would work out the arrangements. Our drummer played a large roll in making the songs work arrangement wise. The actual song writing process was done as a group while we rehearsed and jammed ideas. Since we were two bands who combined when we first got together, there were songs that we already written, but even those songs got a new treatment once we had Lewis as our drummer. He elevated the band to a new level with his musical ability.

I liked to write about the future as I was influenced by what I read a lot. I also tried to put some humor in the songs. We would juxtapose serious songs with lighter songs to create contrast so that we would not take ourselves too seriously. I think it would be really boring to listen to band play nothing but preachy "the world is fucked" songs. We tried to create a balance that would entertain and make you think.

Do you keep up what's going on in the punk scene in you hometown and in other parts of Canada? What about the States? Are there any Montreal bands or other Canadian bands that you are into now?
I am out of the loop now, though I take my kids to punk shows all the time. I like lots of the new bands, but for totally different reasons than I liked punk back in the day. There is a lot of good music out there. I think it is better now than it was back in the day in a lot of ways.

So Mike what have you been up to these days? What kind of work do you do? What are the other members of the band doing?
I am a production manager and work on concerts. I used to tour with bands, but now I stay home with my kids. The rest of the band is busy growing up and doing what the rest of the world does. Live and learn!

It's awesome that Genetic Control reunited with the original lineup! You guys did a show back in October of 1998 at the LeMedley in Montreal. You performed all the songs from the unreleased LP plus the songs from your EP. I want to know what made you all get back together again? How did you feel being with your bandmates again?
We got together mainly to see if we could do it and to see what it would be like. It was great. It seemed like no time had passed at all when we got on stage. We have played about six times since we broke up. It was an interesting experience, and we all really enjoyed it. I recommend it to all bands that have broken up.

When the band played at the LeMedley show in Montreal what response did you get from the crowd? Did you see some old Genetic Control fans?
There were tons of old Genetic Control fans. We sold CDs and T-shirts and the crowd went off. We videotaped the show and might wind up releasing it.

Chicken Shrimp Records in Montreal put out *Brave New World*. How did you get acquainted with this label?
A guy named Francis called me out of the blue and put the whole thing together. And the rest is history as they say. We were originally just going to release the original EP, but we decided to do more since we had the live tapes and we wanted to offer more than the scumbag in Germany who was ripping us off and selling our CDs without our permission. Lost and Found records you suck!

My last question is do you think Genetic Control along with some other Montreal bands should have gotten more attention? Some people might say Genetic Control is an obscure band. What kind of impact has Genetic Control had on the punk scene in Canada?
I think that we are a cult sort of band. We never made a big splash since we broke up before we had a chance to develop fully. We did get a lot of good press and the fact that we did so little is what has made us more of a myth and a legend than anything else. There is a certain amount mystery associated with the band and that is also our special attraction. I have no idea how things might have turned out had we not broken up. My guess is we would have probably accomplished quite a bit. We were very serious about our playing and putting on a great show. We rehearsed a lot and tried to write songs that represented who we were.

In short, it is what it was. Some people in Canada know who we are, but anyone who knows about us or wants to find out about us is going to have to dig a bit.

Well that's it for the interview! Thanks! The last words are yours, Mike go for it!
Enjoy the moment, live life with a positive attitude, and always think of others before you act. These three things will really make all the difference. That was my philosophy then and it is the same today. I am really glad that has never changed...

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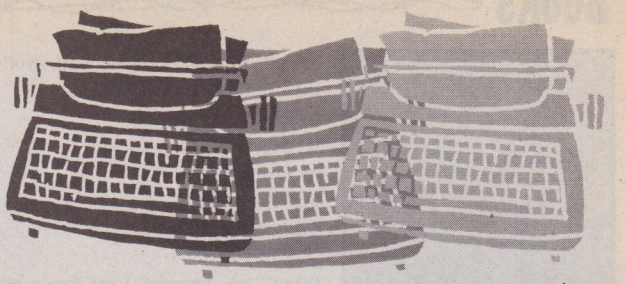


The Case Against Israel
Michael Neumann
220 pages • $15.00
Counterpunk/AK Press
674-A 23rd St.
Oakland, CA 94612-1163
www.akpress.org

In this brief polemic, Michael Neumann attempts to add a cogent moral analysis to the mountain of writing about the current political and human crisis in Israel and the Occupied Territories. Published by Counterpunch and AK Press, the book is boldly written with classic muckraking style in mind; rather than allow himself to be bogged down by dry analysis or too many micro-specifics, Professor Neumann attempts a straightforward argument about right and wrong with philosophy strongly at the forefront of this book. The central argument in *The Case Against Israel* is a simple one: the Zionist aim to establish and maintain an ethnic state in which one people is sovereign over every other is not only politically and tactically reprehensible, but also *morally* wrong, and the cause of much heartache and bloodshed in Israel/Palestine.

Professor Neumann breaks his book down into sections, the first of which covers the origins of the Zionist project, the consequences of that project, and his verdict on that project, and the second of which concerns itself with the current crisis facing Israel and the Occupied Territories, with chapters focusing on the Occupation, the settlements, alternatives to the Occupation, terrorism, and attitudes surrounding the occupation. A large part of Neumann's argument can be summed up with a few sentences from the first section of the book. In writing about the years leading up to Israel's statehood, Neumann states, "It was wrong to pursue the Zionist project and wrong to achieve it. For that reason, how it was pursued and achieved has little bearing on the fundamental rights and wrongs of the Israel/Palestine conflict." Neumann carries on for pages in this manner, providing some details but then attempting to take definitive moral stances rather than let his argument be diluted by the quagmire of competing details that can sink any debate over Israel. Importantly, this book is *not* a history lesson per se—it is an argument padded with facts but then fleshed out with philosophy.

From my perspective as an anti-Zionist who has read relatively extensively about the history of the Israel/Palestine, this is a useful if a bit at times clunky treatise on the core of the debate over the existence of Israel and it's policies: is what Israel is doing to the Palestinian people right? Is it justifiable by any means? Neumann argues—as I would—that no, Israel's policies towards the Palestinian people are not justifiable. I should, however, point out the inherent limitations in Neumann's presentation of his argument. While I am sure Neumann would argue that a moralistic argument is precisely the right place to start in understanding the conflict in Israel/Palestine, his writing—which is certainly provocative—seems like it takes too much for granted from the reader. There are those who feel that Israel's position towards the Palestinians is every bit justifiable morally, and it will take more than a brief argument, no matter how reasonable or well-made to convince them otherwise. There are also many, many people who desperately need a history lesson about the origins of the Zionist project and its application in the Israeli state, so much misinformation is spread every day about that nation.

None of this to say that the 220 pages of *The Case Against Israel* are devoid of historical material or analysis—far from it. In fact, there is a lot to be learned from this brief book. I certainly recommend it, and applaud Neumann's efforts; I particularly appreciate that this book takes it upon itself to offer actual strategies for the de-escalation of violence in Israel and the Occupied Territories. Nonetheless, I would recommend for the beginner to pick this up alongside a more detailed historical analysis of the crisis.

—Golnar Nikpour

Snail Gun
Michael Woods
104 pages • $10.95
iUniverse 2006
www.iUniverse.com

With a misspelled word on the back cover, *Snail Gun* could only get better... right? Nope. But hey, the jokes on me: I read it!

Snail Gun is essentially one long stream of consciousness prose poem containing basically no comprehensible narrative whatsoever. Other than a trail of utterly ambiguous references to some unspecified, uninteresting biotic generation, and endless descriptions and recurrences of a commonplace aesthetic cliché, the book contains basically no storyline or even characters.

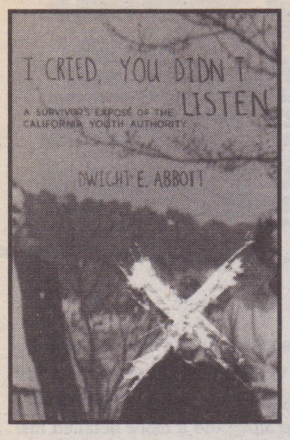
What I can't stand more than anything else in the world of literature is this sort of bullshit postmodernist tendency to question definitions, to redefine or (in this case) un-define ideas—the integral and un-escapable philosophy this book is built upon. I get the impression that Michael Woods' particularly unique style is a giant challenge to the norms of narrative literature *as well as* an attempt at poetic pretension. Woods throws all rules of English grammar foolishly into the trash, and I personally can't see why—the poetic and ultimately *avant-garde* qualities are only hindered by it, not helped (as I believe he sees it). When you un-define the common lingual understanding between people (in this case between author and reader) it ceases to have any definite meaning, and thus language breaks apart and thought can no longer be effectively conveyed by it. Wouldn't the author naturally see that this questioning of narrative structure and storytelling leads only to a solipsistic puddle of nonsense? Why do this? Is there any enjoyment in reading a (so-called) novel whose characters are totally indistinguishable from one another, perspective is purposely skewed far past coherence, and dialogue and description mix beyond recognition? It's sadly nothing more than obnoxious drivel and a useless display of wasted time. This deviation from literary norms comes off more as a pathetic attempt to display the authors talent rather than the revolutionarily and unique work of poetry that I get the feeling it thinks it is.

Personally, I find stuff like this to not really be worth my time. That aside, it also borrows (in both concept and style) heavily from Lautremont's *Maldoror* (a book that is certainly worth my time) practically to the point of imitation. Sort of surrealist fan-fiction I suppose. The aesthetic of *Snail Gun* is as much taken from *Maldoror* as it is from more modern authors like Burroughs or J.G. Ballard, and in that sense I get the impression that it's exactly what it is supposed to be. Another brick in a monument built to a surrealist (though by now cliché) aesthetic archetype: sex, science, drugs, and evil. Nothing new or worthwhile.

Snail Gun is barely readable and completely mediocre. Sorry.

—Spencer Horne

BOOKS



I Cried, You Didn't Listen: A Survivor's Expose of the California Youth Authority
Dwight E. Abbott
153 pages • $14.95
AK Press
674-A 23rd St.
Oakland, CA 94612-1163

When I was younger, I got into a bit of trouble with the law. At one point, I faced the possibility of being sent to the California Youth Authority. Everything that I heard about the place was absolutely horrifying. People that I knew said that it was "worse than real prison," meaning worse than a maximum-security facility. I had some ideas about the specifics of the situation but, luckily, was never given a chance to find out what people really meant. Dwight E. Abbott, however, was not so lucky.

Abbott was born into a relatively well-adjusted middle class family in southern California, with parents who loved and cared for him. He painted a picture of early childhood that was fairly idyllic.

At age nine, Abbott's parents were in a terrible car accident, and needed to be hospitalized for a long period of time. The social workers assigned to the Abbott children's case decided that the children's aunt, who had up to that point cared for them, was an alcoholic and unfit as a guardian. Unfortunately, no other family members or friends were able to help, and so the kids were sent to various foster settings and juvenile facilities.

If there was any point at which the state could have acted differently so as to completely alter the rest of Dwight Abbott's life, this was it. Instead of being sent to a children's home or to live with a foster family, Abbott was sent to Los Angeles County Juvenile Hall.

Almost immediately, Abbott witnessed the terribly savage dynamics that he would find to be the hallmarks of every juvenile facility. He was physically assaulted by other juvenile detainees in order to enforce his place in the pecking order. He had no status and was at the absolute bottom of the heap.

Abbott recounted the sadistic behavior of the counselors: everything from arranging bare-knuckle fights between boys (the victor was given cigarettes) to all types of sexual abuse. The physical and sexual abuse was completely pervasive, and was doled out equally by fellow inmates and counselors alike.

Periodically Abbott was released from juvenile detention centers, but by the time of his first parole he was so severely psychologically damaged that he was unable to interact with others, and ended up committing crimes and being sent back to prison.

As Dwight Abbott became better at moving his way up the social pecking order within the prison walls, he became even less likely to be able to function effectively on the outside. He gained a certain measure of respect from inmates and guards from a combination of psychotically violent behavior and an adherence to a rigid prison code of honor. This allowed him privilege on the inside, but since he became quick to anger and began seeking serious and lasting retribution at every turn, he assured himself longer sentences and transfers to institutions that were more secure and strict.

Conclusions are hard to take away from a book like this, but I suppose that one of the main ideas that I'm left with is that there are virtually no limits when it comes to how cruel human beings can be to one another. In everyday life it may seem as if we bear witness to a fair number of sketchy/intense/frightening situations, but after reading a tale like this, it becomes apparent that there are places where people endure circumstances that are infinitely worse. Dwight Abbott was almost daily forced into situations where he had to fight and step on others in order to gain respect and to survive. To engage in passive behavior was to choose to be a sex slave and a punching bag. The wardens and counselors were just as terrible to the inmates as the inmates were to one another. Whether the actions of the jailers were dictated by a rulebook or by sadistic whims, they were hard to read and even harder to fathom.

It would have been interesting to have some sort of update about the state of the California Youth Authority today. Abbott's last experience with a juvenile facility was in the late fifties, as far as I can tell, which makes the information in the book a little dated. I mean, I'm sure that the C.Y.A. has its share of horrors, and maybe it is every bit as terrible as in 1959, but I can really only guess. To use this book as a basis for opinion about the current C.Y.A would be ignorant.

With every review I write, I ask myself: who would specifically want to read this book, and would I recommend it generally?

I suppose the main application for this book would be in doing research about prisons and specifically juvenile facilities, especially to gain some historical perspective. Anyone who does work in the field of prisoner activism or advocacy would find this book extremely helpful as well.

As far as recommending the book to people, I guess I would be somewhat hesitant. It's really well-written, but when boiled down, it's a series of incredibly depressing sexual assaults, merciless, senseless violence and escapes that end in capture every time. The story was a compelling one, but it wasn't exactly a shocking expose or anything. When I think "reform school" or "juvenile hall," I automatically think of senseless beatings and group dynamics that are more canine than human. This is a brutal and shitty state of affairs, but is it surprising? Not really.

Abbott seems to have grown immensely over the years, and appears very much in touch with the dark events that have shaped him over the decades. However, the book ends as he enters the world of adult prison, and I was left wondering what happened over the last forty-six or so years. I suppose that if I really wanted to know, I could write him a letter at the address listed in the back of the book.

Abbott currently resides at the Salinas Valley State Prison where is serving multiple life sentences.

—Andy Shoup

To Air Is Human: One Man's Quest to Become the World's Greatest Air Guitarist
Björn Türoque
306 pages • $14.00
www.riverheadbooks.com • www.bjornturoque.com

If you're gonna write autobiographically this is the way to do it. Painting a whole picture of yourself requires the inclusion of warts and flaws and that time you got so drunk you started making possibly racist, definitely sexist comments to your competition. Anything less than this level of candor would make it a fluff piece.

Dan Crane was just a dude in his 30s who was typically bored, unsatisfied, and unfulfilled with his life. It wasn't so bad being him, but it wasn't good enough either. So he donned some sparkly duds, gave his attitude a heavy dose of over-security, and reinvented himself as Björn Türoque: professional air guitarist. He traveled the world as a fringe musician of sorts, appearing on every late night talk show, performing on stages before thousands of people, hooking up with air groupies in nightclub bathrooms, and eventually helping produce the stellar documentary, *Air Guitar Nation*. It was a vast improvement from making software in a cubicle.

More than just the story of Dan's air guitar exploits, this is a detailed look at how his entire life led him to take up such a seemingly ridiculous passion. The concept of playing competitive air guitar sounds cheesy—it is—and that only adds to the book's appeal and uniqueness. This is just as entertaining as any "real" rock biography and any fan of the genre will appreciate that this was written by someone to which we can actually relate. It has all the tales of sex and drugs and rock'n'roll (or attempts at achieving them) but they are delivered by a guy you probably temped with or sat next to on the bus.

For the most part the book is fun and funny—pleasure reading at its best. Every story has its own equally entertaining back-story and you can't go a few pages without a footnote offering factoids about umlauts or GG Allin or how the Eagles can mash up nicely with the Dead Kennedys (as in "Hotel California Uber Alles"). But as much as this is leisure reading it is also a clear rendering of man's folly when trying to reconcile and outgrow the 16-year old boy inside. It is cringe-worthy in the way that *Wonder Years* was because you always knew Kevin Arnold was going to make a very poor decision.

In addition to air guitaring professionally and being a writer for both the *New York Times* and the *LA Times*, Dan is also an ardent student of philosophy so any chance he can expound on something and then apply Nietzsche or Balzac to it he does, often adding a little twist. "To err is human, to air guitar...*divine*."

File under: music, biography, humor, culture, and awesome.

—craigums

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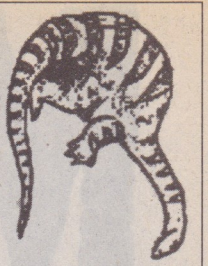

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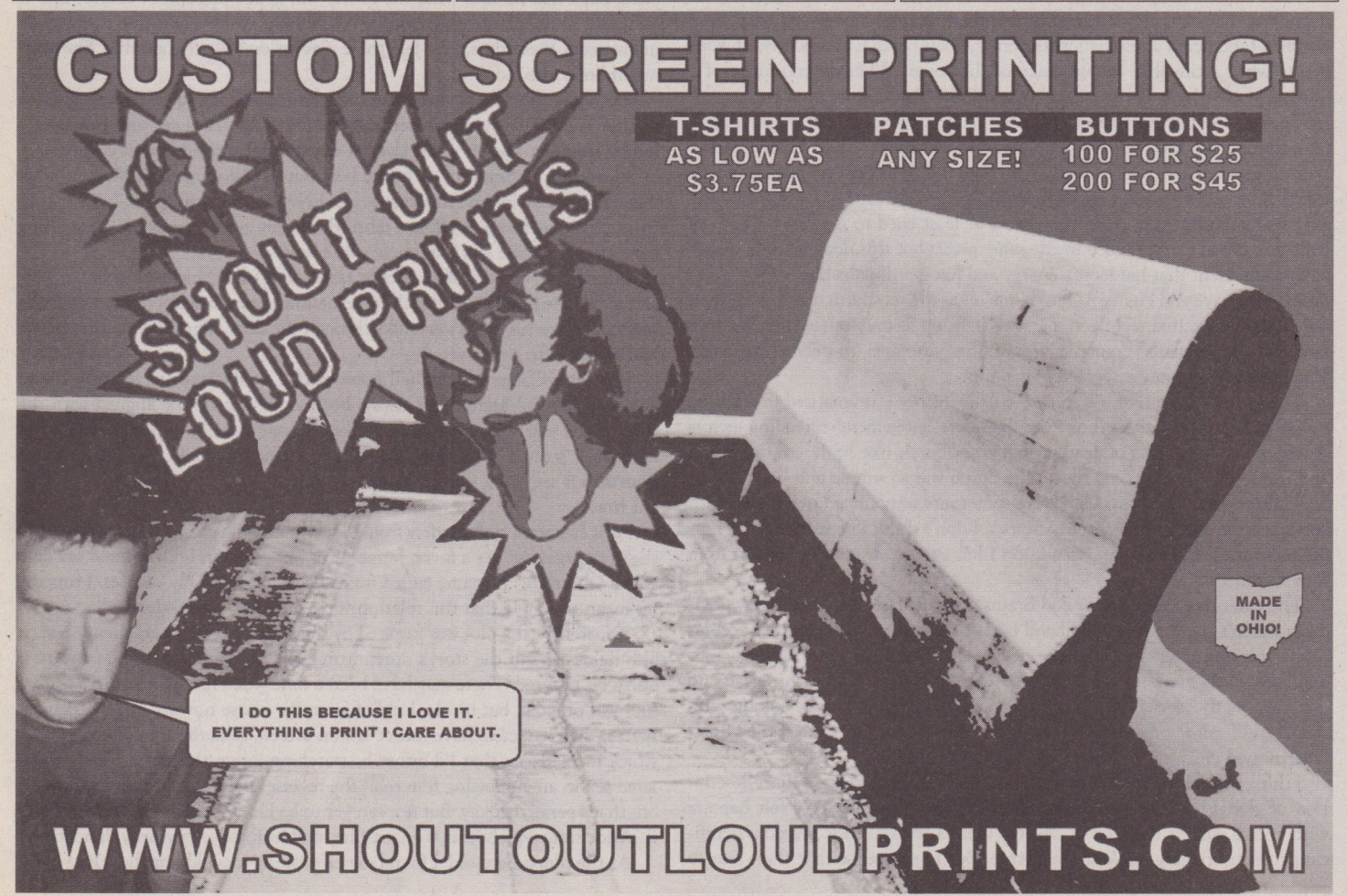

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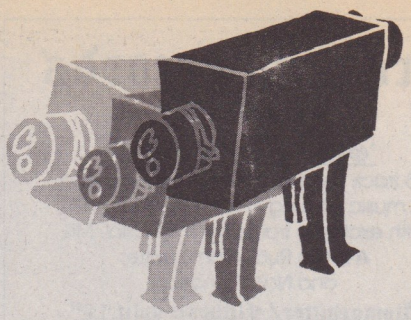

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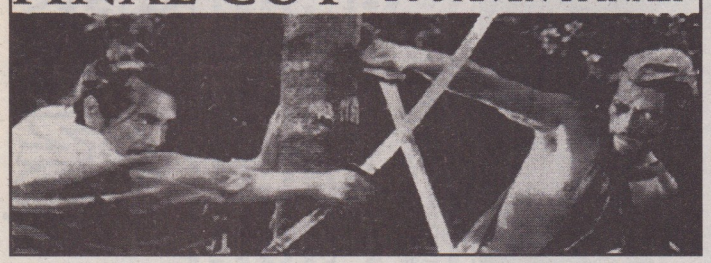


PUTTING THE "HARD" IN HARDCORE

There's already been a bumper crop of documentaries on skateboarding. The MC5, Stooges, Ramones, and Clash have been covered in pet projects, and often the results have been surprisingly good. But hardcore is something very different: it's an underground phenomenon that shuns rock stars; sometimes it seems almost too large to address in a two-hour feature film.

Director Paul Rachman used Steven Blush's book, *American Hardcore: A Tribal History* as the template for his systematic history of a movement that has always resisted attempts to popularize it. Strangely, this rebellion against mass popularity may be the one thing keeping the film from a large audience. As I watched (and heard choice snippets from the best bands), I found myself wondering what a cinephile would make of the songs. What do you make of a musical genre whose classic tracks come off like blasts of noise?

The feeling that "you had to be there" comes up repeatedly in Rachman's film, which includes interviews with members of Minor Threat, SS Decontrol, Black Flag, and Gang Green (to name a few). But it's that very insularity that makes for much of hardcore's excitement. It wasn't meant to be heard by the masses—a concept that *MRR* has always at least tried to get right. They say lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place, but this documentary makes a good argument that hardcore's energy and fun is still palpable.

Ian MacKaye and Henry Rollins come off as the most articulate spokesmen here. In their excited recollections, they light up as they relate their favorite moments. Particularly dramatic are Rollins' attempts to relate the exact moment when the music seemed to catch fire.

The idea that the film is a sort of "tribal" history is dramatized in thrilling full-screen graphics that show the hardcore movement spreading across America like some kind of unstoppable virus. Bands like SS Decontrol began and matured with surprising speed; the music was so simple and basic that it couldn't be any other way. Gigs were sometimes announced overnight, with bands staying over at other bands' houses. I don't think I've seen a better rendering of the HC this phenomenon on film, even in hyperbole slips in from time to time.

The extensive treatment of Bad Brains is particularly welcome. They obviously weren't the first-ever HC band but, as Rachman explains, their accomplished playing and radical point of view made their music segue perfectly into hardcore. Early punk music had always been strongly allied with reggae and dub, and as the decade turned, Bad Brains brought both styles along with them. Bad Brains comes off perhaps as the star of the film, even if they finally jettisoned HC after a philosophical moment of crisis.

I think **American Hardcore** might have profited by at least a short description of global hardcore's footprint. And certainly I would have felt happier with even a cursory mention of, say, the Germs, whose music played a significant role in bridging punk and hardcore. But I get a sense that there was so much material to cover that **American Hardcore** might easily have become bookish. Director Rachman set his limits, probably in full knowledge that European and Japanese bands had their own stories. But America is so geographically compact that it could offer a more vivid portrait of HC's development.

American Hardcore is produced with just the right balance of music and words, and it's a real pleasure to walk into a mainstream movie house and see a film like this. I think that HC aficionados will get the most enjoyment from this, but it's one of the few documents that give a visceral sense of this unique underground music at its very peak.

It's clear that "hardcore" means different things to different people. With **Shortbus**, director John Cameron Mitchell mostly stays away from music (a surprise, after **Hedwig and the Angry Itch**) and pledges more allegiance to that other itch. There's one glam musical number that concludes the film, but **Shortbus** mostly has a jazzy, impromptu feel and sound. And from the opening scenes, there's no question that this is going to be solidly, vividly hardcore—even if there are times we're not quite sure why.

But no one in the theater seemed to be a member of the trenchcoat battalion. It was almost as if they'd sat down for a screening of **Brokeback Mountain**; more than anything, it was probably curiosity that fueled the their interest—and certainly mine. It wouldn't be unique to my film going experience, but I had no idea what the movie was about (except, of course, that it had a lot of un-simulated fucking). While indie films tend to be surprisingly mainstream these days, one felt there was an outside chance that **Shortbus** might break the mold.

From just after the opening montage, **Shortbus** goes out of its way to show us that it takes its humping seriously. Sofia (Sook Yin-Lee) and her sweaty hubby seemed to be on a roll to a set a record for most different consecutive positions in a feature film. (They're beat out by the unrated version of **Team America**, but theirs isn't marionette sex.) Not too far away, punk-haired dominatrix Lindsay Beamish) flogs a john who seems more interested in discussing current events. She lets him know who's boss.

Meanwhile, one of Sofia's clients, Jamie (PJ DeBoy) has been trying to perfect a delicate position in which he somehow manages sucks himself off, with success, before his gay lover walks through the door. They kiss, but he hasn't had a chance to gargle yet.

Has John Cameron Mitchell gone mad? I doubt it, or at least he hasn't admitted it yet. Mitchell has always been a director closely aligned with the spirit of the seventies underground, when many films of this ilk (though never hardcore) pushed their way into underground theaters. So even though **Shortbus** is set in the current day, its compass takes its readings from a different time.

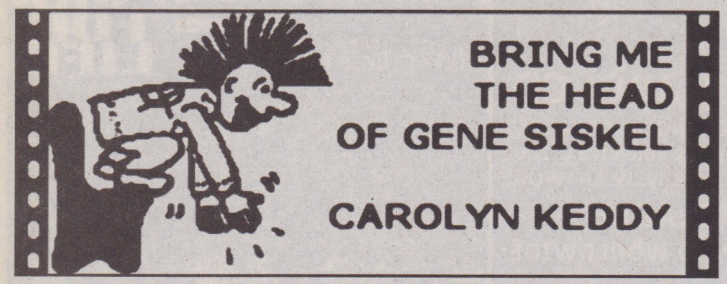
As it happens, Sofia suffers from a debilitating fate for a couples therapist: she's pre-orgasmic. As a favor, Jamie turns her on to an underground sex club called "shortbus," its name culled from those half-sized schoolbuses. I suppose it's meant to imply that this relationship expert has a lot to learn.

Apparently, the plot was inspired by the stories of the actors themselves. It also helps explain the story's unremitting lack of inspiration. The concept is also a bit tattered. There may have been a time when hardcore sex in a feature film was original, but it's the kind of gimmick whose novelty wears off quickly. Yes, the characters have lots of sex on-screen, sometimes in clumps. But it struck me early on that I'd rather be watching interesting actors doing simulated sex in an engrossing film than the reverse. If a film is meant to turn you on, that's perfectly okay. But sex can get to be kind of dull unless you're doing it. Aside from which, this is an art film, and its focus is primarily dramatic.

As the film progressed, I found myself wishing it could somehow find a way

to shock or surprise me. The film is also handicapped by the relative lack of appealing performances. Afterwards, I gabbed with the projectionist for a while, and he seemed to be in agreement.

That said, it's hard to dismiss **Shortbus**. Not because it's particularly good, but because it takes massive risks—many of them financial. Will this be stocked in Blockbuster? Only when monkeys fly out of the actors' asses...which I swear just may have happened in the background once.



What We Want, What We Believe: The Black Panther Party Library is a four DVD set that looks so promising. The Black Panthers were a fascinating and scary group. They had guns and were not afraid to stand up to the police, but they were also interested in improving their neighborhoods and education. Like all the so-called radical groups of the '60s priorities, egos, aspirations, in fighting, money, murder, and FBI interference combined to destroy the group. But what started it all is still interesting. Unfortunately, **What We Want, What We Believe: The Black Panther Party Library** DVD does not give the background of the Black Panther Party. You can read a little bit about it in the booklet included with the DVD, but you need to research the basics so you'll know who most of these people are and what they are talking about in the interviews.

The reason you will want to see **What We Want, What We Believe: The Black Panther Party Library** is for the three Newsreel films on the Black Panthers: *Off The Pig; Mayday;* and *Repression.* Newsreel was a group of filmmakers and photographers who were aware that the new media wasn't being objective in its presentation of events. The group got together in different parts of the country to document the other side of the story, making films about war protests and other things contrary to what the public was being shown on the nightly news. Newsreel would then make multiple prints of their films to be shown around the country.

Newsreel's three films on the Black Panthers are captivating. There are interviews with Huey P. Newton when he was in jail, interview with Eldridge Cleaver, Bobby Seale reading the Ten Point Program of the Black Panthers, protests outside Oakland, CA's courthouse during Newton's trial, protests outside San Francisco's Federal building for the release of Newton, the Panther's Free Breakfast for Children program as well as other free social programs for the community. I watched these films multiple times. They are fascinating documents of the time. It is inspiring to see people standing up for what they believe. Also I love the way Oakland and San Francisco looked back then.

The rest of **What We Want, What We Believe: The Black Panther Party Library** is not for the casual viewer. One needs to be very intent on watching this collection to get through it. The interviews are not filmed too well. The camera is shaky and the interviewee does not have a microphone so when the interviewer Roz Payne asks a question her voice is much louder. There are some speakers at the 35th anniversary of the Black Panther Party that have audio only so you are looking at the still photo from the DVD cover for a long time. Yet, if you are willing there is a lot of interesting information. There are interviews with former FBI agents who investigated the Panthers, lawyers who defended the party and interviews with members of Newsreel. Unfortunately, Payne who assembled this collection does not get any interviews with any of the main Panthers. The closest she gets is a two-hour interview with Field Marshall Donald Cox. (www.akpress.org)

After all that intensity, why not go for the lighter side of life with a little comedy? Neil Hamburger has a new DVD collection **Neil Hamburger The World's Funnyman**. Like the Panthers DVD collection, you really got to want to watch this to get through it. If you're like me (and who isn't?), you'll have a great time. Make sure you have a few cocktails in your hands.

Neil Hamburger The World's Funnyman includes a show shot in Sydney, Australia and an Australian documentary. The performance is a straight ahead Neil Hamburger show, not as fun as being there, but it will do when you need a fix. The documentary is more fun, if only to watch Neil perform at a very large festival prior to what I assume is a big band Frenzal Rhomb. The band asked him to open and the crowd doesn't seem too happy about it, though at times he is almost winning them over. Fortunately for Neil, Ronald McDonald gets a harsher beating on stage. Hamburger also appeared in Frenzal Rhomb's music video, which is also shown in the documentary. Of course, there are DVD extras. A film version of his album *Left For Dead In Malaysia*, a Canadian documentary and, my favorite, a music video for the song "Seven Elevens." (www.dragcity.com)

I just had another birthday. Every year I get older, I am trying to become more opinionated and conceited. After watching three new Under Review DVDs, I have taken the so-called experts attitudes to my daily life. I know everything about everything. Didn't ask my opinion? Too bad here it is.

So-called Syd Barrett expert Mark Sturdy on the **Syd Barrett Under Review** DVD inspires my new attitude. You just have to laugh when you look at his baby-face. Is this guy twenty years old and he's an expert on Syd Barrett? Then when I read his bio on the DVD and found out he claims to be an expert because he researched an article on Syd Barrett for *Mojo* in 2004. Well, I did research for my reviews of the Black Panthers and Neil Hamburger so I guess I am now an expert on both. Cool.

Like all the DVDs in the series, if you can manage to laugh at the commentators on the **Syd Barrett Under Review** you will find some worthwhile things on this DVD. Pink Floyd made some cool promotional films for their early singles with Barrett. The "Arnold Layne" film has the band on the beach playing with mannequins. Too bad you only get to see a small portion of it. As always, it would be better to see the whole thing. Barrett's story is a sad one. He gets forced out of Pink Floyd due to his crazy behavior thought to be caused by drugs and/or mental illness. The band goes on to become very successful. Barrett releases a few solo records and then goes into seclusion.

Joy Division Under Review is another new analysis. This time you get a few older reviewers who I can't help but think probably hated Joy Division and punk back in the day. Now, here they are talking about its importance. *Melody Maker* writer David Stubbs states, "It was that dance that caught most people's eye." As cool as that dance is, I am sure it had more to do with the music.

Unfortunately, this is one of the worst DVDs in the series. Instead of relying on actual footage of the band, there is an undue amount of scenes from the movie **24-Hour Party People**. I love that movie, but since it is a fictionalized account of what happened, it shouldn't be included here. I know there is more than enough actual footage floating around to make this unnecessary. It is made that much more dubious by the presence of Lindsay Reade and Mick Middles who just wrote a book about Ian Curtis. Reade and Middles should have some important things to say since they both knew Curtis. Instead Reade spends most of her time refuting events portrayed in the movie and Middle doesn't say much.

One of the DVD extras is the reason why all Joy Division fans will want to check this out. It is an audio recording of a 1979 interview with Ian Curtis where he is seemingly upbeat and denies that his lyrics are about death. Too bad there wasn't video footage to go along with it.

Lastly, is **Radiohead OK Computer, A Classic Album Under Review**. I have never seen what others see in this band, but I am always willing to let someone try to convince me. The reviewers on this aren't able to. Endlessly repeating what an influential album it is and how many great reviews it got, but then showing a listless band play orchestral, easy listening type music didn't win me over. Even the Kate Bush DVD made me understand why people would like her music, even if I didn't. I don't see that with Radiohead. One reviewer nicely summed it up, "One of my favorite moments on the album is when 'Exit Music' stops and you got that silence between that and 'Let Down.'" Yeah, silence is the best part of this album. Did I just agree with one of these people? Yikes! (http://mvdb2b.com/)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area, let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it.

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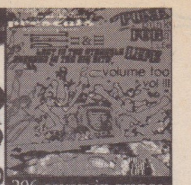

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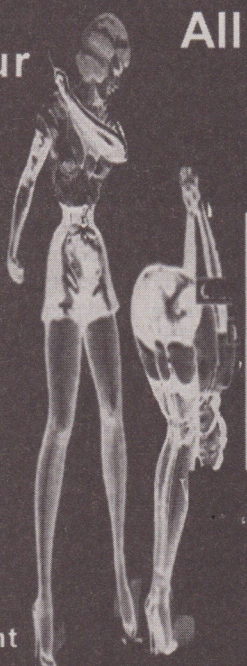

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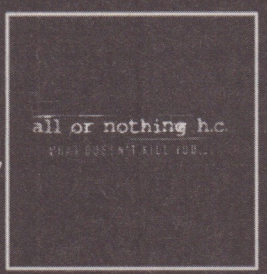

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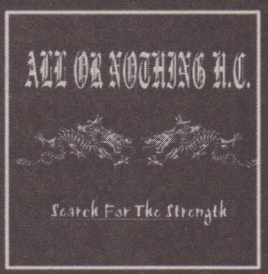

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RECORDS

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Reviewers: Ariel Awesome (AA), Justin Briggs (JU), Tim Brooks (TB), Mitch Cardwell (MC), Rob Coons (RC), Carl Cordova (CC), Paul Curran (PC), Andy Darling (AD), Dr. Dante (DD), Sean Dougan (SD), Nic Eagle (NE), Jonathan Floyd (JF), Jeff Heermann (JH), Vince Horner (VH), Mike Howes (MH), Layla Gibbon (LG), Chris Hubbard (CS), Kenny Kaos (KK), Carolyn Keddy (CK), Ramsey Kanaan (RK), Will Kinser (WK), Ray Lujan (RL), Allan McNaughton (AM),Golnar Nikpour (GN), Bruce Roehrs (BR), Ken Sanderson (KS), Martin Sorrondeguy (MS); Steve Spinali (SS), Brian Stern (BS), Stevo (ST), Ryan Wells (RW), Shane White (SW)

'63 MONRÖE – "Hijack Victim" LP

A compilation of early recordings from this long-running Canadian band. Looking at the pictures I expected a glammed-up HANOI ROCKS or even POISON sound, but this band apparently started out pretty punk then drifted more towards power pop, but still retained a pretty raw edge (at least up until 1985, when this LP cuts off). On the whole, this is pretty enjoyable, and I appreciate the chance to get exposed to this band. (AM)
(Rave Up, Via Crispolti 16, 00159 Roma, ITALY, www.raveuprecords.com)

999 – "999" CD

The good Captain Oi! has embarked on reissuing a bunch of "classic" early punk records, remastered, as swank digipaks. Like all the reissues, this comes with lots of liner notes, lyrics, artwork, photos, and is loaded with extra tracks: in this case, the relevant singles that came out during this period. Cast your mind back to 1977, when punk was breaking. At the forefront was 999, who came out with a couple of classic 7"s, and then this corker a year later. It owes more to pub rock and power pop than speed and a rudimentary knowledge of music. And of course, 999 went on to influence loads of bands on both sides of the Atlantic. Here's how, and why. Quite superb. (RK)
(Captain Oi!, www.captainoi.com)

ADA MAX – "5 Tales of Terror" CD

Crazy metallic "horror-core" from the ex-guitarist of Japan's FLASH GORDON. Only five tracks, which is a shame as this stuff is pretty ripping, sounding like a less over-the-top ACCÜSED. As expected, the lyrics are absolute gibberish; "And red arms tell in your hand / Eliminate all / Give a first cry in the sea of blood"….uhhhh? OK. Still a rip-roaring disc though. (TB)
(MCR, c/o Sound Pollution, www.sound-pollution.com)

AGENT – "I Wouldn't Trade That for Anything" CD

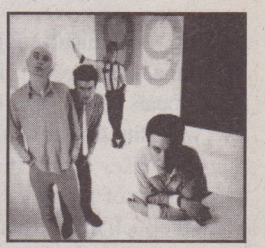
Long Island's AGENT plays *very* '90s-style melodic emo, replete with ocatave-y guitar licks, stop-and-*ju-nuhn-ju-nuhnuh* parts and a singer that sounds like he's gonna cry. Their "one-sheet" says, "AGENT write songs that haven't been repeated 100 times before," which, I have to say, is a bald-faced lie. Check out these lyrics: "I was wondering if you thought about those days as much as I / We'd attempt to forget about life and get on our bikes and ride." I rest my case. (PC)
(Iron Pier, PO Box 279, East Setauket, NY 11733, www.ironpier.net)

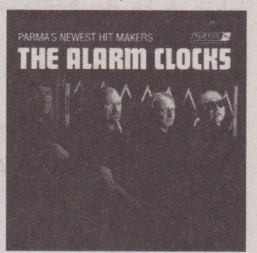
ALARM CLOCKS – "Marie/Gloria"

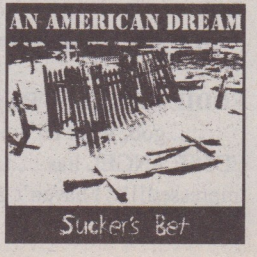
Yes, this is the same ALARM CLOCKS that gave the world the classic '60s punk tune "No Reason to Complain," and they're back forty years later with a new single! I'm usually apprehensive when it comes to bands reuniting way past their prime 'cause most don't really pull it off, but these guys do a decent job. The A-side is a cool mid-paced R&B rocker with some nice guitar licks, while the flip is an unnecessary cover of a song done by every freakin' band in the world. I would seek out the reissues of the early stuff first, but this is worth getting if you're a '60s garage fan. (BG)
(Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, www.nortonrecords.com)

ALL THOSE OPPOSED – CD

This band from Providence, RI, is all over the map with their style. From one song to the next, I was never quite sure what influences I would hear creeping in. For example, one song starts out with a buildup of headbanger metal riffs and then goes into a straight-up sXe-style hardcore assault. The next song is mostly straightforward crust and then at the end of the song there is long drawn out hardcore breakdown. There is even some screamo influence creeping in some of the songs. The recording is pretty raw and blown-out, which I thought added a good dose of intensity of the music. The three-panel cover is simple and the artwork is bright and catchy. The only thing missing is a lyric sheet. This is quite interesting, to say the least. (RC)
(www.myspace.com/allthoseopposed)







AMBITIONS – "Questions" CD

Remember IGNITE? This Connecticut three-piece sure does! These seven tracks are played with a bit more speed and fury than IGNITE ever had, but the song structures and dramatic vocals are dead-on... The liner notes mention something about how hardcore should be about pushing boundaries. What?!?! I can't argue with the execution... This is definitely the kind of clean, melodic hardcore record that kids on the Revelation Records message board are going wet themselves over, but it's a total cut-n-paste job. Unless "pushing boundaries" is a reference to how high they can jump kick or how many XL T-shirts they can sell, they're failing miserably. (VH)
(Think Fast, www.thinkfastrecords.com)

AMOK — "Hinsides Kjærlighet" EP

Whoa, I am having a hard time getting past these vocals. Yikes. You know the weird creature who sits on Jabba the Hut's shoulder in *Empire Strikes Back*? Imagine him as one of two singers of a pretty ruling hardcore band. What the fuck man? This music ain't half bad. It's fast, driving, and from the English explanations of what the songs about they are totally on the righteous side of our punk politics. So what gives with the weird vocals?! Totally frustrating; total bummer. (AA)
($12 ppd: John Ivar Knudsen, Krabbegata 2, N-4839, Arendal, NORWAY)

AN AMERICAN DREAM – "Sucker's Bet" EP

The title track on this EP comes in heavy with plodding, gruff vocals and some catchy hooks and choruses. Shit, there is no lyric sheet with this record—I can only pick out something about, "You show me yours and I'll show you mine." Now, I have heard that line plenty of times in my day, but it normally involves me and some dude in a dark corner of a bar or on the bus or somewhere like that. "Television Pedophile" is very catchy and sticks with ya after the song is done, and again, there is no lyric sheet so I can't tell you much about the content here. The flipside is a "jam": AN AMERICAN DREAM starts to go for the rock-ish side of things here, ya know, in a "light a bong" sort of way. This is an OK record but send some lyrics next time, guys. (MS)
(Conagraph, conagraphrecords@yahoo.com)

EDDIE ANGEL – "Plays Link Wray" EP

.....god, what an amazing guitar tone this EDDIE ANGEL has.....Link himself would be impressed!!!!! I haven't got a clue who EDDIE is or what or where he comes from, but this dick smoker plays a mean LINK WRAY.....!!!! Included on this wax are "Hungry," "Ace of Spades," "Mustang," and "Lynxtail," all done perfectly true to the original versions!!! There's only one way I can figure that this dude could imitate Mr. Wray so well...he must've sampled the great man's spunk in order to possess the power!!!!! It's a religious/spiritual thang...!!!!!!(SW)
(Munster, PO Box 18107, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN, www.munster-records.com)

ANOMALIE – "Zuruck zum Singular" CD

Ugh! Strike one: The cheap front cover with bloody hand (oh, you feel *sooo* much). Strike two: The terrible *chugga-chugga* guitar during the first 15 seconds of the first track. Strike three: The horrible "I'm signing like a current MTV hardcore/metalcore band" at the 16 second mark of track one. Strike four: I don't care how much you think you feel (see lyrics). Strike five: Your damn lame and cliché twin-guitar riffs aren't even in sync. This is probably the worst thing I've reviewed for *MRR*. Hmm, or was that the Xtian hardcore disc last month? (MH)
(PXF, www.poisonfree.com)

ANS / DEADPONT – split EP

This EP pulls together a strong pair of skate-punk bands from across the planet: ANS from Texas, and DEADPOINT all the way from Japan. As you'd predict from their previous EPs, ANS recalls a looser-edged SUICIDAL TENDENCIES with a touch of JFA, roaring in with tunes like "Mr. Infection" and a strong version of "Skate Zombies Must Shred." DEADPOINT opts for somewhat catchier tunes with fleshed out guitars, highlighting the record with the mid-pace riffs of "Ruined My Life." Very nice effort, limited to 200 copies. (SS)
(16 Oh, www.16oh.com)

THE APERS / SONIC DOLLS – split EP

Two European bands do their take on RAMONES-y pop punk. THE APERS are from Holland and the SONIC DOLLS from Germany. I've never really liked either of these bands, though SONIC DOLLS did have a great track on that *Xanadu* comp a while back. They just do it too much by the numbers…it's way too genre copycat, know what I mean? (AD)
(It's Alive, 11411 Hewes St, Orange, CA 92869)

APPENDIX – "Top of the Pops" LP

How do you describe one of the best bands to ever exist? Could start with raw, energetic, and completely catchy, and that might not even be half bad—but APPENDIX were way better than that. Mikki's vocals are as snotty as Jonny Rotten's ever were, but with more spite and angst. Similar to bands like ASTA KASK, THE PARTISANS, and UPRIGHT CITIZENS in style and delivery for those who don't already know. APPENDIX, along with bands like LAMA and MELLAKKA, defined the Finnish sound, and this record is the perfect proof. In fact, it is absolutely crucial that every self-respecting punk own this record, period. (WK)
(Assel, Groner Lanstr. 48, 37018 Goettingen, GERMANY, www.assel-records.de)

ARTHUR LEE AND THE AMERICAN FOUR – "Stay Away/You I'll Be Following"

A two-track delve into the Grand Master of weaving psychedelia's past. Two demo tracks: one, "You I'll Be Following," that I think appears on the first LOVE long player, the other I do believe to be an original to the band in question. Great lo-fi garage production, dark and brooding riffs with a touch of that trademark fuzz, dance floor friendly handclaps, and that signature piercing '60s garage scream. This is as good as this genre gets and great insight into the mind that led one of the most innovative, creative, and influential psyche bands of all time. (SD)
(Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, www.nortonrecords.com)

ASTRO ZOMBIES – "Burgundy Livers" CD

Apparently this is a live CD from a French rockabilly trio. Well, it's definitely rockabilly, it was recorded live in France, and the band's management has a French address, so I guess we're close. They turn out a fairly rambunctious punk-a-billy blend, complete with stand up bass and street-punk stylings. Not much hint of the MISFITS at all really, for better or worse. (RK)
(Raucous, www.raucousrecords.com)

ATTACK MODE / BE BAD – split EP

Starting with the art, which is obscurest but kind of spooky and cool, this record is obviously not a generic punk or wacky thrash record. ATTACK MODE starts things off by playing thuggish and kind of scary art-damaged skronk, sounding vocally like a *No New York* type band but with music that is less obnoxiously cerebral. There is a sort of modern indie punk element to them too but it is

buried under the angry guitars. Me like. On the flip, BE BAD plays in a very similar style, calling strongly to my mind the '90s and bands like JESUS LIZARD. There are a few bands in North America mining this territory, which would get extremely annoying very fast if it becomes a full blown trend, but as it is, the style seems interesting and almost intrepid for the couple of good bands holding it down for '90s noise freaks the world over. (GN)
(Divorce, 2687 Fuller Terrace, Halifax, Nova Scotia B3K3V9, CANADA)

A TOUCH OF HYSTERIA — "1983 Demotape" LP

Early '80s British peace punk band A TOUCH OF HYSTERIA's demo is given new life and a new format, as one side of an LP, and I could not be more stoked. (I wonder how many demos of this kind still lie out there waiting to be released on vinyl, to be made available to people like me, dying to hear them?) A TOUCH OF HYSTERIA manages to be political, poetic, dark, angry, and addictive—but something more than that too. They had the rare ability to speak to the horror and injustice of the world without resorting to sloganeering or name-calling; in this way they remind me of ZOUNDS. It's a little bit sad knowing these five songs are all I get from this band, but I'm thankful they've been made available at all. I have the distinct feeling the record is not going to leave my turntable...that is if I can even get ahold of one of these records for myself. (AA)
(Demo Tapes, PO Box 357, London, SEI9 IAD, UNITED KINDGOM)

ATROFIA CEREBRAL – "Matanza Extrema" CD

Political noisecore from Peru. 59 CD tracks (multiple "songs" per track; around 100 songs total) in 53 minutes, with most of the songs sounding the same. This is a demo from 1990 and a rehearsal from 1989. Good for noisecore, but that's not saying much. (MH)
(Latin Core, www.latincorerecords.com)

A WARM GUN – "Panic in the Face of Time" CD

This band has grind parts, youth crew two-step parts, speed metal riffs, and tough guy breakdowns. It's a rainbow of extreme music, man; can you get into it? Touch the rainbow. (NE)
(Yellowdog, PO Box 550208, 10372 Berlin, GERMANY)

BAD DREAMS ALWAYS – "22 Tracks Pure Hate" CD

Fagersta, Sweden's BAD DREAMS ALWAYS' third CD since 1988 (!) features 22 tracks recorded between 1998 and 2006, with metallic leads, throaty thrash-metal/AGNOSTIC FRONT-style vocal scowl and/or NEIGHBORS-styled screech, and manic punchy drumming, all mounted on a chassis of straightforward, riff-driven hardcore. Heavy, gothic intros, an occasional grind blast beat—the metal influences are somewhat inescapable—but the impact is largely driven through the modern update and delivery of basic MDC/DRI-influenced hardcore, knocked out at a steady and relentless pace. Midway through the CD, the guitars loosen and begin to play, riff, solo, and squeal more creatively around the rushing mass of speed. No lyrics are provided (for songs like "Copkiller," "Lying Bitch," or "Snutgris," so you have no idea) but band photos suggest "Bro-Crust" has hit Sweden, and like the older dudes pickled in punk still thrashing away in your town, this is an excellently played, excellently delivered CD that might never gets its hipster due, but is unmistakably solid, scathing and harsh in impact. (KS)
(MASH, Gillerstigen 4, 777142 Ludvika, SWEDEN)

BAMBOO KIDS – "Feel Like Hell" CD

Generic rock 'n' roll with a sorta punk influence. I'm actually surprised this made it onto Empty… maybe they're really *nice people*. (JH)
(Empty, PO Box 12301, Portland, CA 97212)

LA BANDA TRAPERA DEL RIO – "1978-1982" 2xLP

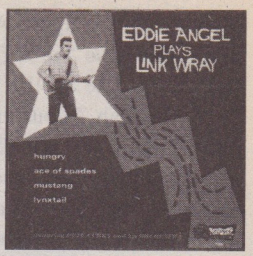
Munster Records is a real treasure of a label. Over the years they have issued and reissued so many amazing records with totally awe-inspiring packaging and sound, and of such interesting variety that it boggles the mind. This is their most recent Spanish punk excavation, a beautiful double LP by the band that (along with Madrid's great KAKA DELUXE) put out one of the first Spanish punk singles ("La Regla/Las Cloacas") in 1978. For a fan, the best thing about this is the amazing packaging, replete with a bunch of amazing photos and extensive (Spanish language) liner notes. For a newcomer, the music is very rocked out, even by late '70s standards, having plenty in common with the New York punk hipster school of that era. There are some stone classics on this 2xLP—the aforementioned "Venid a Las Cloacas," on which the vocalist really shines, and "Eununcos Mentales," among others. I admit that it might be a bit of a challenge to listen to this double LP many times all the way through, but there is more than enough of worth on here to recommend this to Spanish punk appreciators, or fanatics of the late '70s punk explosion. (GN)
(Munster, PO Box 18107, Madrid 28080, SPAIN, www.munster-records.com)

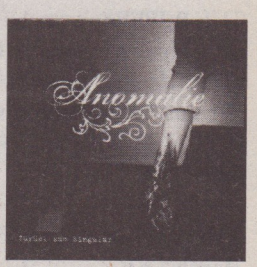
BARRICADE – "Be Heard" CD

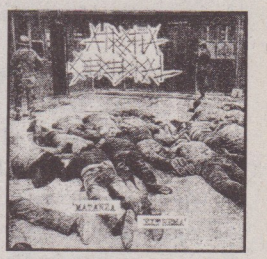
Working-class Pennsylvania hardcore in the vein of bands like TERROR and HATEBREED. Their songs have a strong skinhead vibe to them, with topics about fence-walkers, brotherhood, and political apathy. (CC)
(Blackout, www.blackoutrecords.com)

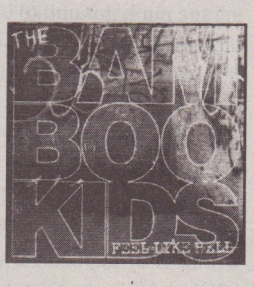
BEAR PROOF SUIT – "Science Is Dead" EP

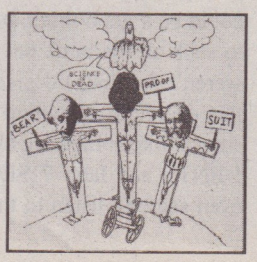
Theoretically I should like this. It reminds me of old early-'80s HC 7"s as well as certain aspects of BORN AGAINST….maybe the vocals? But there's something about it that doesn't quite hit me right. I guess I should clarify that I don't dislike it so much as I am irritating











myself trying to figure out what it is about the music that is so "wrong" to my ears. It's just strange because all the right components are there, but yeah, I don't like it much. Boo-hoo, right? I think it's actually the guitar sound—it's somehow more rock than hardcore. It might just be the recording. Maybe they are rad to watch live? I have a feeling they might be. The song "Sans Equity" is pretty rad; I think it's the best one on here. I actually hated THE WIPERS cover, however. All the desperation removed, it seemed kind of pointless and depressed me. Anyway, you would probably like this. I have no idea why I don't. (LG)
(Criminal IQ, 3501 N. Southport, Chicago, IL 60657)

THE BLACK AND WHITES – "Fucked Up Hearts" EP

As with all the other records with the Shattered name stamped on them, this is a quality release. THE BLACK AND WHITES bring us three garage rockin' tracks of power-pop-tinged punk rock. The two A-side tracks, "Fucked Up Heart" and "Bad Expectations," rock a bit harder and hold my attention better than the slightly slower B-side track "Multiple Girls." I'm not gonna reference any other bands here cause I'm not really qualified to make a fair comparison, but if you're at all into the garage-y side of the punk rock it'd probably be in your better interest to check this out. (JU)
(Shattered, www.shatteredrecords.com)

BOB BURNS AND THE BREAKUPS – "Hydrostatic Heart" EP

This label has been consistently delivering the goods over the past few months and this disc is no exception. Breaking no genre barriers, this is still a snappy little disc. Straight-up garage punk not unlike the CATHOLIC BOYS or something, short and fun. Nice. (TB)
(Plastic Idol, www.plasticidolrecords.com)

BOOM BOOM KID – "...Smiles from Chapanoland" LP

Sadly, BOOM BOOM KID's studio recordings don't convey the greatness and wildness of the band's live shows. The major-label style production on this album adds layers upon layers of vocals and guitars, which could be a good thing, but in this case it tends to suck all the punk out of the recording. If it weren't for that, I'd give a giant thumb up to this energetic Argentine pop punk record that sounds like something akin to later DESCENDENTS and later 7 SECONDS. (P.S. I may even secretly listen to this on my headphones sometime.) (PC)
(Dirty Faces, www.dirtyfaces.de)

BORN LIARS – "Exit Smiling" CD

On Mortville, which generally holds a can't-miss reputation in my eyes… The BORN LIARS are kinda jangly pop 'n' roll with minimal noise and clean, soulful vocals. "I'm gettin' used to the view from here," they sing. Kinda repetitive…somewhere between garage pop and bar band. (JH)
(Mortville, PO Box 4263, Austin, TX 78765, www.mortvillerecords.com)

BREED – "Drastic Urban State" EP

Alright…if a band wants to annoy me quickly, then all they have to do is a bad cover song of one of my favorite bands. In this case BREED does a MINOR THREAT cover, and it almost wrecked the rest of the EP for me. Outside of that, the BREED plays crazy fast Japanese thrash with wild blown-out vocals. The faster stuff is pretty solid, but they throw in these groovy breakdowns that are a little too funky for my taste. I suppose if you take away the bad cover song and the "funk in the trunk" tempo changes, then you got yourself a decent record. (RC)
(TVG, c/o Axel Brandt, Genshagener Str. 6A, 14963 Ludwigsfelde, GERMANY, www.t-v-g-a-x.de)

BRUMM BRUMM BOESE – "Matratzenganflüster" EP

Look out little punker! These foul German rockers will make your fucking skin crawl! BRUMM BRUMM BOESE plays slow menacing rock 'n' roll that has more in common with BLACK SABBATH than BLACK FLAG. The self-described "grind punk" paints a bleak horizon, even if you don't speak German. This music is riddled with earthly discomfort. The EP is an awkward disjointed study in desperate uneasiness. The listener may not fall for the gruff difficult rock music, but you will most certainly "feel the darkness." (BR)
(RVG, c/o Axel Brandt, Genshagener Str. 6a, 14963 Ludwigsfeldis, GERMANY, www.t-v-g-a-x.de)

BULLET TREATMENT – "The Mistake" CD

I was put off after reading in the one-sheet that BULLET TREATMENT is fronted by the vocalist of THE BRONX, but by the second track his paint-peeling screams won me over. There is a lot of things that I don't particularly care for on here, like the singing on "Grindstone" or the overall super-slick production of the guitars. Still, most of this sounds like everything I liked about KID DYNAMITE (sans the silly Epitaph trappings). If you like your hardcore fast, punk, but a little sterile, then I would recommend checking out BULLET TREATMENT. (CC)
(Think Fast, www.thinkfastrecords.com)

THE CAMEO IN – "As the Foot Meets the Doorway" CDEP

Six (lengthy) tracks of emo math rock. At least the dude sings, as opposed to screaming/shouting, which is always nice. The band finds it difficult to stick to a riff and/or melody for longer than a couple of seconds, which doesn't jibe well with my pop sensibilities, but I suspect they do this whole driving backpack complicated nerd music really rather well. (RK)
(www.myspace.com/thecameoin)

CARBONAS / DIE ROTZZ – split EP

Splits usually suck. It ain't a rule, though it should be. But lucky for my ears and my Monday night blues, it seems the CARBONAS are totally incapable at sucking. Two tracks: first one straight of the blocks like a race horse on meth, the next an EXPLODING HEARTS-type song of joyful power pop, both a pleasure to behold and guaranteed to have you singing all the way till their next show. DIE ROTZZ boast a somewhat heavier, more condensed, bass heavy sound, reminding me of a blown-out BLITZ at times…hold on till I turn the volume up, it deserves it. A garage version of a direct NOMEANSNO also comes to mind, mixed with some classic '82 Riot City punk. Two tracks and I already love them. This hits it, has got me all in a tiffle, and has me screaming for more. Split of the year. (SD)
(Die Slaughterhaus, PO Box 160168, Atlanta, GA 30316)

CHRONIC SEIZURE – "Hypochondriac" EP

New four-song EP from this Chicago band and a vast improvement over their last one. Still manic, barebones clean-guitar hardcore, but the songs have a bit more variety and punch this time around. You probably already know what this sounds like, but if not, refer to their labelmates FORMALDEHYDE JUNKIES or maybe AMDI PETERSEN'S ARME. One of the better '80s-hardcore-influenced EPs I've heard recently. (CS)
(Fashionable Idiots, PO Box 580131, Minneapolis, MN 55458, www.fashionableidiots.com)

CITIZEN FISH / LEFTOVER CRACK – split 45

One song each from these well-established ska-punk bands. CITIZEN FISH's track, "Meltdown" could very well be the band's catchiest, best, *and* worst song ever, with its annoyingly-get-stuck-in-your-head skronky horns and guitar hooks combined with Dick's (everyone should know by now that he's the singer from the UK's SUBHUMANS and also a much better ska-punk band called CULTURE SHOCK) always memorable lyrics. I'm new to LEFTOVER CRACK's music, so I don't know if this is representative of their oeuvre, but to me it sounds like the MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES on 45 without the horns. I think they're supposed to be crust-ska or something, which, I'm sorry, is just sooo wrong. Please stop now. (PC)
(Fat Wreck Chords, www.fatwreck.com)

COCOCOMA – "6 1/4–125 / Take My Time"

Way more '60s-influenced, fuzzed-out garage rock than their recent Shit Sandwich outing (maybe it's the addition of the organ?). None of that wimpy, authentic '60s vibe for these folks, it's total lo-fi, punked-out '60s jams like you would expect from the Memphis crowd (though these cats are from Chicago), like a lot of the very early Rip Off records stuff. The A-side is classy, but the flip is the real winner. Fuck yes! (TB)
(Goner, 2152 Young Ave, Memphis, TN 38104)

COMMON ENEMY – "T.U.I." EP

Fast and snotty skatecore from deep in the heart of Pennsylvania. The vocals are obnoxiously screechy, and the tempo is upbeat and super energetic. They remind me a lot of the flurry of thrashy bands that SoCal has been producing over the last few years. Lyrically, it is all about hanging with your bros, skating, and drinking, and there is nothing wrong with that. I highly recommend grinding your way over to the local distro and picking this one up! (RC)
(Overdose On, PO Box 525, Fleetwood, PA 19522, www.commonenemy2000.com)

THE COPYRIGHTS – "Button Smasher" EP

Just when you thought it was safe, '90s pop-core is back! (Or at least at least it was back in 2004, when this EP appears to have come out.) Now I love me some pop, but when it's one of those things that is either really good or really bad, and to me it all usually hinges on the band's attitude. These guys seem like they're looking to get signed, or at least get a good guarantee, and therefore I'm not into it. I may be wrong, but that's how it comes across, with its thick production, vapid lyrics, and over-wrought vocals. On the plus side, this band has qualities that remind me of THE MOPES and they can definitely write a catchy tune. (PC)
(It's Alive, 11411 Hewes St., Orange, CA 92869)

THE COPYRIGHTS – "Nowhere Near Chicago" EP

Four songs of classic RAMONES-core a la the RIVERDALES; each song is a cover of each member's previous band lovingly adapted into their new style. Apparently, all those great songs they wasted on other bands and shittily recorded demos were keeping them up at night. Inventive concept with unremarkable results. (AA)
(It's Alive, 11411 Hewes St., Orange, CA 92869)

COUNTRY TEASERS – "The Empire Strikes Back" LP

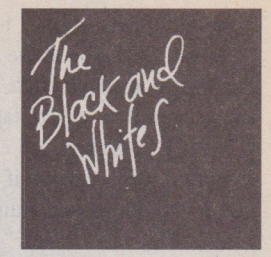
This record came out a while ago but it's good to see it finally drag its ass through the doors. I would think that everyone would be hep to the buzz already on this, so I can luxuriate on the perceptions created by prior reviews. The TEASERS, for all you dopes out there, are a Scottish band that does a better FALL than Mark E. Smith does these days, and has for the last five or so years, easy. The lyrical concerns are all smutty and snide, swimming in intellecualisms and tossed-off one-liners; the music is, like I said, in a sort of tough-as-nails FALL jamming style. I can't begin to justify this thing to all the crusty types out there whose taste is literally in their asses, but their take doesn't matter anyway since they can't explain why they like anything without using the three or four synonyms for "brutal." The COUNTRY TEASERS are ten times more brutal than that deathcore snoozefest you guys are slowly expiring to. Wake up, fuckers. (RW)
(In The Red, PO Box 50777, Los Angeles, CA 90050)

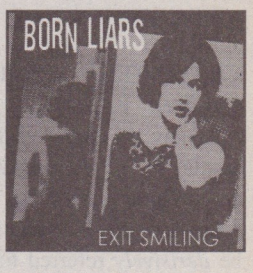
CPC GANGBANGS – "Mechanical Man / Drivin' Me to Habit"

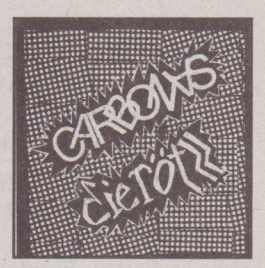
The recent CPC GANGBANGS singles have catapulted them from a mere footnote of ex-members that I used to dig, to a band I simply can't get enough of. This 45 and their recent Die Slaughterhaus single are two of the best singles this year. Outlandishly cool sounding guitar screech coats the two tunes here, delivered with all the scuzz and abandon as any Killed By Death great. This 45 is probably the best out of the recent Solid Sex Lovie Doll Records batch, so update you're grocery list to include this puppy. (MC)
(Solid Sex Lovie Doll, c/o Federico Zanutto, Via Rualis 101, 33043 Cividale [UD], ITALY)

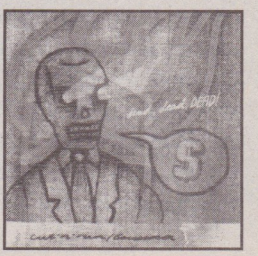
THE CRAVATS – "The Land of the Giants" 2xCD

Subtitled "The Best of Jazz-Punk Colossals the Cravats," this double-disc set showcases one of the most unique of the uncompromising bunch of bands that found a home in the Crass Records stable. Jazz-punk doesn't really fit though: admittedly there's a saxophone, but the overall aura around the CRAVATS' music is one of sinister foreboding—there's not a be-bop groove to be heard. Grinding post-punk with chiming guitars clashing with treated sax bleats is more like it. Simultaneously dipping into the same pool as, and influencing such bands as, the EX, DOG FACED HERMANS, the KEATONS, and more, the CRAVATS never really got the recognition that a lot of their contemporaries did. Maybe this best-of will go some way towards rectifying that, although I would have preferred to see a discography CD set that compiled the tracks from their various releases and kept the integrity of the original albums intact. For example, missing









from this set is the band's first single, "Gordon." (Maybe there were legal issues.) The liner notes do include a history of the band and a complete discography listing. I don't know if I'm getting my enthusiasm across in this pretty dry review—if I hadn't got this for free I would almost certainly buy it, as should you! (AM)
(Overground, PO Box 1NW, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1NW, UNITED KINGDOM, www.overgroundrecords.co.uk)

CRAWLERS – "All My Punk Rock Children" EP

Okay, the early '80s hardcore resurgence is starting to recycle the later period Mystic catalog. These guys have lots of topical/lyrical songs that involve chanting over what used to be *derisively* referred to as generic hardcore. Well, this stuff is re-genericized mid '00s hardcore. Useless for me. (RW)
(Blind Spot, PO Box 40064, Portland, OR 97240)

CRIPPLE BASTARDS – "Your Lies in Check" CD

This is a reissue of the first CRIPPLE BASTARDS album from '91. Killer, classic grind from Italy, with 69 songs. (NE)
(Crimes Against Humanity, PO Box 1421, Eau Claire, WI 54720)

CUT'N'RUN / VYSHKA! – split CD

Russia's VYSHKA! is reminiscent of throttling fastcore or the youth crew revival of early classic hardcore, where the intention is to have an old style with modern elements (death metal noodling) creeping in the guitars. What's interesting is the dual singers and slightly melodic Eastern European hardcore flair that also comes in with their melodic harmonizing on vocals. CUT'N'RUN is ripping—much faster and more straight-up, charging "thrash revival" hardcore, kind of like LIFE'S HALT. Both bands cover each other's tracks and trash ROLLING STONES covers. (KS)
(Old Skool Kids, PO Box 64, 109147 Moscow, RUSSIA, www.oskrecords.com)

DANSETTEN – LP

A lot of folks are gonna pick this record up, see the "ex-YOUNG WASTENERS" tag on the front, and figure they know what to expect, and they are gonna be totally wrong. Get those records out of your head and instead start picturing the front covers of stuff on the ZE, Plurex, or 99th Floor labels. This thing is a total post-punk Rancho Relaxo of synth, chiming guitars and art-sauve vocalizing that reminds me a lot more of SECTION 25, FELT, and the VIRGIN PRUNES than *We Got Ways*. It's a total departure—in fact, there is nothing remotely hardcore about this record, and I would expect all YOUNG WASTENERS fanatics to hate this thing with a passion akin to daily bathing. However, someone coming to this LP cold who has built up a tolerance to music outside a zone the size and breadth of their pinky is in for an entertaining carnival ride through about a half dozen post-punk styles that is a lot of fun to experience. Not punk, no problem. Pro-living. (RW)
(Hjernespind, PO Box 604, 2200 Copenhagen, DENMARK)

DC SNIPERS / TAMPOFFS – "split EP

Four average rock songs on this EP. DC SNIPERS' two songs go for a HEARTBREAKERS disaffected style with the songs dragging on too long. TAMPOFFS' style is punchier, with a hyper vocalist singing in a slightly whiny way. But something is still lacking. Maybe if this EP had been recorded better… Overall it sounds too muddled. (CK)
(Daggerman, daggermanrec@yahoo.com)

THE DECAY – "Back When Things Made Sense" EP

Yes! This is the good pop punk, the kind that I remember from when the term still related to actual *punk* and not candy-coated garbage for the snowboard jocks. This seven-song CD is reminiscent of the great mid-'90s emo-ish, melodic punk bands outta Florida, like the bands on No Idea, or maybe a bit of DILLINGER 4. This is not to be confused as retro-something, however, as they still have a modern sound that keeps them relevant in today's scene. These guys look like four wonderful losers who find their escape through playing catchy, melodic punk. Check it out. (BG).
(Thanks to You, www.myspace.com/thankstoyourecords)

DEFECT DEFECT – "Yeah, I'm a Terrorist/Little Ways"

This is apparently the new band of Colin, of CLOROX GIRLS and ex-OBSERVERS, but he played bass in those bands and he sings in this one so it's pretty irrelevant. What you've got here is decent, mid-paced, catchy punk rock with occasional BLACK FLAG-esque lurch and squall. I guess if you're from Portland it's the law that you have to name yourself after a WIPERS song even if you sound nothing like them. (AM)
(Clarence Thomas, www.bistrodistro.com)

DEFIANT VOICE – "I'd Rather Sleep in the Dirt" CD

Here is some Northern California hardcore that just screams to be back in the '90s. From the fast, beefy parts that remind me of STRIFE to the drawn out breakdowns that lift riffs straight from SNAPCASE songs, there is not much to be found here in the way of originality. The strained vocals and quality recording are definitely a step in the right direction, but in the end it all comes off as fairly predictable and boring. And the simplistic and drab artwork didn't help matters either. (RC)
(Lorelei, www.loreleirecords.com)

DESTRUCTION UNIT – "Death to the Old Flesh" CD

So good. Totally killer, in fact. Features Jay and Ryan of REATARDS and Alijia of LOST SOUNDS, etc. It's more of a party than the LOST SOUNDS, but comes from that side of the dial: dark electro punk. It's doomy and frantic and just fucking great. It makes me think of when you listen to the SCREAMERS how they don't need guitars to make the most aggressive, scary, fierce sound. This is a total frenzy. I can imagine live it would be a total bacchanal in the pit. *So good.* They cover "Warm Leatherette" by the NORMAL, but I think where bands like the NORMAL used synths to make a creepy new sound, it was still mannered. DESTRUCTION UNIT totally rupture things, like the SCREAMERS. Nasty, unrefined total destruction; a total wall of sound. (LG)
(Empty, PO Box 12301 Portland, OR 97212)

DEVIL SHOOTS DEVIL / XSET MY PATHX – split CD

XSET MY PATHX's seven tracks are schizophrenic, burly, modern metalcoré with RORSCHACH-ish vocal screeches (I *think* in English). The music spastically alternates between rock-driven metal parts, quiet and acoustic breaks, and avalanches of metal riffage breakdowns. Huge sounding, and expertly recorded, this Russian band plays this style with precise delivery and devastating impact, with personal lyrics of disappointment and struggle. The eight tracks by DEVIL SHOOTS DEVIL are punkier in recording. The lyrics, actually sung in Russian, are rapidly spit by two singers over fast, snare-driven, throttling hardcore, with similar death-metal damage in the guitar riffs and solos. Add the odd somberness of Eastern European hardcore, and the results may be similar to WLOCHATY and modern Brazillian fastcore bands like I SHOT CYRUS thrown into a

blender. (KS)
(Old Skool Kids, PO Box 64, 109147 Moscow, RUSSIA, www.oskrecords.com)

DEVOTION TO TRUST / THE SCARE – split EP

Hailing from Washington, DC, the SCARE writes lyrics that are torn straight from the pages of Davey Havoc's notebook. After barely making through their two songs of third-rate AFI worship, I flipped over to the B-side to find a slightly more pleasant band called DEVOTION TO TRUST. While also dabbling lyrically with the dark and dreary, this Stockholm band sounds more akin to the HOPE CONSPIRACY or SUICIDE FILE. This is limited to 666 copies, so pick one up before the sun comes up. (CC)
(Lawnchair, www.lawnchairrecords.com)

DISOBEY – "Wrong Turns Don't Count" CD

This German band sounds a lot like a pedestrian version of SICK OF IT ALL. Most of the songwriting is pretty solid, but I can't stomach the singer's shaky attempts at singing. (CC)
(Major Threat, www.majorthreat.de)

DISROBE / USELESS WOODEN TOYS – split EP

DISROBE plays brutal thrashing hardcore. The fast never stops—no breakdowns and no frills, bro. The vocals sound strained and high, but not to the point where it's annoying, and the guitars shred. USELESS WOODEN TOYS look to be a "skatecore" band but sound like goofy grind/powerviolence; some songs stand out more than others, most should have been left off the split. (NE)
(3045 Harriet Ave. S. #1, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

DISSONANCE – 2xCD

A double disc (plus DVD) value pack unearthing 59 tracks of hate and rage from Flint, Michigan's DISSONANCE. Spanning 23 years, this anthology starts off strong. Their early material is straightforward, fast, and hectic. But as they move into the crossover/metal realm it gets to be a pretty damn grueling listen. I didn't make it to the live footage or interviews...this comp is way more DISSONACE than I need in my life. But if you're already a fan I can't imagine you wanting much more... (VH)
(Wyatt Earp, G-5204 Corunna Rd., Flint, MI 48532, www.myspace.com/wyattearprecords)

DMA – "Total Thrash Destruction" EP

DMA (a.k.a. DEFEND MEANS ATTACK) is from my old stomping grounds of Dayton, OH. They blast through thirteen songs of blistering thrash with some elements of blast-beat grindcore thrown in. Breathless, yet aggressive vocals spew out lots of venom-filled lyrics, with shouted back-up vocals in the background. The old-school style cover art is simple but eye catching, and this release is limited to 500 copies. Check it out! (RC)
(Discount Thrash, 1206 Oberon Ct, Dayton, OH 45402, www.geocities.com/defendmeansattack)

DOA – "Bloodied but Unbowed: The Damage to Date 1978-83" CD

DOA *is* Canadian punk. Emerging from the outskirts of Vancouver, BC, in the late '70s and lead by Joey Shithead, this ragged group of misfits, certainly too fucked up to mesh with the remnants of hippie counter-culture, discovered punk rock and started one of the longest-running and most influential bands of the era. Along with their brother band the SUBHUMANS (with whom they shared a member and whose classic tune "Fuck You" they covered), DOA took more influence from the early English bands than their neighbors in the States—they were melodic, anthemic, and staunchly political. This collection originally came out in 1984, and has seen several reissues over the years. It pulls songs from the band's first two LPs—*Something Better Change* and the seminal *Hardcore 81*—and the handful of singles and EPs from the time. While not everything the band released is 100% solid, this specific record is one hit after another—all killer no filler, as the say. Forget all those "historically interesting" but ultimately mediocre and forgettable reissues that have come out over the years…this is guaranteed timeless classic punk rock. Essential! (CS)
(Sudden Death, Cascades PO Box 43001, Burnaby, BC V5G 3H0, CANADA, www.suddendeath.com)

THE DT'S – "Nice 'n' Ruff" CD

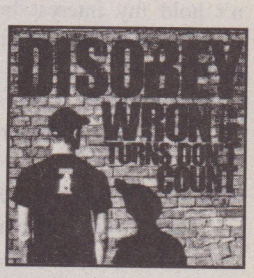
Coming in on the tail of BELLRAYS comes the Northwest's DT'S playing some righteous hard soul with heavy influences of late '60s early '70s Stax and Atlantic Records, powered by raspy female vocals that bring to mind TINA TUNER, JANIS JOPLIN, and ROD STEWART. A HUMBLE PIE for punks, a FACES for garage heads, and an OTIS REDDING for the rockers. Covers from the expected sources: WILSON PICKETT, AC/DC, and ROKY ERIKSON, to name a few (SD)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

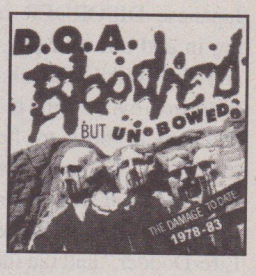
EMANON – "Behind the Walls of Melody" CD

Screamo/emo from Saldus, Latvia. You know the story—melodic guitar, screamed vocals with vague lyrics about their emotions and relationships that are printed in a font that's nearly impossible to read. Nice prominent bass and dual vocalists. A poppy version of FUNERAL DINER? In the end, the music wasn't dynamic enough and the lyrics bored the hell out of me. (MH)
(Old Skool Kids, PO Box 64, 109147 Moscow, RUSSIA, www.oskrecords.com)

EVERYTHING FALLS APART – "Escape" EP

EVERYTHING FALLS APART is a good, mid-paced three-chord hardcore band with a snotty vocalist that is at times a little one-dimensional and monotone (that's not to say he doesn't pull it off). The lyrics deal with such personal, introspective topics such as not fitting in, and growing up in a shitty town (Buffalo, NY). (CC)
(www.everythingfallsapart.org)





EVIL ARMY – CD

Pure driving thrash metal. To me, this sounds like early METALLICA or even SLAYER, though I'm sure a true metalhead could pinpoint some more obscure influences; I just don't have any points of reference besides those two when it comes to early-'80s thrash metal. Not too bad at all, though it's a bit repetitive and monotonous and could benefit from some more hooks and mid-tempo songs. Cool vocals. Recorded by Jay Reatard, for those who might care. (CS)
(Get Revenge, PO Box 27071, Knoxville, TN 37927, www.getrevengerecords.com)

EXCESS – "Pretend Happiness" CD

Spastic-rhythm prog-metal hardcore, complete with tons of chorus effects and operatic vocals. Sounds a lot like RUSH. Interesting that this stuff is going on in Russia, but it doesn't hold my interest beyond that. Someone who's into metal might get really into this. (AM)
(Old Skool Kids, PO Box 64, 109147 Moscow, RUSSIA, www.oskrecords.com)

EXIT HIPPIES – Record and Fantasy" EP

Tinny four-song noise-fest somewhere in between AM radio static and CONFUSE-plugged-into-vacuum-cleaners-instead-of-amps. A cacophony of chaotic, backhanded Japanese DISORDER regurgitation descending in and out of trippy, swirling guitar noise and feedback, with slathering barked vocal distortion over drums that distantly bang out a mechanical beat to herd the whole thing together. The cover features Elmo from *Sesame Street* and flowers; no lyric sheet, and the song titles, "Check Regester," "Alcohol Life-Dodder," and the like, just add to the existential insanity. (KS)
(Bong, Lunterenstraat 118, 2573 PT Den Haag, NETHERLANDS, www.bongrecords.tk)

EXPLODING HEARTS – "Shattered" CD

A collection of singles, demos, alternate mixes, and three great unreleased tracks from this great pop band with a heartbreaking tragic story. Play this up against the power pop classics and the early GENERATION X singles and it's right there. Just as essential as their lone full-length, *Guitar Romantic*, this will certainly contribute to this band's already legendary status. Also included is bonus live footage of their last gig, in SF. (RL)
(Dirtnap, www.dirtnaprecs.com)

EXTORTION – "Degenerate" LP

Super fast, simple hardcore bordering somewhere between early INFEST worship and KNIFE FIGHT. While not as good as either of the aforementioned, this ripping Australian band definitely brings it with 19 killer jams (a large chunk of them being about serial killers, rapists, and arsonists). (CC)
(Deep Six, PO Box 6911, Burbank, CA 91510-6911)

FAHRENHEIT AGX / INDUSTRIAL NOISE – split EP

Belgium's FAHRENHEIT AGX plays raw fastcore bordering on powerviolence that reminds me of LACK OF INTEREST. The vocals are understandable and sound a lot like the guy from LACK OF INTEREST. Despite the name INDUSTRIAL NOISE, this band is neither industrial nor noise music, nor noisecore. They speed things up, playing nice, raw grindcore and death metal. The band contains members of AGATHOCLES. Each track on their side of the 7" seems to get faster and tighter. (MH)
(No Fashion HC, www.nofashionhc.com)

FAKE PROBLEMS – "Spurs & Spokes" EP

OK, weird. Three songs are total country punk, and one is keyboard-driven new wave pop. I liked the keyboard song the best, but I'm going to take pop over country 99% of the time. If you're into LUCERO or THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB you'll be into this. The "spurs & spokes" motif brings the country punks and the bike punks together nicely. I think you know how I feel about that. (AM)
(Sabot, PO Box 28, Gainesville, FL 32602, www.sabotproductions.net)

FAST CARS – "...Just Another Day" EP

Three recently-unearthed 1979 studio tracks from this band best known for their *The Kids Just Wanna Dance* single. FAST CARS treaded a fine line between the energy of punk rock and the accessible sensibilities of power pop. You definitely can hear the similarities to the aforementioned single here, but as the liner notes say, the band was "starting to experiment" at the time, drawing influences from groups like XTC and THE CLASH. Sounds good to my ears anyway! Another worthy reissue from Rave Up. (CS)
(Rave Up, Via Crispolti 16, 00159 Roma, ITALY, www.raveuprecords.com)

THE FATALS – "Livin' My Bed" EP

This single came out over a year ago, right at the height of collector obsession surrounding this (now defunct) French band. If what you want is ear-torturing Euro garage, then you've struck gold with the FATALS. None of their various off-shoots that plague nerdy distro lists come close to what's presented on this single, which I suppose is as good a place to start as any (although not quite up to the quality of their first single or swan-song 10"). Do you really need all of their releases? No. Should you at least give them a shot? Yes. (MC)
(P. Trash, Dornbuschweg 10, 33649 Bielefeld, GERMANY)

FIGURES OF LIGHT – "It's Lame/ I Jes Wanna Go to Bed"

It's called rock 'n' roll. You've got youthful male energy, directionless and nihilistic, and you've gotta get an outlet. You can either go out to the state park and blow squirrels up with shotguns and plot to kill jocks or you can teach yourself to play guitar and two months later put out your own 45 with lyrical couplets like: "It's lame / So lame / It's all the same / And it's all lame." See, in 1972, when this thing was released as a prime example of '70s what-the-fuck, mainlining the VELVET UNDERGROUND and STOOGES was about the weirdest trip suburban kids who had missed out on the Process Church could safely aspire to, and these guys internalized them to the nth degree. They can barely play and the songs are over in no time, which just means you've gotta pick your jaw off the floor and play it again. The SHAGGS' evil twin stepbrothers. Essential for people trying to piece together the rock thread from the end of hippie to the beginnings of punk. (RW)
(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, NY, NY 10276)

FIND HIM AND KILL HIM – "Cut Them to Pieces" LP

I am a bit perplexed as to why this has finally came out on vinyl (after coming out on CD a few years ago) since this band has been broken up for ages. My guess is that somebody decided that this release shreds so fucking hard that the people that missed it the first time around need to pick it up now. This San Diego band hit the hardcore scene hard and heavy a few years ago but didn't really get the recognition that they deserved. This release perfectly captures their intensely fast yet hook-driven hardcore. They take that aggressive edge and throw in catchy skate punk riffs that push this one over the edge. and the intensely venomous vocals drive home the endlessly pissed-off lyrics. I got to see their last show at the Che Café and it was completely out of control.

There were so many people around and on top of the band that I couldn't really see them playing at all. Take note that this is limited to something like 600 copies, so grab it soon and be sure to check out the band LAST PRIEST, which is ex-FIND HIM AND KILL HIM. (RC)
(16 Oh, www.16oh.com)

THE FITT – "Elastic Pacafic" EP

This is an odd one, for more than one reason. It's odd because I can't really label it as easily as I'd like to and it's odd because it doesn't sound like something that I would normally like, but, in fact, I seem to be enjoying it. It's kind of punk on the one hand, but it's also kind of throaty and metallic on the other hand. The throaty metallic thing is not something I typically go for. Perhaps they mix in just enough garage to keep me interested. Or maybe it's tight enough, with not too much lead guitar, so that I don't start to get a little annoyed. Definitely straightforward and driving, with a full sound. Good stuff. (KK)
(Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195)

THE FREEZE – "Guilty Face" EP

Awesome—my first sit in the reviewer throne and I get to review a classic record by one of my absolute favorite bands of all time. Where do I begin? First of all I should mention that this drops the extra songs that were present on the late '80s 10" reissue of this EP but *adds two more songs that were unreleased on vinyl until now!!! Guilty Face* proper, originally released in 1983 on Modern Method, featured four songs "Violent Arrest," "Voices From My Window," "Halloween Night," and "Guilty Face." At this point we find THE FREEZE at their most violent and caustic-sounding, complete with loud, up-front, buzzing guitars and a jackhammer of a rhythm section. A bit, dare I say, heavier than their *This Is Boston Not LA* tunes, but not as complex or wankey as the *Land of the Lost* LP which followed. The two bonus tracks are outtakes from the *Boston Not LA* sesh. The first, "We're Not The Abnormal Ones" fits right alongside "Broken Bones," "Sacrifice Not Suicide," and the like. The other, "I'm Too Good for You," is not *as* great as the others recorded at the time, but still great, classic punk. This track was also later reworked into "Princess Die" and released on their *Rabid Reaction* album. In addition, you also get a brief history of the band and neat little liner notes on each song by mister Clif Hanger, plus a reproduction of the original insert. Like the *I Hate Tourists* reissue from a few months back, let's all thank Schizophrenic for another great record. (JU)
(Schizophrenic, 17 W 4th Street, Hamilton, ON, L9C 3M2, CANADA www.schizophrenicrex.com)

FUCKED UP – "Hidden World" 2xLP

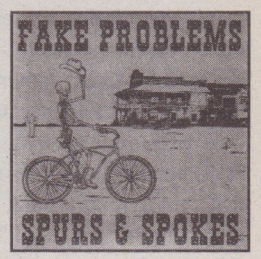
The critics have got their knives out already and the backlash is on. Why would a band that made their name and reputation with a string of concise, powerful two-song singles release a double-length debut album with long intros, epic song structures, and such excessive production touches as violins and choral backing vocals? To alienate their audience? On the contrary, I'd suggest it's because they have more respect for their audience than to pander to them. When I first heard this record I jokingly described it as being like listening to extended Oi instrumentals while some bloke yells excerpts from *The DaVinci Code* in your ear. Seriously though, on *Hidden World*, along with the requisite crushing riffs, FUCKED UP has released an album that challenges, that encourages thought. I'm usually no fan of long songs, but extended intros and outros on this album do a great job of building tension, so the release when the song kicks in properly is that much sweeter. I feel like FUCKED UP has distilled the best elements of hardcore, '77 punk, Oi, and pop punk into a concoction that is both catchy and powerful, elementary and complex. At times the production, with the multiple overdubs and vocal tracks, and added instrumentation, reminds me of a WHO concept album or the KINKS or something. It sounds like ambition. I love it. The lyrics aren't straightforward political diatribes, nor are they obscure and vague: rather, they sound like they mean something, it's just that the meaning isn't obviously apparent on first listen. It might take some time and a bit of thought. I can already picture kids sitting down with the lyric sheet and Googling some of the references. Maybe this is like *Dark Side of the Moon* for punks. (Has anyone tried watching *The Wizard of Oz* with the volume down and *Hidden World* on the stereo?) If I was to nitpick, I feel like the album version of "Triumph of Life" is inferior to the single version. On the other hand, the new version of "Baiting the Public" is amazing. If you haven't already signed on to worship this band and everything they do, just give it time. Can't wait to see what they do next. (AM)
(Deranged, c/o Gordon Dufresne, 1166 Chaster Rd, Gibsons, BC V0N 1V4, CANADA, www.derange-drecords.com)

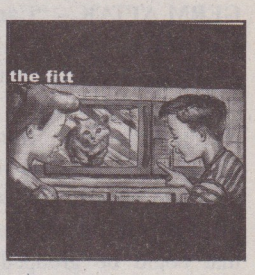
FUCKED UP – "Humos Peligrosos/Carrera Amañada"

Yet another in the long line of FUCKED UP collectables that the kids are salivating over. Super limited Spanish version of their most recent EP, but with a different B-side than the Deranged version. I was hoping that it was actually going to be Spanish versions of their songs, but no, the songs just have Spanish translations. Cover looks lovely, songs are of course devastating: like an updated POISON IDEA if you have been living in a cave for the past coupe of years and haven't actually heard the band. You all know the hype, but is it deserved? Sure, this band fucking rips. (TB)
(La Vida Es Un Mus, Juan Ramon Jimenez, 3 Arquillos, 23230 Jaen, SPAIN)

GEISHA GIRLS – "Disappearing Act" CD

Apparently the last release by this band made a lot of people's top ten lists, so I kind of wished they had sent this in on LP rather than CD because CDs never go in the top ten bin. *Anyways...* This is the first time I have heard GEISHA GIRLS, and I am totally into it. It's got a post punk feel similar to that of GIANT HAYSTACKS, but





less of the MINUTEMEN/BIG BOYS and more of the northern/midlands UK early '80s art punks. Yeah, I will just reference GANG OF FOUR, but I also hear (early!) CURE and maybe some of the early Factory records bands too. It's really exuberant and disdainful at the same time, and I kind of wish this band were what the hip coffee shop wi-fi clones listened to instead of fuckin' FRANZ FERDINAND. They have this rad quality of detachment where it doesn't seem like a frigid pose, I can't explain it exactly. It's total dance music but it seems smart rather than smug or empty. The music is totally catchy and awesome. It kind of reminds me of COME ON, the old NYC band too. Anyway maybe what I mean is that this is totally punk rather than an ironic comment on "post punk." (LG)
(Number 3, www.number3records.com)

GERM ATTAK – "Canadian Concentration Camp" EP

GERM ATTAK plays fucking distorted, noisy punk, and that is a good thing. Taking direct influences from DISORDER and CHOAS UK, how can you go wrong? Canada seems to have more good bands coming out these days than the States. Other current bands that could be grouped in here with these Canucks would be LEBENDEN TOTEN and REALITY CRISIS, but GERM ATTAK has a less noisy and decidedly more British approach. The lyrics are the perfect addition to the music and tackle some tough subjects like the Canadian illegal alien act and women's liberation to really add a layer of truth to the band overall. This is fucking solid record. I would definitely like to see GERM ATTAK live soon because they do play some nice drunken party punk noise. (WK)
(Capitalïcide, 92 Riel, Gatineu, QC J8Y 5Y2, CANADA)

GET RAD – "Say Fuck No to Rules, Man" LP

This band really seems like they are having a good time, and that is what is most important. From the rainbows on the cover art to the YOUTH OF TODAY fist/weed leaf on the A-side label to the title of the album, it's obvious this band doesn't take anything too seriously. Their jovial, light-hearted approach also comes through in their pedestrian songwriting and lackluster production. Overall, this record doesn't evoke a strong opinion from me in either direction. (CC)
(Hyperrealist, PO Box 9313, Savannah, GA 31412)

GIZZARDS – "Chop Off Your Head" CD

Thirteen songs in eighteen minutes. It's about time someone remembered that punks have no attention span!!! Sounds like GIZZARDS have been listening to plenty of JFA and 7 SECONDS and managed to keep their hands out of their pants long enough to dish out a few fast, catchy, straightforward hardcore tunes. Lyrics are simple and pissed with just enough "I don't give a fuck's"... They're a *loooong* way from reinventing the wheel, but this San Diego three-piece has the right idea... (VH)
(Gizzards, PO Box 7121, San Diego, CA 92167)

GRANDE COBRA – "Blood Libel/Hearts in the Basement"

Punchy pop rock from England by the way of New Zealand. The songs tend toward the style of some of the newer pop bands such as the PONYS or the PETS, but lack the catchiness. The vocalist style shows hints of the first wave of Australian punk. I'm thinking FUN THINGS or CHOSEN FEW, but without the punk edge. They are on to something. It's just not there yet. (CK)
(Hellsquad, PO Box 54319, London W2 7AZ, UNITED KINGDOM)

GRAF ORLOCK – "Destination Time Yesterday" CD

It took about 20 seconds of listening to this before I was convulsing around my apartment. Chaotic, heavy, fast, political, umm…heavy music? I say this because this falls somewhere between grindcore like WATCHMAKER and the heavy metalcore sounds of BURIAL YEAR—but it's a unique sound, one that's hard to place. Tons of movie samples, one before most tracks. The drumming is great and it feels like he's holding everything together, allowing the rest of the band to play as chaotic as they want—always having something to come back to. Wow! (MH)
(Level Plane, www.level-plane.com)

GUN CRAZY / TEEN COOL – split EP

While definitely punk, TEEN COOL borrows heavily from the late '70s power pop craze—and they do it well. Both of their tracks are faster paced power-pop gems and are real winners. It seems they stopped existing as a band in '03, which is a shame. GUN CRAZY also plays punk rock with pop influences, but they emphasize the rock 'n' roll and not the pop. Each band has its own style, but both rock just the same. Well, not just the same, but they both rock. (KK)
(Cutthroat, 8918 Greiner, Houston, TX 77080)

HELLACAUST – "Inevitable Dementia" CD

The promo paper that came with the CD here says that HELLACAUST, from Canada, started playing shows as a cover band, playing some of the finest tunes from SODOM, BATHORY, and MAYHEM. It also told me of a split CD that came out in 2002 with fellow rippers TOXIC HOLOCAUST. I was kind of hoping that this would be more along the lines of some ripping war metal; I was greeted with the sounds of a very quiet recording, but when turned up it actually sounds like some well-played, grim, blackened metal. I recommend this to anyone who likes EMPEROR, DISSECTION, or Moonfog records. (NE)
(Great White North, www.gwnrecords.com)

HELLHAWK / SON OF JOR-EL – split EP

Two metal bands, one song each. Heavy metal with no real punk or hardcore influences. With a name like SON OF JOR-EL they are either super geeks or stoners or both. Their logo is also lifted from Superman. They have sort of a modern thrash sound. They don't sound derivative or stuck in the mid-'80s, which is refreshing. A bit of a SLAYER influence and some stoner rock/sludge, especially the guitar solos. From Arkansas…or is that Krypton? HELLHAWK plays bare-bones death metal with small doses of doom. (MH)
(Corley, www.corleymusic.com)

HEVN – "Deal Death Terror" EP

Ex-members of KORT PROCESS, AMOK, and SUMMON THE CROWS, this Norwegian band's three-song debut EP retains the musical complexity of those bands but picks up a somber, near *Weathered Statues/Dance With Me*–era TSOL-style gothic moodiness—teetering with ponderousness modern apocalyptic crust, yet complemented by TSOL/DI-style spoken-and-snarled vocals that alternate with cookie-monster-style barks and Fraggle shrieks. "Dig Your Own Grave" assaults US Iraq policy with a similar SoCal kind of point-blank dumb punk genius, while the other lyrics tread horror-punk territory like "I am the mad surgeon! I am the mad surgeon! I am the mad surgeon! I am the mad surgeon! Mad surgeon! Mad surgeon! Head transplant!" Oh, dear… (KS)
(Sjakkmattplater, www.rlh.no/hevn)

HIPSHAKES – "Not Oblivians" EP

The second awesome single from this great new band from Sheffield, England, this time stamped with that ever-important Goner seal of approval. Unlike the fuzzy noise thrown out by their neighboring heavyweights

BLACK TIME or REAL LOSERS, the HIPSHAKES focus their efforts on hooky, 65-second punkers that resemble much of what you might hear on a *Bored Teenagers* comp. Great stuff, and the kind of single that'll rule your turntable for weeks. (MC)
(Goner, 2152 Young Ave., Memphis, TN 38104)

THE HI-RISERS – "Buzz Around With" EP

Is that the drummer of the HONEYCOMBS on the cover of this disque? Looks like her, and the HONEYCOMBS aren't a bad point of reference even if there's no Joe Meek influence evident in the production. Nice poppy beat with a little RIVIERAS-style organ on "Summertime Here We Come." The beat-a-billy "Rockin' Spree" leans a bit towards STRAY CATS mildness, but three out of four ain't bad. (DD)
(Munster, PO Box 18107, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN, www.munster-records.com)

THE HOFFNUNG – "Love Songs" CD

This is very '90s. Reminds me of the MONORCHID or maybe even FRODUS. It's kind of more rock-driven than the MONORCHID, and has also a math rock tinge to it. The guitar sound has that really complex MONORCHID/CIRCUS LUPUS thing to it—tight, aggressive patterns. The vocals are kind of emo in places, but I mean emo like POLICY OF THREE style, not, uh, THURSDAY or whatever the kids emote to nowadays. I would totally have loved this if it came out in like '94. I don't know what I feel about it now. It's just two dudes, guitar and drums. Pretty rad? I think so. I would like to see them play a backyard show or something. The emo parts are less compelling to my non-teenage self, but the general feel of this is interesting at least. Seriously, if this came out in '94 I would be the #1 fan. That sounds like a dis, but I am not sure if it is or not. (LG)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

THE HOLLYWOOD SQUARES – "Hillside Strangler Restranged" LP

The endless fruits of *Killed by Death* reissues are going to encompass the MRR Compound at some point. Not that I am complaining. I am not a record collector, so whenever something rad gets reissued and I don't have to pay 3000 yen and a goat for it I am psyched. One thing about a lot of bands from this era is that they just didn't record that much—but because of the need to endlessly mine and pay tribute to a mythical past, every demo and practice tape gets deemed worthy of release. So if a band has a classic 7" that made it onto a *Killed by Death* comp or garners the right kind of collector-Nazi attention, *everything* gets uncovered. In some cases not everything the band did is as exciting as the thing that garnered them the attention. I think this is the case with the HOLLYWOOD SQUARES. "The Hillside Strangler" is a punk classic, and putting it with all the other unreleased and somewhat unnecessary songs gathered together on this comp kind of detracts from its power, like the terrible JAM cover. Hearing a total Southern Californian accent maul this mod punk classic is definitely not in my top ten of things to listen to. In short, "Hillside Stranger," still awesome and creepy; rest of band's output, generic Bomp!- and Stiff Records-influenced SoCal '77 punk. (LG)
(Rave Up, www.raveuprecords.com)

HOWIE AND THE HOTKNIVES – "Want It/Young Fun"

Catchy, anthemic garage rock. "Want It" is more fun because the male and female vocalists share the duties and there is a great sing-along chorus. "Young Fun" is good too, but the female vocalist is stuck with back-up duties and the song is more straight ahead. Great record. (CK)
(Felony Fidelity, 7135 SE Woodward St, Portland, OR 97206, felonyfidelity666@yahoo.com)

HUBBLE BUBBLE – CD

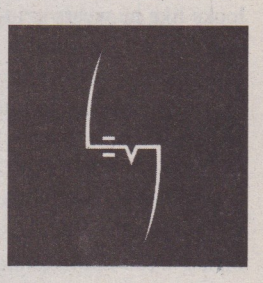
Thank Yahweh that I get an occasional fun/good CD to leaven the dross that I gotta suffer through sometimes…like this here reissue by a Belgian band with a name you'd never want to paint on the back of your leather jacket. Crash course: it's their debut album; they were a three-piece band; PLASTIC BERTRAND of "Ca Plane Pour Moi" infamy was the drummer, and now lives in some kinda fancy chateau with suits of armor and brimming wine cellars; one of 'em died in a car crash; and they piled layers of quirky kookiness on top of the standard punk buzzsaw stomp and swerve. It rocks weirdly—"New Promotion" is one of about two punk songs I can think of featuring a whistling chorus, and the band eviscerates the old SCOTT McKENZIE tune "San Francisco" with lots of synth chirps and howls. Anyway, it's fun stuff from a band of wiseacres that never took the whole "punque rocker" thing too seriously. "I Wanna Die (But Not Right Now)" is a killer track. (JH)
(Nat, Shinmei Building 2F, 7-7-33, Nishi-Shinjuku, Shinjuku, Tokyo, 160-0023, JAPAN, www.natrecords.com)

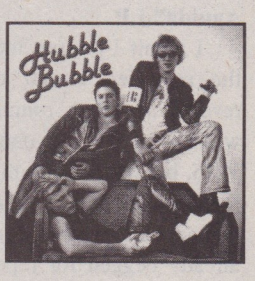
HUBBLE BUBBLE – "Faking" CD

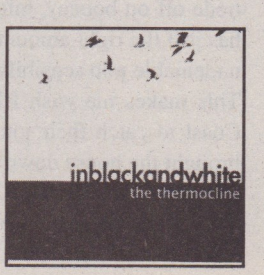
Long-awaited reissue on CD of Belgian's skinny-tie power poppers HUBBLE BUBBLE. Along with fellow countrymen THE KIDS, this is a band that has been responsible for wetting the pants of every tight-pants-and-leather-jacket wearing anorexic punk the length and breath of this damn country, EXPLODING HEARTS, FM KNIFES, and the VATICANS to name a few. Not as punk as their first self-titled LP, but still packs the punches and, more importantly, the tunes. All the way from 1978, and more than standing the test of time. Apparently a vinyl reissue is in the pipeline, which will ease the burden on the wallet of all you vinyl lovers unwilling to fork out the 100-bucks-plus that this record moves for. (SD)
(Nat, Shinmei Building 2F, 7-7-33, Nishi-Shinjuku, Shinjuku, Tokyo, 160-0023, JAPAN, www.natrecords.com)

HUNDRED INCH SHADOW – "Rise and Fall" CD

Pretty standard melodic hardcore—up-tempo verse, mid-tempo chorus with gang vocals or *woah-woahs*, etc. The band is proficient, the production is good. There's







nothing that really offends my particular tastes—in fact I will admit a fondness for the DAG NASTY-esque guitar work and can relate to the lyrics here that deal with both personal and vaguely social issues—but this style of music, as exemplified by HUNDRED INCH SHADOW, just seems so bland, so regimented, not compelling in the slightest. (CS)
(Old Skool Kids, PO Box 64, 109147 Moscow, RUSSIA, www.oskrecords.com)

IN BLACK AND WHITE – "The Thermocline" CD

IN BLACK AND WHITE, you had me at your mid-'90s emo instrumental opener. You moved right in to my heart with the fuzz bass and quirky post-hardcore-indie-rock of the following song and we're struttin' down the aisle and into our golden years with the remaining three songs. One of the guys in your band looks like he wears man-capris but I'll forgive you. True love means never having to say you're sorry for man-capris. (ST)
(www.in-black-and-white.net)

IN TONGUES / THE LORDS – split EP

Sometimes I feel like people put a lot of thought into what songs they're going to put on a 7". You know, to make it really stand out. Sometimes, though, it seems like bands just happened have an extra song that wasn't on anything else and a bitchin' cover of SUICIDAL's "You Can't Bring Me Down." This is a really good looking record and the recordings are great…it's just boring. If this was the first thing I'd ever heard from either of these bands (and for IN TONGUES it is) I wouldn't really seek out anything else. (ST)
(Hyperrealist, www.hyperrealist.com)

IRA – "Epidemida de Infexion Respiratoria Aguida" LP

I admit I am not intimately familiar with the recorded output of Colombia's most revered and long running punk outfit, IRA, who has been at it in one form or another since 1985, but this is their most recent LP (though it was recorded a few years ago) and it is totally fine, catchy, sing-along punk rock that has already begged for repeat listens around the MRR compound. Male and female vocals trade off on bouncy, infectious punk rock that has just the right amount of grit to balance the undeniable pop sensibility present throughout. This makes me wish I had been on the East Coast to catch their tour last year, I bet they brought the house down at ABC No Rio. (GN)
(Absurd, Caixa Postal 02, Osasco, SP – 06013 -971, BRAZIL, www.absurdrecords.rg3.net)

THE JADES – "The Fabulous Jades" EP

Contemporaries of the mighty TRASHMEN, these lads' "Surfin' Crow" (kind of an instro "answer" to "Surfin' Bird") has been comped before, but this EP also features three great, rocking vocal numbers. Fans of the Minneapolis sound, seek this out. (DD)
(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, www.notronrecords.com)

JASON / MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU – "split CD" CD

Six or seven tracks a piece from these German and Brazilian hardcore artistes. Nice international cross-border settings, but er, what exactly is hardcore these days, one asks. The Germans define it as very metallic, modern, high-end guitar style. DEATH BY STEREO, COHEED & CAMBRIA, et al. JASON is more weird, off-kilter emo stuff. Apparently they've released two or three full-lengths, but it's more DAG NASTY trying to cover early NOMEANSNO than CÓLERA doing RATOS DE PORÃO, for sure. Can't say I'm a fan of either genre, but I'm sure both are the best of the current crop. Or not. (RK)
(Horror Business, www.horrorbiz.de)

JETBOYS – "Teenage Thunder Revisited" CD

A reissue of this trio's debut full-length with six bonus tracks. Wild, in-your-face punk rock, often compared to the DWARVES, with some RAMONES in the mix. Another treat here is a bonus DVD of nine tracks with five live tracks and four studio tracks with live footage as backing…sorry, no concept videos. With tracks like "Masturbation Baby" and "Kick Out the Poser" how can one resist? (RL)
(Solid)

KIELTOLAKI – "Mäailma Menee Helvettiin" EP

Aaaaarrrrrggghhhh!!!!!!!! I fucking love this record! This EP has not left my turntable, and when it has it just gets slapped back on there for more spins. Thanks go out to Moo Cow for this release. Fans of Finnish hardcore need this. This is pure power, musically and vocally. KIELTOLAKI wastes no time at clawing at our faces with some extremely tight and fast hardcore. The two tracks on side one are just devastating and side B lowers the beats per minute but not the power. This record as a whole totally wins! KIELTOLAKI may be the next band on my jacket. Fucking punk!!!! (MS)
(Moo Cow, 38 Larch Circle, Belmont, MA 02478)

KILLERS KISS – "Abused/Mondoobless"

Loud, distorted, big, and rocking, all done in that ol' lovable garage style. This is basic, heavy, organ-driven blues sped right up, like a stripped down JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION—and I mean that in the best possible way—or a punked up, early MONSTER MAGNET, and I also mean that in the best possible way. I can dig. (SD)
(Rehab, www.rehab-records.com)

KILLJOYS – "Johnny Won't Get to Heaven/Naïve"

The (brilliant) only single by these Birmingham punk bandwagon jumpers sees a reissue, on picture disc even. Footage of this band from the period shows that they could really play, especially the bassist who went on to join GIRLSCHOOL. Still, the band is probably best known as the starting point for Kevin Rowland, who went on to form dungarees-and-fiddles new-wavers DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS. It goes without saying that this is better than anything DEXY'S ever did, and it's well worth picking up. (AM)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 45854, London E11 1YX, UNITED KINGDOM, info@damagedgoods.co.uk)

KING KHAN & BBQ SHOW – "What's for Dinner?" CD

Two bona fide eccentrics dish it out (so to speak) and dare you to take up the challenge—are you (wo)man enough? *What's for Dinner?* is fun stuff, raucous and riled. Rock 'n' roll minus the epic tour buses and explosive flashpots. Blues without Eric Clapton. "Treat Me Like a Dog" sorta states their purpose in under three minutes…as human as you or I, but possessed of an animal cunning that will serve them well throughout their bright futures. It's rough and tumble *but* tuneful and good-timey enough to play to BUDDY HOLLY or RICHIE VALENS fans. No time for studied irony—the sock hop is afoot! (JH)
(In the Red, PO Box 50777, Los Angeles, CA 90050, www.inthredrecords.com)

KORO – "Speed Kills" LP

Impossible to find, even when it came out (took me six *months*!), the 7" EP by Knoxville, TN's KORO was an enigmatic obscurity that, unlike the suggestion of the band's moniker, has only grown larger in impact and influence with time—a precisely played, intricate yet hyper attack of youth-driven '80s hardcore. This eleven-song LP is culled from cassette demo recordings that were done after the legendary EP and clock in around six minutes longer than the eight minute eight-song 7",

replicating four of the EP tracks. What the slight difference in song length suggests and delivers is extended compositions and quirkier songs mixed with the same manic thrash drilling. This sullies a bit compared to the crystal clear direct impact of the EP; the songs are bogged down by mid-tempo musical complexity and/or "growth" ("Feelin' Pretty Minimal"? Oof! Not minimal enough!), the thrashing has a slightly more muted, measured, and looser delivery, and the cheap cassette rawness (even doctored up pretty well by mastering) is a detriment opposed to an asset. As each fragmented piece of the '80s hardcore puzzle gets thrown under the microscope, this particular artifact holds up—strong enough as a raw demo, and a fun way to view a classic band with very little documentation from an different angle—but is a weaker vision than the band's classic EP. Comes with a well done, extensive, and informative interview detailing the history of the band. (KS)
(Sorry State, www.deepfrybonanza.com/sorrystate)

LADIES NIGHT / NO FEELING – Split EP

Two of Vancouver's youngest and brightest, together on one slab. LADIES NIGHTS is the stompier of the two, bringing to mind the earlier In The Red bands in their approach and production values, yet on-edge enough to please fans of modern day Euro blowouts. Although similar (sharing the same vocalist!), NO FEELING's sound is much more akin to something one might hear out of an A-FRAMES side project, offering up a repetitive drone underneath some serious booming. Good stuff across both sides. (MC)
(Seeing Eye, www.seeingeyerecords.com)

LAMBDA LAMBDA LAMBDA – CD

LAMBDA LAMBDA LAMBDA (or TRI-LAMBDA as they loving call themselves) claims the DESCENDENTS as an influence, and it shows a lot in their aesthetic and attitude, but the music just comes off as very non-descript pop-indie-emo-rock. Since they're from Brazil, you get the FUN PEOPLE/BOOM BOOM KID influence in there as well, but not enough to rescue this band from the rock 'n' roll doldrums. (PC)
(Caustic Recordings, Cx Postal 2142 CEP, 11060-470 Santos/SP, BRAZIL, www.xcausticx.com)

THE LAMPS – "Fred Astaire" EP

Another great garage-noise fest from LA's incomparable LAMPS. Loud, frantic, distorted, messy, and underneath all that noise there is always a great tune. Driving rhythms and barely audible vocals. I love this record and yet I hate it 'cos I know I'll never track one of these 7"s down. (CK)
(Solid Sex Lovie Doll, c/o Federico Zanutto, Via Rualis 101, 33043 Cividale [UD], ITALY)

LINE OF FIRE – "As the World Burns" EP

There is something so punk about a lo-fi recording and shitty production with the vocals way out on top of everything. LINE OF FIRE reminds me of some of the more obscure Mystic Records bands of the mid-'80s. The lyrics are belted out with an almost JERRY'S KIDZ (New Mexico) delivery and the gruff tone of the DETONATORS. The lyrics are written really straightforward and to-the-point, but still have a strong message and sound totally sincere. I can hear everything in the mix musically so the fact that the recording doesn't have the sonic intensity of some of the heavier bands these days doesn't bother me in the least. I actually find myself liking this more and more as I listen to it. This is limited to 200 copies so it may be hard to track down, but fans of raw American hardcore punk will like it. (WK)
(Line of Fire, 5026 E. 4th St, Tucson, AZ 85711)

LIVE BY THE FIST – "No End in Sight" CD

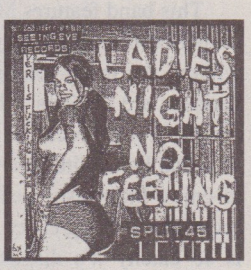
Debut ten-song CD of Brazilian straight edge—caustic screeching and gruff triple-vocals over metallic hardcore, with churning mosh parts and breakdowns upon breakdowns. Pounding double-bass fuels segmented chunky riffs as vocals screech, shout and growl obtuse English lyrics about personal relationships, politics and world affairs. The multi-vocal attack and reliance on near unintelligible shrieks holds back the impact that would be gained by just leaving choruses or important lines that the listener could latch onto. A good video of a festival performance would lead you to believe in the advantage of three singers in the live setting, but it looks like they can barely fit everyone onstage!!! Proficient but leaves a muddling impact. (KS)
(Caustic, Caixa Postal 2142, Cep 11060-470, Santos, SP, BRAZIL, www.caustic.com)

LIVE FAST DIE – "Pissing on the Mainframe" EP

Noisy neo-KBD scuzz: I like it! Hey, Mikey likes it. The label promotes it as "three new trashy, GG-inspired hits dealing with everyone's favorite subjects: message boards and fatal STD's." The Douchemaster promo head has a great career in advertising ahead. Credo! (DD)
(Douchemaster, www.douchemasterrecords.com)

LOA LOA / TRENCHER – split CD

My housemate Andy makes noise music and he absolutely loves that shit. I think one his many projects sold the most copies in the experimental section at Amoeba last year or something. Sometimes I hear some weird sounds coming from his room that are scary, and now he gets to listen to some weird sounds coming from mine. This is some weird noise music by both bands and I can't even really tell which one is which at some points. It looks like TRENCHER's recording is from a Peel Session? The music is really eclectic from both bands, swaying from here to there with noisy distorted parts, acoustic parts, avant-garde bass lines, blast beats, and vocals that go from harmonies to unnerving wailing. The art and insert look like they where designed by a deranged person with a box of crayons intent on making you unable to decipher what is what. Got to give it to them for originality though—never quite heard anything like it nor ever wanted to. Maybe Andy should've



reviewed this instead of me, but I don't think this is probably his thing either. Fucking purist! (WK)
(no address)

LOWER CLASS BRATS – "The New Seditionaries" CD

Latest album from these loveable Texan droogs. Very tuneful punk, which goes from mid-tempo, poppy street anthems to more upbeat, snotty, and angry punk. This band is certainly consistent, and shows no let up in dishing out the goods. If you've never heard them, think a collision between old UK82 Riot City type stuff, and late '90s American street punk. (AD)
(TKO, 8941 Atlanta Ave. #505, Huntington Beach, CA 92646)

MARY'S KIDS – "Destroy" EP

This band features Mary Currie (formerly) of MENSEN and I might have known that without the insert telling me so, as the comparisons are obvious. I have a total weakness for girl-fronted rock 'n' roll. Still, it's a weakness that I am quite happy with, as it allows me to enjoy little tasty treats like this one. This rocks like fucking crazy and, at the same time, is so catchy it's disgusting. Highest recommendation. (KK)
(Bootleg Booze, V. Kyrkogatan 68, 67151 Arvika, SWEDEN, www.bootlegbooze.com)

ME FIRST & THE GIMME GIMMES – "Love Their Country" CD

Like Monty Python, you either love these guys or hate 'em. The band's gimmick is to play all covers of non-punk hits with a full-on pop punk flavoring. Pop punk here being of the Fat Wreck Chords type, of course, as the band contains members of LAGWAGON, SWINGIN' UTTERS, and Fat Mike himself. If you couldn't guess by the title of this album—their sixth—the theme this time around is country and western music. The whole gamut is covered, from the DIXIE CHICKS to JOHNNY CASH to JOHN DENVER. Every song is sugary and cute, and often done to sound exactly like a classic punk tune, at least partially, which a musical purist could easily argue as blasphemy. Me, I'd rather hear the originals, but you'll dig this if you're already a fan. (BG)
(Fat Wreck, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119, www.fatwreck.com)

MEMPHIS BITCH – "Sometimes It Gets Rough" EP

So, are these jokers from Memphis or from Germany? I've got a couple bucks that says Germany. Either way, this is some pretty interesting shit. Musically, it's an odd mix of punk and pop, with some industrial sounds thrown in. And the vocals have an eerie quality. At least on the title track, that's what I'm getting. The flipside features a couple more predictable punk tracks that have a catchy, head-bouncing quality. Overall, a fine effort. (KK)
(Prügelprinz, www.memphis-bitch.de)

THE MIGHTY OHIO – "The Engine Sings" CD

So first and foremost I thoroughly approve of what this label is doing. All proceeds from every record they put out go to a charity of the band's choice. The guy who runs this label apparently inherited a good deal of money, so he's putting out records for a good cause and not worried about recouping anything he puts in to it. Pretty sweet deal from an obviously sweet gent. Anyway, THE MIGHTY OHIO is from Chicago and they're a lower-rent version of the melodic, gritty, post-pop punk you'd expect from such a town. Adequate openers to be sure, but on this full-length I'm not hearing any song I'd scream a request for if I saw them play. My advice to you and 99% of all bands…do not underestimate the value of a bitchin' chorus and a good hook from time to time. But then again, what the shit do I know? I review records on weekends. (ST)
($5 ppd from: The Scientist and The Duke, www.thescientistandtheduke.org)

MOCKING BIRDS – "Rockin' at Midnight" CD

This disc has a few members of a really great power pop/rock 'n' roll band from a few years back, the (apparently) late MIDNIGHT TRAMP. This new group finds them ditching the mod overtones of their former band in favor of more mainstream rock sounds mainly from the Britpop songbook, like later BLUR or later SUPERGRASS. The net effect is that they deflate the punk bubble of the TRAMP and trade it in for the identikit farting around of the type of bands that play to drunks in the Wine Country. Shit, some of this could pass for the BLACK CROWES. You can't go home again. (RW)
(www.themockingbirds.com)

MORAL DECAY – "I Quit!" CD

Speedy, noisy, crusty metal from Nashville, TN. It didn't take long before I was thrashing around to this one. There is even a track that switches between noisy metal and ska. Oh, and an acoustic track at the end with everyone singing. There are keyboards on a track, samples on a couple of tracks, and a number of guests. A metal SKITSYSTEM? (MH)
(Get Revenge, www.getrevengerecords.com)

THE NEINS – "Crybaby" EP

It's not surprising that these guys are from the Northwest since they carry the regional sound of low-fidelty garage rock pretty well. Similar to the many bands that emerged in the early '90s garage revival, the NEINS combine mid-'60s R&B with punk rock 'n' roll. If you were a fan of Estrus or Rip Off Records-style stuff, you'll probably dig this, but good luck since there are only 300 in print. (BG)
(Felony, www.myspace.com/theneins)

THE NIGHTINGALES – "Out of True" CD

A welcome return to recording by these stalwarts of the original post-punk scene. The NIGHTINGALES originally formed out of the ashes of the PREFECTS, one of Birmingham's first punk bands. I believe this is the band's first release since the '80s but I could be wrong. I only recently found out they were back together and playing gigs. The intervening years haven't dulled singer Robert Lloyd's sardonic wit or Midlands baritone, but musically the band have drifted from the direct angular pop of their early work for a kind of CAPTAIN BEEFHEART-meets-THE FALL quirky underbelly for Lloyd to wax lyrical over: lots of jerky guitar interplay and off-kilter rhythms. While there's nothing on here to take the place of "Idiot Strength" or "Bristol Road Leads to Dachau," this is pretty great. At least it's a new album, and not just an updated recording of old classics. That'd be the sort of entertainment that would make one want to return the gift. (AM)
(Iron Man, PO Box 9121, Birmingham B13 8AU, UNITED KINGDOM, www.ironmanrecords.co.uk)

NOTHING PEOPLE – "Problems" EP

I think they are going for a proto-punk/ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS thing, but I also am for some reason getting a psyche-influenced shoegaze haze on the guitar sound. I mean to say it errs on the side of the indie of my teenage years rather than committing itself completely to pre-punk oblivion. They are definitely and distinctly rock 'n' roll, in a seedy doom-enhanced way, and in my head they look like Alan Vega/SUICIDE or Blixa from the BAD SEEDS. I have a feeling they dig local heroes COMETS ON FIRE. I don't. I think

they come from a small Inland Empire town, which is hard to imagine—this sound coming from a sun-baked farm town. (LG)
(SS, www.s-srecords.com)

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS – "Hi Five for the Rapture" EP

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS is a very good band; they remind me a lot of that first CLEVELAND BOUND DEATH SENTENCE EP, like a rockier, scrappier DILLINGER 4 with more cool points. Three tracks! Red wax! Go get it, bro! (AD)
(Fashionable Idiots, PO Box 50131, Minneapolis, MN 55458)

OTAN – "El Indominable" EP

Hell yeah—this Barcelona-based band put out an awesome demo tape a few years ago and finally graces us with their debut vinyl. Featuring Teodoro from recent Spanish raw punk bands DESTRUCCION and INFIERNO DE COBARDES, OTAN ("NATO" backwards, like the Spanish do) has a lot in common with those groups (lo-fi recording, raw, pissed off vocals, stark but still very punk art) but leaves behind the straightforward DISCHARGE model for punk rock that sounds more classically dark and anarcho, and also with some nods to melodic but still tough-as-nails Spanish punk of yesteryear. Overall, the effect of this record is totally striking—desperate vocals, primitive drum bashing, a guitar tone that actually kind of reminds me of ULTIMO RESORTE, and very cool looking hand-screened covers that all add up to make this a record one to really savor in our increasingly disposable culture. I have a feeling people who appreciate real, raw DIY punk will be looking for this for a while to come; it's totally timeless stuff. (GN)
(Mindless Mutant, Apdo Correos 35322, 08080 Barcelona, SPAIN)

OUTLAW ORDER – "Legalize Crime" CD

This is full-on stoner rock from New Orleans, originally released by Southern Lord as an EP. This CD probably won't appeal to too many punk rockers into charged hair or circle pits but some of you crusters out there may dig it. They pull off the heaviness with some good twists and turns, and actually they are kind of fast compared to some other bands of their ilk. My two complaints are that the guitar tone is a bit clean for this type of music—I like a dirtier Sunn concert amp sound—but maybe it's just the recording. The more fuzz, the better. Also, the quotes that they use for the insert just kind of sounded, well, jocular. No lyric sheet either, which is too bad. If I were gonna compare them to another band, I would say BUZZOVEN on some of their faster songs. This CD includes a bonus live track but is still only fourteen minutes so I would advise the band to just repress the EP. Not too bad though. (WK)
(Deep Six, PO Box 6911, Burbank, CA 91510)

PAINTED BIRD – "Selected Songs From" EP

Seven songs of muscular '90s indie-rock that would be at home on Touch & Go or AmRep, the only difference being the brevity of the songs. Not a second is wasted on this record: every note is a stab to the throat executed with a precision that would put SHELLAC to shame. PAINTED BIRD has obviously put a lot of work and thought into this. They're a local band and I've never seen them but hopefully I can rectify this problem soon. Thumbs up. (AM)
(RFC, The Worthington, San Francisco, CA 94109, www.birdsf.com)

PICTURE FRAME SEDUCTION – "Stop the Bloody Slaughter" CD

PICTURE FRAME SEDUCTION is pretty much unsung in the annals of UK punk history, even though they released a couple of really decent records and were around for years (and are back together again). Their location (arse end of Wales) and choice of record labels (SOS and then Rot) regulated them to a footnote in history, which is more than a little unfair. GTA has done a great job in putting together the band's LP, 7" along with some live and demo material. Worth hunting down if you are in any way a fan of UK82-style bands, sounding something like early GBH or ENGLISH DOGS but with a much smarter political bent. This is great stuff. (TB)
(Grand Theft Audio, 501 W. Glenoaks Blvd, PMB 313, Glendale, CA 91202)

PILGER – "Begging for a Silver Lining" CD

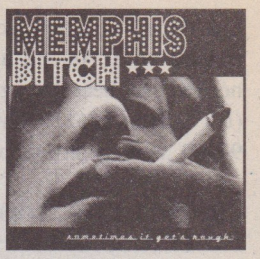
Discography of this long-running (although now defunct) UK hardcore band; fast, aggressive hardcore with a straight edge flavor (think 7 SECONDS and MINOR THREAT). I dug the 7"s very much so it's nice to have it all in one place. Well worth tracking down. (TB)
(Go Down Fighting, PO Box 132, Leeds, LS6 2RR)

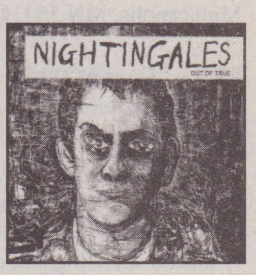
PLAN OF ACTION – "Manual Scan" EP

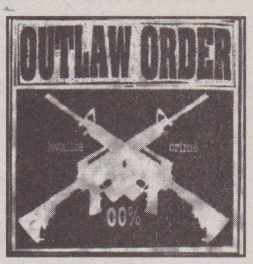
A re-release of a five-track EP recorded back in 1982 by San Diego's power-pop mods PLAN OF ACTION. This is a forgotten treasure, a fantastic mix of '60s harmony with the punk energy of the CROWD and revivalist touch of Australia's SCIENTISTS, and dare I say it, even better than both the aforementioned bands. This is my first introduction to these West Coast mop tops and I've been blown away. A must for anybody with even a vague interest on anything that came out on Bomp, Detour, or Midway records. (SD)
(Munster, PO Box 18107, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN, www.munster-records.com)

THE POPSTERS – "The Scene" EP

Somehow, It's Alive has come out as a cross between Mutant Pop and Stardumb, otherwise known as a label that puts out a-little-too-clean, pop punk 7" vinyl. Anyway, Italy's POPSTERS fit with this label perfectly, decent at what they do but nothing really exceptional.







One thing I wish they wouldn't do is their horrible cover of "American Girl," because I don't need to ever hear that again. (JF)
(It's Alive, 11411 Hewes St, Orange, CA 92869, www.itsaliverecords.com)

PRETTY BOY THORSON AND THE FALLING ANGELS – "Ain't It Funny" CD

Let the record show that I don't like country punk. That said, PRETTY BOY THORSON AND THE FALLING ANGELS play respectable countrified pop-punk in the vein of the REPLACEMENTS and later SOCIAL DISTORTION. I know this isn't the case, but you get the general feeling that every song is about drinking on the porch. Imagine if TILTWHEEL had acoustic guitars and an upright bass. If that sounds like your thing, snap this up! (AM)
(Redemption Value, 1101 26th Ave SE, Minneapolis, MN 55414)

PRF – "Days of Davey Jones" LP

For the most part, this is above-average (for nowadays) '80s-style thrash, with lyrics about skateboarding ("Hail Skatin'!") and hating posers, religion, people who try to stop the pit, and senseless violence. The music is pretty macho sounding and even though they have an anti-homophobe song, it's hard to tell whether these guys are making fun of tough-guy hardcore or not. If you're into the early-'80s Boston/Midwest-style mosh-down, give this young Portland band a listen. (PC)
($5: YxD, wolfgangwilliams@hotmail.com)

PROTOTIPES / TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET – split EP

In life, timing is everything. If It's Alive had sent this in when it came out I might have given it a really good review. But since this record has been released the TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET songs have been released on their full-length, and the PROTOTIPES overly sugary pop punk isn't worth recommending on its own. If you haven't heard TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET and their take on early-to-mid-'90s Lookout! punk, then this may be a good starting point, though I think their LP is a better bang for your buck. (JF)
(It's Alive, 11411 Hewes St, Orange, CA 92869)

PSYCHO FACTION – "Twenty-Two Years Too Late" EP

Being a fan of early peace-punk/anarcho-punk, I'm really stoked to see a lot of this old material finally getting pressed on vinyl, especially this month's A TOUCH OF HYSTERIA 12". PSYCHO FACTION is yet another band that you should've read about in Lance Hahn's regular articles on the UK's early anarcho bands here in *MRR*. The songs here were recorded live with "very basic tape recorders" and it definitely shows. The tunes are mid-tempo, anthemic, and also "very basic." I hate to say that some material is much better enjoyed as an obscure old demo, rather than an EP, but these songs just don't quite cut it for me. They're not bad—"Oppose War Oppose Law" and "Life We Live" could be anarcho classics with a better recording—but I can only recommend this to nerds, hippies, record collectors, and the band's friends and families. (PC)
(Shock! Horror!, PO Box 4328, Oceanside, CA 92052)

QUEER WÜLF – "Preaching to the Choir" LP

QUEER WÜLF reminds me a lot of FILTH, but more fun, and yet still remarkably negative. Might be the hint of CRIMPSHRINE that does it. It certainly explains the random weird shit that gives this record and this band a lot of personality. Apparently this thing was delayed until way after these guys had broken up because of a PAGANS cover ("Eyes of Satan") they wanted to include. Me? I would have either dropped that fucker or just told the plant that the band wrote it. Like United is going to recognize your weirdo version of an obscure PAGANS song and call you out on it. Because of these shenanigans, now that I've heard this and like this band, I can't see them because they're gone. Thanks a lot, jerks. (ST)
(Twenty Fifth Hour, www.twentyfifthhour.net)

JAY REATARD – "Blood Visions" LP

My being assigned this for review might only be a formality, since I've already droned on endlessly about it in my column, but yeah, again: Best LP of 2006. Continuing with what was hinted at with his recent Goner 7"EP, the solo Jay isn't afraid to move into uncharted waters and *Blood Visions* is his biggest and most rewarding jump yet. The desperation of the REATARDS and the adventurousness of LOST SOUNDS both remain firmly intact, but the fat has been trimmed and replaced with uncharacteristic hooks and melody. In fact, the tunes that work best are the darkest *and* poppiest. Any way you slice it, a flat-out killer LP. (MC)
(In the Red, www.intheredrecords.com)

REAZIONE – "Prohibited" CD

I believe this Italian quasi-skin band has been around for over a decade now—well over a decade. Not quite sure where this fits into their pantheon, but you are faced with 14 tracks of mid-tempo skinhead rock. Some excellent lead guitar, some female backing vocals, and decent SEX PISTOLS, AC/DC, ELVIS PRESLEY, and SKIN ARMY covers. It's definitely more 999 than the 4-SKINS, which is just fine by me. (RK)
(KOB, www.kobrecords.com)

RIBZY – "'81-'85 Recordings" CD

Wow, I just saying to Ariel how someone should do a RIBZY CD, and *voila*! Awesome! I saw RIBZY once or twice back in the day and thought they were hella rad, and the random comp tracks they put out were great, especially "Invasion" on the *Best We Regret* tape. This CD collects almost everything this band recorded, but frustratingly does not include the session that included the excellent version of "Collapse" that appeared on *MRR*'s first comp. It does include another, more street punk sounding version of that song from a later recording with a different singer. RIBZY went through many singers over the years, and another problem with this CD is that it doesn't list which singer is on which track. But clearly the earlier material with the more snotty singer(s?) is the best, with its great, raw guitar riffs (played with no top string!) and memorable, quirky melodies. The middle-period singer(s?) is more gruff and doesn't have as much personality—and personality is what RIBZY was all about, in my opinion. So it was good that they went on to switch to the seemingly identical brothers Jason and Donovan on vocals. These guys were fun to watch ("…one singing while the other stage dove," the liner notes say) but the recording doesn't manage to capture the excitement very well. So I'll try to get to point: RIBZY's music was a hard-to-describe mélange of tempo-changing proto-thrash that sounds like everybody and nobody—sort of a bridge between early "anything goes" punk rock and straight-up '80s thrash. The CD booklet contains all of the lyrics as well as the story of the band written by guitarist Greg, which is entertaining to read even if it does leave you wanting to know a lot more about this classic, underappreciated San Jose, CA, punk band. (PC)
(Vinehell, PO Box 36131, San Jose, CA 95158, www.vinehell.com)

RUST – CD

Hailing from Down Under, RUST plays down and dirty rock 'n' roll with a traditional punk slant. The punkier songs they do are way

better than the rock 'n' rollier ones, but it's all pretty average dude-core. Except, that is, for the highly entertaining "Tortured Tunes," a rollicking sing-along tribute to classic punk and Oi bands of yore, which includes such lyrical gems as, "Skinhead bands in crowded pubs / ANTI-NOWHERE, UK SUBS!" Good on ya. (PC)
(Bezerk, PO Box 1174, Manly, Sydney NSW 1655, AUSTRALIA, www.rust.net.au)

SANCTUM / STORMCROW – split LP

There is a place in music where things are dark, grim, and hopeless. A place where politics and life are stripped down to a raw battle, where some combination of nihilism, politics, and D&D come together. The bands in this place are often metal but hard to pin down in that they have hardcore and thrash and doom and crust influences. This world (not that all these bands sound the same) contains bands like MISERY, AMEBIX, DEVIATED INSTINCT, HELLBASTARD, ENTOMBED, MARTYRDOD, FALL OF THE BASTARDS, etc. These two bands come from this netherworld and rip it up playing fast, crusty thrash with touches of early death metal. They had me head-banging in no time. SANCTUM calls Seattle home, while STORMCROW hails from Oakland. (MH)
(No Options, PO Box 22285, Oakland, CA 94623 USA)

SAHN MARU – "Unfit to Breathe" EP

Four tracks of raw, 4/4 hardcore with gristly vocal shouts over straightforward charging guitar riffs. This three-piece Oakland band features ex-members of BLOWN TO BITS, MURDERS, and VERBAL ABUSE, and has elements of the best of Oakland hardcore, outfitted with the bleak, dark, street-level punk lyrics of classic East Bay Hardcore a la GRIMPLE and FILTH. The delivery is raw and gritty, but solid, straightforward punch-in-the-face hardcore punk rock. Excellent cover artwork and design by Dominik (RIP, you will be missed). (KS)
(646 Alcatraz Ave, Oakland, CA 94609)

SCAPEGOAT – "Wrench" EP

Frantic and blasting EP from this Boston-area band. I'm gonna get the fact that this is an shameless CROSSED OUT-ripoff—from the music to the vocals to the lyrics and artwork—out of the way so I can talk about how much I dig it. The band alternates short blasts of distorted fury with lurching slower heaviness. Brief, tight as hell, and to-the-point. There is no build-up and no filler. Excellent noisy production and a fucking nasty guitar sound. The hit: "Brainvice." The foldout sleeve includes a poster that I will definitely *not* be putting in my bedroom. (CS)
(Painkiller, 8 Burney Street No. 1, Boston, MA 02135)

SCRIPTS / DIE ROTZZ – split EP

A welcome split by two of the US punk scene's unsung bands, both of which have an EP or two under their belt. There's a song from each band on both sides of the record, and while I ordinarily am not crazy about traded-off songs on split records, it works pretty well on this one 'cause the bands are so well matched. They are both mid-tempo garage-level bands with some hardcore and thug-punk inflections, and they both have a falling apart element as well that gives them a timeless great-grandsons-of-the-GERMS feel. I think the SCRIPTS come out just a *hair* ahead of DIE ROTZZ on this one; their songs are a little more off kilter but kind of have more swagger too, and some weirdo instrumentation thrown in on "Erase Your Face" that sounds awesome. I even think they could pull their shit off on a full-length record, which is saying a lot 'cause these are very EP friendly types of bands, so I'll just wait around here patiently for said long player to show up at our door… (GN)
(Jeth Row, 9837 US Hwy 231, Wetum Pka, AL 36092, jethrowrecords@yahoo.com)

SELF ABUSE – "I Didn't Want to Be a Soldier" CD

A decent collection from these kids still playing punk in the UK in 1983. They did have an indie chart hit with the title track after being played on the John Peel show, charting next to the SMITHS, COCTEAU TWINS, and NEW ORDER in a couple reputable but now dead Brit music rags. This includes their EP and 24 demo tracks. Mid-paced third generation punk with no gloss that is mainly for old punk completists. (RL)
(Grand Theft Audio, 501 W. Glenoaks Blvd, PMB 313, Glendale, CA 91202)

SEMI FOUR – "Nobody's Excuse" EP

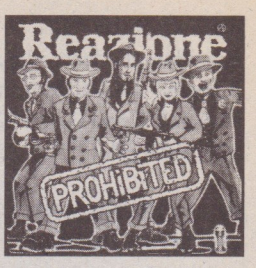
Melodic Japanese punk that wouldn't sound one bit out of place on Snuffy Smile Records. Upbeat and scrappy, like CIGARETTEMAN and SCREAMING FATRAT. Good. (AD)
(Anti-New Waves, 2-33-1-61 Hananoki Minami-Ku, Yokohama, 232-0018, JAPAN)

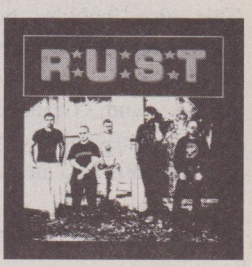
SIDETRACKED – "One Lane Road Ahead" CD

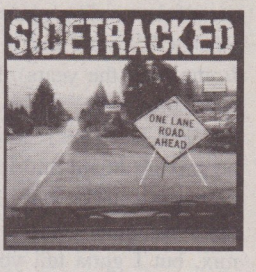
23 tracks of curt, LACK OF INTEREST/INFEST/NO COMMENT-style, minute-or-less thrashers from this band out of Tacoma, Washington, where that genre intersects with straight edge style hardcore—ponderous breakdowns and intros that bust into chaotic stop-and-go snare thrash. Maybe not as outwardly bent on brutality as a tag like "powerviolence" might suggest, with straightforward vocals and minimal distortion, but the music follows similar high-speed stop-and-start. Solid and quick, with blunt lyrics more on the positive hardcore side of things, challenging failures of personal friendships and forwarding a positive world outlook. Boss. (KS)
(16 Oh, www.16oh.com)

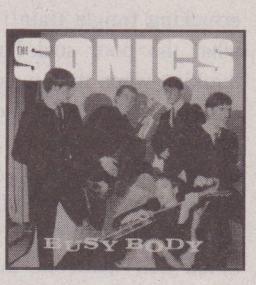
SKARNIO – "Pobre Natureza" LP

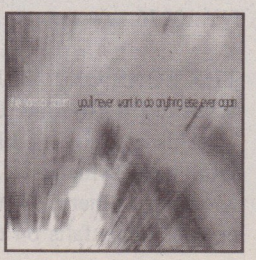
In all honesty I was so excited to see this show up for review here at *MRR*. Unfortunately I was a bit let down; I was hoping for a long lost punk gem from mid- to late-'80s, but this is so doused with heavy metal riffs that it puts me off entirely. For those who love the cross-over kind of stuff you may worship SKARNIO. This record











has its moments Side B. delivers in the classic Brazilian hardcore department, with "Forca Sinistra," the standout track here. (MS)
(Absurd, Caixa Postal 02, Osasco, SP –06013-971, BRAZIL)

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS – "Do It Dog Style" CD

A reissue of one of the best full-lengths from the first wave UK class-of-1977 punk. This also includes bonus singles tracks. Among the hits are "Where Have All the Boot Boys Gone?," "You're a Bore," "Dame to Blame," and "Cranked Up Really High." Heavily influenced by the NEW YORK DOLLS, this is a must for 1977 punk fans. (RL)
(Captain Oi!, www.captainoi.com)

SONICS – "Busy Body/The Witch"

.....two cuts recorded live at the Tacoma Sports Arena, November 27th 1964!!!!! You had better listen up children, especially if you fancy your sorry self a punk rocker, because if you haven't been paying attention to the roots of real aggressive punk then you've been missing out on such over-the-top punk-as-fuck destruction by bands like the SONICS!!!!!!! I gotta tell you, I'm always skeptical about live recordings by great defunct bands surfacing because most of the time they're the most dreadful sounding pieces of shit (like all that STOOGES stuff that's been coming out on Bomp over the years), but this little lost live gem blew me right off my over-fucked ass!!!!!! True, the recording was not done on no mixing board and it's obvious the reel to reel tape recorder was placed right smack next to the drummer because he's the loudest in the mix, but I gotta tell you buddy boy, regardless....the SONICS still come over like a motherfucking freight train!!!!! I can just imagine what the poor sock-hoppers of 1964 were thinking when they were confronted with this bulldozer!!!!! Oh my fucking god!!!! Lock up your teenage daughters....but don't lock 'em up too tight because BLACK FLAG is only 14 years away.....and VOID is 18 years away... strange, huh?????!!!!! THE SONICS is the kinda '60s "hardcore" that gives me a "straight edge…" (SW)
(Norton, PO Box 646 Cooper Stn, New York, NY 10276, www.nortonrecords.com)

THE SONS OF SATURN – "You'll Never Want to Do Anything Else Ever Again" CD

This is emo. It's like current hip-hop or '80s metal—there is just as much that's wretched as there is interesting, challenging, or good. This falls on the side of interesting and good. There are lots of dynamics, heaviness, quiet parts, and the lyrics don't focus on relationships (phew!). Think FUNERAL DINER or, in a small way, ORCHID. I've also felt that the world for bands is getting smaller at a fast rate the last couple years, as it seems much easier to discover bands from all corners of the world; this release, for example, is a French band released on a Russian label. (MH)
(Old Skool Kids, PO Box 64, 109147 Moscow, RUSSIA, www.oskrecords.com)

SPECULUM – "If You Want Noize? You Got It!!" EP

The matrix of this one-sided, green wax 7" says "get high and play loud!!" I ask "why?" This record should really be called *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas Beats and Breaks*. Seriously, the samples from that movie are twice as long as the "songs," which are some of the most lo-fi, fourth-rate "noize/grind" I've heard. No song titles. No lyrics. Honestly, I like some of this kind of shit but I can't even say this one's a novelty. Like a shit sandwich milkshake dripping down your throat for a good five minutes. This record was made by Hollywood and put together by fools. Not punk! (JU)
(Apocalyptic Visions, no address)

SSSP – "Last Call" EP

SSSP plays high quality New York hardcore with generous Oi enthusiasm! The name SSSP stands for "Skinheads Still Scare People." SSSP stays true to their hardcore roots. In "Where I Belong," SSSP sings, "Hardcore's in my heart / So this is where I'll stay." The lyrics are intelligent and heartfelt. The subject matter of the songs concentrates on valuable friendships, trust, and failed romance. This record is very good! (BR)
(Koi, www.koirecords.com)

SUNDAY SINNERS – "The Sweet Jam" CD

Haunted, mournful, and eerie backwoods ballads that splice moody '60s garage with wild-and-wooly country blues. Sad 'n' lonely female voices meet and meld in a chorus of "I Wanna Go Home"—and I almost believe it's a tale told by a girl stranded a half a million acres from the nearest friendly face. Adult, confident, and possessed of honest emotion and, even, passion. Does it fall within *Maximum Rocknroll*'s number-one-with a-sledgehammer range of coverage? Probably not. Do I like it? Sure, it's both seductive and strangely comforting, like Budweiser and bratwurst served under the stars. Only six tunes, among them a cover of the VELVET UNDERGROUND's "What Goes On?" that works an interesting twist on an old chestnut. (JH)
(Sonik's Chicken Shrimp, 4050 Berri, Montréal, CANADA, sonik4050@aei.ca)

SUNPOWER – "Too Radical" LP

With a name like SUNPOWER and cover art depicting a mic-wielding fist blasting some poor dude in the kisser, I'm a bit confused, if not curious, coming out of the gates. Musically, this Belgian band borrows from somewhere between the early-'80s HC revival acts circa now and the late-'80s HB/CT/NY sound, with the production quality of the latter. On first listen it didn't do all that much for me but on repeat I must admit it's mos def growing on me. So, after you've got all the essential hardcore records from the past and present, and you still need more, seek this out in the second round. A good effort. (JU)
(Peter Bower, PO Box 132, Leeds, LS6 2RR, UNITED KINGDOM, peterbower@alcoholic.co.uk)

SWELL MAPS – "Wastrels and Whippersnappers" CD

A couple of pop hits aside, SWELL MAPS are probably best known for their meandering, experimental, jammy style. Although they didn't get any exposure until the PISTOLS opened up the UK music scene in the punk era, Nikki Sudden, Epic Soundtracks, and co. were playing and recording in obscurity as far back as the early '70s. This CD contains 23 "compositions" in various degrees of completion and recording fidelity, committed to tape in several living rooms and bedrooms between 1974 and 1977. Owing to a lack of professional equipment, they utilized an assortment of acoustic guitars and basses, radio sets as amplifiers; even flutes and zithers—anything that would make a noise. The results are mixed: there are a few rock tunes but a lot of ambient noise. For MAPS fans and completists: essential. For casual listeners: fun to check out. For newcomers: pick up the recent reissues of the first couple of LPs before you go near this. (AM)
(Overground, PO Box 1NW, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1NW, UNITED KINGDOM, www.overgroundrecords.co.uk)

SWELLBELLYS / THE VENDETTA – split EP

Yes! You lucky fucks get a new SWELLBELLYS/VENDETTA split EP this month! The SWELLBELLYS always provide great punk rock with poignant lyrics that are filled with sharp political criticisms! On the new split EP, the SWELLBELLYS come out cook-

ing with gas on their song "Fight the State." The gist of the song is this: "No accountability, lying, cheating, stealing / They don't play fair." After a deceptive reggae intro, the SWELLBELLYS lurch into "Tell Me This," with another scathing indictment of the warmongers. Excellent! Song three from the SWELLBELLYS is "Blackhole." which escalates into a furious fast punk rant! These punks play rough! These pissed-off political punks carry on a UK punk tradition initiated years ago by No Future and Riot City Records. Good shit! Side B of the new Peter Bower Records split, features the VENDETTA, who take the punk rock baton from the SWELLBELLYS and race ahead confidently with well-honed chops! "Strangulation" is an up-tempo slice of melodic punk leading straight into "Powerload." These meticulously crafted punk tunes show some of the same writing skills encountered in early DAMNED and STRANGLERS EPs. Some punks will have to adjust to the longer guitar leads that the VENDETTA offers. This is an entertaining EP. You get the mercurial, angry, leftist punk of the SWELLBELLYS on one side, and the svelte, highly polished journeyman punk of the VENDETTA on the other side. (BR)
(Peter Bower, PO Box 132, Leeds, LS6 2RR, UNITED KINGDOM, www.peterbowerrecords.kk5.org)

TAKE HOLD – EP

Well-played skate thrash; some parts are melodic like DESCENDENTS, more parts lean towards thrashing and skating. Sometimes its gets a little jammy. Eight songs on gold wax (limited to 50?). (NE)
(16 Oh, www.16oh.com)

TARMER – "Narhjekenevarmer" LP

Norwegian drunk punk that I am sure has some of the mohawk kids singing along and others sitting by the sides drinking their beer engrossed in conversation. For those of you who can't read between the lines, this means TARMER is just average. (JP)
(Sist I koa platter, Postboks 7008, 0306 Oslo, NORWAY)

TEAMROCKIT – "The Lowest Point in Rock n Roll History" CD

Chicago's TEAMROCKIT doesn't mess around, this is straight-up balls-to-the-wall rock 'n' roll. Like a dirty garage take on AC/DC with a nod and wink to the FIGGS and a bit of that cheeky charm of fellow Windy Citiers URGE OVERKILL, there's a time and place for this type of riffage and I'm guessing by the frantic head rocking going on in the steamy rooms of MRR, this is it. (SD)
(Firetone, www.firetonerecords.com)

TIPPER'S GORE – "Musical Holocaust" EP

Don't let the name discourage you 'cause this is pretty damn awesome. This reminds me a lot of LIFE'S BLOOD at times, but with more personal/angry-at-the-world lyrics and a little less feedback. All six songs here are straight-up, driving hardcore and even though it sounds old school, it's not really a retro ripoff of any particular style. Recommended. (BG)
(MRD, 6172 Gumm Drive, Huntington Beach, CA 92647)

TOTÄLICKERS – "Sistema de Locura" LP

On my list of pet peeves, bands that parody old bands' names/logos are even worse than emo bands who play with their back to the audience (this includes all the millions of lazy bastards who use the Crass Records circle artwork and DISCHARGE font—just stop already). I mean, why bother trying to come with your own name when you can just combine TOTALITÄR and SHITLICKERS, right? Anyway…Musically this is fairly raging (if at times a bit monotonous) Swedish-style HC. The production's good, though I'd actually appreciate a bit more dirty recording quality. Fortunately the vocalist stands out as particularly wild—by far the best aspect of this band. Lyrics—mostly political with an anarcho bent—are in Spanish with English translations. 14 originals plus a RIP cover. (CS)
(Grita o Muere, PO Box 37020, 08080 Barcelona, SPAIN, www.gritaomuere.espai.org)

UNISON – "The Sum" 10"

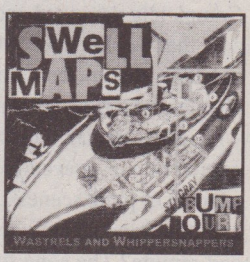
New disc from Serbia's longest running hardcore band. Swirly hardcore that dips into "emo" territory, like if UNBROKEN met TRAGEDY. The vocals are buried way in the mix and the recording itself is a bit muddy. I'm pumped that a Serbian band is getting their recordings out there, I just can't get into it. (TB)
(Rimbaud, 2 Violet Ville, College Road, Cork, IRELAND)

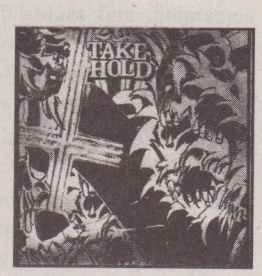
ULTRA DOLPHINS – "Mar" CD

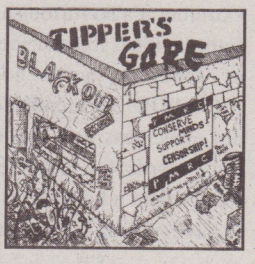
This is a beautifully packaged disc, with its tri-fold cardboard sleeve and nicely illustrated, handwritten lyric book. The drawings, as well as the lyrics themselves, are bizarre and interesting and full of confusing metaphors. It's hard to say whether or not it's genius in that respect. The music is pretty emo/screamo, which I can't say ever really floats my boat. I imagine that, as with other genres of punk, there are emo/screamo folks who like their music to sound slick, thick, and radio friendly, and there are those who prefer a more DIY approach. ULTRA DOLPHINS are definitely the latter (without sounding under-produced), and they also throw in some odd piano-based interludes that remind me of the MAGNETIC FIELDS a little bit in their sad tunefulness. I applaud the care and attention that went into this release. (PC)
(Robotic Empire, PO Box 4211, Richmond, VA 23220, www.roboticempire.com)

USERS – "Sick of You/I'm in Love with Today"

What can I say, except this is one of the *greatest punk singles ever*! Released way back in 1977, these two nuggets have been reissued a few times and have appeared on numerous comps, but now you can have the picture disc that weighs a ton. Seriously, this is the heaviest single I've ever held in my hands. And I can't tell you







how fucking amazing "I'm in Love with Today" is, and if you haven't heard it you need to drop this magazine right now and get this. Essential. (BG)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 45854 London, E11 1YX, ENGLAND, www.damaged-goods.co.uk)

ÜÜÏŸ BÅAÎOØHØIØ – "War Madness" EP

What the fuck? What is this? It's amazing! Completely deranged and blown-out raw hardcore that would be a $500 record if this was an old Japanese noisecore band, and it's as completely mysterious as some of those old flexis, with white center labels, absolutely no information on the sleeve, no lyrics, nothing. Is this a bunch of punk scenesters trying to be elusive, or is this band actually from somewhere far off and remote? The song titles are in English but I can't make out a word of what this fucker is screaming, and as for the band name, who knows? I Googled it to no avail, all those umlauts and shit are not Internet friendly. Whatever, thankfully I got it for review and with a reviewer copy, otherwise how the hell would I track it down? Well, friend, that is your job, because you *need* this record: it is frantic mess of noisy screaming and bashing, and it doesn't sound like anything else out there that I can think of. It is like the *chaos non musica* of WRETCHED taken to the absolute extreme; it's so furious and wild sounding that I am tempted to describe the studied approach of Japanese noise gods DISCLOSE and FRAMTID as "controlled" in comparison. I am speechless, so I am going to go do what the only words on the sleeve tell me to: "Play louder than a bombblast or fuck off!" (GN)
(I have no idea! Good luck.)

THE VARSITY WEIRDOS – "Fly Me Up to the Moon" EP

If there was a 48 rpm I could set the record player to, I think it'd up the replay possibility on this record tenfold. As it stands, we're dragging a little ass on this one, and catchy as it is I'm probably not going to put it on again. To me, this sounds like a few pieces of Pacific Northwest new wave/punk revival circa five years ago; the SPITS, the BRIEFS, and the NEWTOWN ANIMALS, stuck in a blender. But it's just too slow to punch you in the kidneys the way it should. It's floating like a brick and stinging like a butter knife. Just to clarify…I'm not judging this totally shitty. These guys just need to take a bunch of pills and freak out during their next recording session and I think we'll be okay. (ST)
(It's Alive, www.itsaliverecords.com)

VINCENT BLACK SHADOW – CD

They've got a wah pedal and they ain't afraid to use it, which suits me. Groove heavy, psyched out stoner rock from the deep drugged-up mists of Baltimore. Slamming the blues fuzz of the BLUES MAGOOS, with the eardrum exploding crash of BLUE CHEER and the steamroller riffs of BLACK SABBATH. A bit of *Raw Power* STOOGES-era worship for added benefit and some of the weirdness of early CAN. I'm rocking it, and so should you. (SD)
(Heartbreak Beat, www.heartbreakbeat-records.com)

VILENT LOVERS CLUB – "NBSNC" EP

.....pretty strange platter to come from one ex-BASEBALL FURY and a hand fulla CLONE DEFECTS.....!!!!! The six cuts included here are all over the place.....but it mostly moves real slow.....Quaalude pop indeed!!!!! Ideal for dragon chasers!!!!! Fuse together early BIRTHDAY PARTY, GUN CLUB, RIK L. RIK, JACOBITES, MAU MAUS, VOIDOIDS, etc.....get the idea????!!!! Over all I dig it.....and I'll even overlook the two dudes on the front cover with the beards (c'mon, any sensible motherfucker knows that the beard trend is lame....especially on young boys.....!!!!! .....what's so cool about looking like Cat Stevens at 22 years old, dumb asses?...shave that shit!!!!!!!) because one handsome looking bloke (without a beard) is wearing a PROTEX badge and here at MRR all Irish punk is regarded as holy...so instant cool points go to this bunch.....!!!!!!! This record also includes not one but two lyric sheet inserts in two color gloss.....snazzy, eh????? Let's see what the babes say about it.....because like Oscar Wilde once said, "women rule society"!!!!!!!!!! (SW)
(Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195, www.bigneckrecords.com)

VYSHKA – "Kyprero" CD

Speedy Russian pop-punk that doesn't rely too heavily on the monkey beat which I really appreciate. Definitely a hit on the main stage of Warped Tour Russia. If we send Warped Tour to Russia would that be seen as an act of war? I'd think it'd be more like illegal dumping. (ST)
(Old Skool Kids, PO Box 64, 109147, Moscow, RUSSIA, www.oskrecords.com)

WOOF – "Pride, Passion, Memories" CD

Finally this great German hardcore band releases its first full-length. They've been around since 1998 and put out a cool split with THIRD DEGREE BURN a while back. Fifteen new tracks here and they haven't changed their sound a bit—maybe it's even a little better! Musically, they're much like the cooler mid-'90s hardcore bands such as BATTERY or UNDERTOW (who have a song covered here) who played late '80s-style hardcore with a modern edge. Likewise, WOOF plays '90s-revival-core with a current vibe, mixing in some killer power-chord riffs and a taste of new-school metalcore (but not too much to kill it). The lyrics are on the personal side of things, and are screamed with passion. Worth checking out. (BG)
(Horror Business, www.horrorbiz.de)

WRECKING CREW – "Atomic Ambition" CD

Sometimes the kids really are alright and sometimes it takes legitimate teenagers to recapture the true spirit of teenage angst and aggression that early '80s SoCal punk would become famous for. Bits of the ADOLESCENTS, DI, AGENT ORANGE, DESCENDENTS, and a million other things that Posh Boy would have shit themselves over back then. Recommended! (ST)
(Split Scene, www.splitscenerecords.com)

YELLOW CAKE – "Fasten Your Seatbelt" CD

This is the second album from this German band. I've listened to the entire CD three times now and I'm trying to figure out how to describe the music. The band itself describes their music as "melodic-punk-rock," and I suppose they're correct, to a degree. It is melodic punk at times—imagine a highly produced SHADES APART or NO USE FOR A NAME—but it mixes different styles of modern rock (there's even a dance mix) as well. The band is tight and the singer has the harmonies down, but this would probably have a greater appeal to listeners of more mainstream pop punk than to the type of melodic *punk* that readers of this fine zine would dig. (BG)
(www.yellowcake.eu)

ZATOPEKS – "Smile or Move" EP

England's ZATOPEKS is not a band to be tied down in the swampy mud of factionalized punk. Dabbling in sounds from great, sugary power pop, to straight up classic rock 'n' roll infused punk rock, and even a bit of that all so lovable new wave sound. Great songwriting, spot-on production, and unique vocals help it all make sense. Four short bursts of supercharged pop from a band to keep a close eye on. (SD)

(It's Alive, 11411 Hewes St, Orange, CA, 92869, www.itsaliverecords.com)

ZERO POINT – "Hooligans with Cheap Guitars" CD

Is it me? My age? Just cos that was when I was a teenager? Or was the late '70s/early '80s the golden age of music? Who cares? Either way, I love these retrospectives of the old dudes from way back when. This particular effort concerns the Danes, and includes 36 tracks of their recorded output—EPs, comp tracks, demos (or more accurately, cassette-only releases, which were rife back in the day), rehearsals, and some live stuff. There are also liner notes, photos, and a discography. Of course musically and lyrically ZERO POINT very much reflected the times and the UK82 inspiration, both from the anarcho side of things and of the "darker" (UK DECAY, et al) end of the spectrum. Well worth digging into. (RK)
(Grand Theft Audio, 501 W. Glenoaks Blvd, PMB #313, Glendale, CA 91202)

V/A – "Anti-Capitalism" CD

Volume four in the anarcho punk compilation series compiled by Sean (PSYCHO FACTION) McGhee, and released on Overground Records. This installment has such heavy hitters as CRASS, CONFLICT, and RUDIMENTARY PENI, as well as ANTISECT, D&V, LEGION OF PARASITES, EPILEPTICS, DANBERT NOBACON (of CHUMBAWAMBA), THE CRAVATS, CULTURE SHOCK, and a host of others. This comp (like the previous three) is really well put together, and has a booklet with a foreword from Penny Rimbaud (from CRASS) and a piece on every band. I was really into these bands back in the early '80s and yet there are still a lot of bands on here that I had heard of but never heard. I was particularly impressed with ANARKA & POPPY, whose name pretty much explains their sound; TEARS OF DESTRUCTION and SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENT are similarly melodic and pique my interest more than straight-up thrashy punk. This scene eventually degenerated into crusty crap as the ideas ran out, but before the music got shitty, and the politics almost at times pig-headed, it really was something special, if a little naive. Oh well. (AD)
(Overground, PO Box 1NW, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1NW, UNITED KINGDOM)

V/A – "Audio Vol. III" CD

Take a big box of indie rock vinyl up to the roof of your shitty apartment building, heft it over your head and let it drop into the parking lot below, watching it smash/compact itself next to the neighbors' 1988 VW Golf. Go pick up the pieces and randomly glue them back together into round LP shapes, then tape it for a CD comp. I'm guessing that was the game plan for a bunch of the bands on here, because "groups" like BROMP TREB and BEAK FULL OF RUBIES have definitely hit the scrambler, while several of the others have managed to piece a more-or-less intact copy of the LYDIA LUNCH comp back together. It's pretty easy to spot the winners, I actually listened to their entire songs without skipping ahead after 20 seconds or so: DEERHOOF, TG, ANTIFAMILY, WE QUIT, SILVER DAGGERS, kind of… I have to admit, in 2006 the prospect of listening to a 23-band various artists comp inspires a sort of heavy-lidded dread within me, I think the enormous number of great 7"ers from the last five years or so has almost completely deadened me to the possibilities of having to slog through the speed bumps on here. I believe I shall peel off my faves and leave the rest for another to deal with, akin to leaving a big can of used motor oil in the Wal-Mart parking lot. (RW)
(Zum, www.zumonline.com)

V/A – "Black Eyes and Broken Bones Hardcore Vol. 1" CD

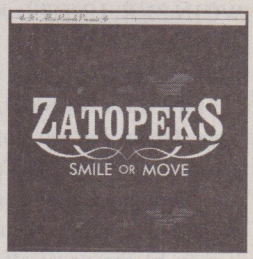
This is a 31-track CD compilation of various Canadian hardcore bands hailing from Vancouver to Toronto. Highlights on here include FUCKED UP's dis track dedicated to Canadian ska-punkers BILLY TALENT, THE CURSED's "Clocked In, Punched Out," and RISKY BUSINESS' "Thanks a Lot." If you are looking for a comprehensive documentation of modern Canadian hardcore, then this is a great place to start. (CC)
(Under Pressure, www.underpressure.ca)

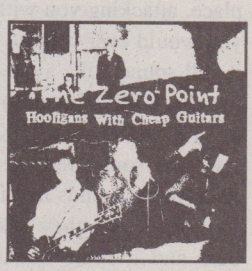
V/A – "Cerebellum: A Tribute to Cerebros Exprimidos" CD

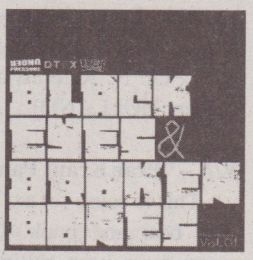
So, this is an 18-band tribute album to the "legendary" Mallorcan punk band CEREBROS EXPRIMIDOS (also known as "SQUEEZED BRAINS," with records on both Sympathy for the Record Industry and Munster, apparently), who I admit I was totally and completely ignorant of until I read their poorly translated Wikipedia page about them three minutes ago. CEREBROS was apparently together from the mid-'80s to the late '90s, and, from the records of theirs I can find, played fairly straightforward, driving punk rock. The music on this CD, on the other hand, ranges from RAMONES-style pop to heavy-duty SOUNDGARDEN-influenced emo-core. Weird. Not being familiar with the originals, I am not sure how reverent these covers are, but I can say that they are mostly way too overproduced and rock-ish for my tastes. The CD is a well-done digipack with lots of photos and cool packaging, but I just don't see this tribute CD—usually a lame concept anyway—appealing to many readers of this magazine. (GN)
(Punkaway, no address)

V/A – "Gaidhug Na Lasair" CD

Five band comp of bands from the UK singing in the Gaelic language native to their particular provincial part of the isles. OI POLLOÍ (five tracks) does their crusty thing, ATOMVITTER belts out some angry hardcore with screeching vocals (reminiscent of FILTH or even PINK TURDS IN SPACE), MILL A H-UILE RUD plays some good tuneful melodic punk, NAD ASLINGEAN weighs in like a Celtic MASSIVE ATTACK, and the THING UPSTAIRS turns in a bouncy, poppy ditty. This







is an interesting compilation; it brings to mind the old Welsh band ANHREFN from the late '80s, who sang exclusively in Welsh. The music's not bad either, ATOMVITTER is pretty good, and MILL A H-UILE RUD is a very pleasant surprise. Fifteen tracks in all, definitely recommended for anyone with more than a fleeting interest in Celtic/Gaelic culture *and* punk rock. (AD)
(Active Distribution, BM Active, London, WC1N 3XX, UNITED KINGDOM)

V/A – "I'm Going Ape #2" EP

First track is CSMD, who are noise freaks from Japan that rip out some insane dirge-grind; next is GORGONIZED DORKS, who are averaging about one 7" a month at this point. This is one of their better songs—I think it may be the vocal effects, which make the singer sound like he's comin' from all over the place, attacking you with more slap back than you would ever want to hear. Other than that, it still sounds like a one- or two-track recording chock full of overblown grind. Second side is STRAIGHT EDGE KEGGER, who have a few live songs recorded live at Gilman St. Everything sounds like it's on 45 rpm, but the song ends and they ask for some weed and beer and it turns out it's not on 45, it just sounds like that. Trippy. Last is NYFOB, truly busting out noise-core at its finest. Four fucked up tracks from this bass-and-drum combo, not to be missed by true noize-core fans. (NE)
(NFL, c/o N. Kater, Marnixstr. 145, 2316EX Leiden, HOLLAND)

V/A – "Prae Kraut Pandaemonium XII" LP

This is cause for excitement if you dig rare '60s beat and punk. It's unbelievable how many gems keep getting unearthed for these endless reissues, and this series is notorious for putting out high quality comps that are packed with the goods. The German beat scene was absolutely amazing, and the *Prae Kraut* comps provide all the rare singles without having to spend a fortune on the impossible-to-find originals (although these comps themselves are pretty limited—I'm still searching for some of the earlier editions). All seventeen tracks here are excellent. Highly recommended for '60s garage fans. (BG)
(no address)

V/A – "Raw Aggression" CD

Wow, I am totally blown away by how good some of the bands on this CD are. This contains songs from previously released EPs by LIFE CRISIS, CHRISTIAN CLUB, GHIDRAH, CADAVER DOGS, SHE'S DEAD, CONFLICT RESOLUTION, and CHAOTIC MESS. As a bonus there is a handful of unreleased bonus tracks thrown in. Most of the bands on this CD unleash a ripping fast hardcore attack that pulls endless influences from the early-to-mid-'80s hardcore/punk scene. On the other hand CADAVER DOGS play some blasting grind and SHE'S DEAD sides with a ballistic thrash style that would be at home on 625 Records. The only let-downs were the CHAOTIC MESS tracks. The recording was really rough and the musicianship was pretty poor, and I just couldn't get into them. Worth it for the LIFE CRISIS tracks alone, if you don't yet have their EP. (RC)
(Get Revenge, 4118 Florida St., San Diego, CA 92104, getrevengerecords.com)

V/A – "Stortbeat a Musical Collective" CD

This double-CD comp serves up the creative exploits of a late '70s/early '80s regional UK label that seemed to have run their affairs on a democratic level with input from all the local bands that got records out through them, which these days seems quite defacto for a punk or indie label, but I think those with a perspective on how totally alienated people were from the music biz in the "capital-poor" '70s can grok how great this attitude is to read about. This comp gives you the complete rundown on the bands that got their start (and for most, finish) courtesy Stortbeat (and related labels): yer SODS, GANGSTERS, LICKS, TEENBEATS, and, most famously, the NEWTOWN NEUROTICS, among others. They kept the tapes...nice! Many of these tracks have been bootlegged on '90s comps, and I hope the bands understand the necessity of this bootlegging activity to generate the massive continuing interest in obscure punk and wave 45s that drives both the "collector scum" and the casual music fan who never would have heard of these terrific tunes otherwise, your humble reviewer included. The SODS 45 is a massive organ-led stomper that sounds like the STRANGLERS with a more teenage heart; the LICKS tracks include, "The 1970s Have Been Made in Hong Kong," which has some of the best "consumer society" lyrics of the day; the GROOVE's "Heart Complaint" is sublime snappy pop; the NEWTOWN NEUROTICS debut 45 is on here, the perfect mix of heartfelt political working class solidarity (keep the fucking taps open past ten!); the SPELLING MISSTEAKS EP is merely one of the best ruff-cut mod-punk 45s of the entire era—all their tracks are sharp 'n' nasty. There are also tons of unreleased stuff, some by mystery bands like the VERTICAL STROKERS that even the label had zero luck in tracking down at this point so their after-the-fact fame will have to go unacknowledged by the perpetrators. Of these unreleased bands, PETE THE MEAT AND THE BOYS and MIRROR CO. (who really seem to be channeling contemporaneous BE BOP DELUXE mixed with early Factory Records) really stand out. All in all, considering the fold-out posters that come with this and the terrific sound quality, this has to be included with the best '70s UK mod-punk-pop comps ever released. (RW)
(Handsignal)

V/A – "This is Not Your Soundtrack for Violence" CD

This compilation contains 27 bands contributing 47 tracks of all different kinds of hardcore/punk. With a few exceptions, most of these bands hail from Germany and include names like STEVE AUSTIN, STRAIGHT CORNER, SIDETRACKED, DISOBEY, and MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU. It also comes with a nice glossy 20-page booklet containing lyrics and photos. (CC)
(Horror Business, c/o David Zolda, Dortmunder Str. 93, 44536 Lunen, GERMANY)

V/A – "Thrash It Up" CD

Four-way split of fastcore bands from Singapore and Malaysia. It's amazing that there is a scene for bands like this (thanks in part to the touring antics of bands like RAMBO, WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?, and VITAMIN X I'm sure) in such far-flung places. YOGYAKARTA sounds like a youth crew band on warp speed and is totally ripping; RELATIONSHIT is more lo-fi blast-beat stuff, which is pretty pedestrian to these ears. UNDERATTACK is fucking mental and the highlight of the comp: blistering fast, high pitched vocals, like a faster SCHOLASTIC DETH....wow. SURA ANAK MUDA is more lo-fi blast-beat. I'm all over UNDERATTACK, blows the fuck out of most US bands doing this. In fact, all the bands are great for their genre; any of these bands could be putting records out on 625 Thrashcore (and probably are, for all I know). Great comp for an up-and-coming scene. (TB)
(Epidemic, Buk 381 Clementi Ave 4 #09-384, SINGAPORE, 120381)

SIX TWO FIVE

OUT SUMMER/FALL 06:

CHARM / UG MAN - Split LP
Hyper-manic Tokyo thrash punk

CRUCIAL SECTION/HIT ME BACK-EP
Split of flannel-induced thrashcore

BANDANOS/DESTRUCTIONS END-CD
Split CD of 80s crossover madness

BxUxSxH - LP
Brazilian JFA style skate punk

V/A - Trapped in a Scene LP
US/Canadian Fastcore Mayhem

FINAL DRAFT/AxRxM - Split EP
New Socal fastcore-violence

ENDLESS BLOCKADE/WARZONE WOMYN
Split Lp:Death to weak powerviolence

V/A-Bay Area Thrash Detonation
Limited LP/CD of local fastcore

SLIGHT SLAPPERS - 2nd LP
Tokyo power viuolence legends

APARTMENT 213 - 1993-97 CD
90s raw Clevo power violence

BREAKFAST "3rd and Army" LP
2nd LP-ballistic Tokyo skate-thrash

INSECT WARFARE -2nd EP + CD
Blasting grind-CD w/EPs,Split,Demo

MINDLESS MUTANT - Debut EP
Chino area full throttle fastcore

50/50 - Debut EP
Gulf coast skate-violence, ex-MGR

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS - Coll CD
Manic Texas HC from late 90s

SECOND OPINION - CD
Fast-High Energy thrash, EP,demo,live

KUNGFU RICK - 2xCD
Entire collection. Insane grind/HC

BARBARIC THRASH CD COMP SERIES
Digipak CD comps - Euro, Japan, Cali

STILL AVAILABLE:

JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS LP:Everything on 1-LP
CRUCIAL SECTION-2nd LP:Tokyo 80s thrash
DOMESTIK DOKTRIN-EP:Insane Indo-thrash
KNUCKLESCRAPER-Debut EP:GC powerviolence
SHANK-LP/CD: 1000mph ned-violence
DISCARGA-10" LP:Bralian LARM style HC
THEY LIVE-LP: Now classic NY fastcore
I SHOT CYRUS-LP: Brazilian fast attack
I DONT CARE/QUILL-Split CD:Tokyo Fastcore
BLOODY PHOENIX-EP: Grinding blastcore
MACHINE GUN ROMANTICS-CD: GC fastness
LORDS OF LIGHT-EP: 3-man grind explosion
CHARM-Shikami EP: Tokyo hyper Distort.
IRON LUNG/SHANK-Split CD: Split-violence
LETS GROW - EP: Belgrade high energy HC
Mosh Circle Jerk Punks Comp LP:
w/RAZORS EDGE, TOMORROW, IDOL PUNCH, plus more
NINE CURVE-EP:Japanese crossover thrash
NO TIME LEFT-10":Ballistic NY HC punk
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Zero Point "Hooligans With Cheap Guitars" CD $12 (GTA)
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Freeze "Guilty Face" 7" $5 (Official re-issue, great!)
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Sprouts/Pricks 7" $5 (Japan/Italy -- kinda wacky)
Raw Power "Wop Hour" 7" $5 (Italian HC gods)
Splid Af Tid "Politikervold" 7" $5 (Denmark 1983-84)
V/A "Killed By Death #1" LP $10 (essential)
V/A "Killed By Death #2" LP $10 (also essential)
V/A "Killed By Death #4" LP $10 (totally essential)
V/A "Killed By Death #5" LP $10 (essentially essential)
Authorities "Puppy Love" CD $12 (They hate cops)
Alternative TV "Strange Kicks" CD $13.50 (UK)
Alternative TV "Live 1978" (Live in 1978, presumably)
Dickies "Stukas Over Disneyland" CD $13.50 (Rules!)
Disrupters "Gas The Punx" CD $13.50 (UK)
Electric Eels "Their Organic" CD $13.50 (Snotty)
Flux Of Pink Indians "Live Statement" CD $13.50 (UK)
Jerks "We Hate You" CD $13.50 (My grandma likes them)
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Exit Hippies "Record and Fantasy" 7" $5
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For The Worse "Chaos Continues" 7" $3.50
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Short Fast + Loud zine #16 $3 (Uncurbed, XBrainiaX...)
I Attack "S/T" LP $8.50 (Great new band from Chicago)
No Slogan "Obreos Al Poder" 7" $3.50 (Chicago)
Oroku "Living Through The end Time" CD $10 (13 songs)
Project X "S/T" 7" $3.50 or CD $6 (reissue on Bridge 9)
Schism: New York Hardcore book by Brown and Porcell $15
Sin Orden "Somos La Mayora" 7" $3.50 (Chicago)
Thin The Herd "Mournful and Overcast" LP $8.50 (Chicago)
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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Peter Avery, Ariel Awesome, Chris Hubbard, and Erin Yanke.

ACID REFLUX is awesome! A perfect mix of straightforward, totally driving, energetic, and catchy hardcore. The vocals are yelled and totally snotty, and blended into the mix. Fuck yeah! It's just no nonsense, lots of attitude, real punk rock. ($2 ppd. 8 song cassette, lyrics included (but damn, they're too small to read!). 474 Hamilton Street, Albany, NY 12203.) (Erin)

ALTERED BEAST spazzes through this CD like nobody's business. The powerviolence is in full effect—stops and starts, tempo changes, cartoon-character-like vocals, sludgy mosh parts, and the energy to bust back out in the end. ($3 ppd and a free pin! 12 song CD, lyrics included. 15601 Orchid Drive, South Holland, IL 60473.) (Erin)

CAPGUNS 'N COKE plays pop punk songs that are very much akin to SCREECHING WEASEL. Nasal vocals are sung over poppy, up beat, three chord tunes with cheesy guitar leads and lots of "whooo's." It's a little sloppy and the vocals are way too high in the mix but it's not really all that bad. (5 song CD, no lyrics, capgunsncoke@hotmail.com) (Pete)

CONTAMINATORS have lo-fi mid-tempo sensibilities and some rockin' songs. They draw equally from fuzzed-out guitars, and reverb-heavy, well, everything! The vocals get buried back in the cave sometimes, but they are also kind of moan-y and make for good atmospheric accompaniment. ($3 ppd. 6 song cassette, no lyrics included. 3306 Mesa Drive, Bakersfield, CA 93306.) (Erin)

CREATIVE WASTE plays the usual CARCASS inspired grind-metal, sounding a bit like both CEPHALIC CARNAGE and PIG DESTROYER. Vocals are brutal, the tempo alternates between breakneck and stoner-y jam-out—I'd say this is what you want and expect from a goregrind record. By the way, these dudes are from Saudi Arabia. I'm into it. (5-song CD, lyrics not included. $6 ppd: Moshpit Tragedy, 3550 Dougall Ave Box 31005, Winsor, ON, N9G 2Y2, Canada, moshpit_tragedy@yahoo.ca) (Ariel)

DAYLIGHT ROBBERY plays mid-tempo melodic punk. The songs are full, simple yet interesting. They have both male and female vocals, which on the lady side is kind of snotty and kind of Exene-ish, and on the guy has more of a spoken tone to the singing. This is catchy, smart, and good. ($2 ppd. 5 song CD, lyrics included. 2656 W. Iowa #1, Chicago, IL 60622.) (Erin)

A DISCO FOR FERNS means noise band! They branch out into tantrum-core a bit, but for the most part it sounds random and improvisational, fast and chaotic. Then the acoustic song breaks in, but it's like WAT TYLER's "Ballad of the Little People" in that breaks it up but doesn't change the fundamental nature of the band. ($3 ppd US/$4 ppd world. 6 song CD, no lyrics. 11777 Brazos Way, Lindale, TX 75771.) (Erin)

EASTER KIDS are out of demos, which is annoying to this reviewer. But, their 7" is the same songs. Keep an eye out for it, cause this hardcore is good, mixed with some rockin' fast parts to break it up, and yelled vocals. (7 song cassette, lyrics included. PO Box 52, Furlong, PA 18925.) (Erin)

FUCK THIS is awesome because they put studs on the spine of their cassette demo! Even if you never heard them, you'd have to be a fan. But the music is surly crusty hardcore with dual male/female vocals that are pissed and menacing. The music is straightforward, guitar-driven, fast, and furious. Good work! (9 song cassette, lyrics included. PO Box 1148. Grand Rapids, MI 49501.) (Erin)

GHADDAR plays music THE GYNECOLOGISTS would play if they were crusty and dark. The vocal tone is dead on, the hatred is there, and what with these modern times, maybe they would play the faster doom ridden crusty punk, with some on-a-dime tempo changes. Good samples, too! ($4 ppd. 8 song cassette, lyrics included. 1144 W. Turner Street, Allentown, PA 18102.) (Erin)

THE GOOD BOOK is really good punk rock, playing what would have been considered hardcore in 1984; tough, mean, straightforward, but merely fast-paced. The vocals are shouted with venom, but are still understandable. Another win for real punk rock! ($4 ppd. 5 song cassette and/or CD, lyrics included. PO Box 1108, Pt. Pleasant Beach, NJ 08742.) (Erin)

GROOVE BOX REPLICA has a Bloomington feel, from spirited singalong songs that sound like 15, to moody acoustic songs with cello, or is it a violin? I can't tell. The band is multifaceted. (10 song CD, lyrics included. 200 W. 2nd St. #1104, Reno, NV 89501.) (Erin)

KILL CONRAD combines earnest East Coast Hardcore with melodic crusty pop. It's fast, with occasional mid-tempo moments. The vocals dominate, especially when more than one of the guys is belting it out, like during the singalong choruses. (7 song CD, no lyrics included. PO Box 9145, Boston, MA 02116.) (Erin)

LOSER LIFE has a tape of punk rock songs played with a sense of urgency and emotion. The A side consists of a couple songs slated for a future 7" as well as a couple more. The B side contains their demo. The band sounds like a more melodic and pop oriented version of TORCHES TO ROME. The songs are up-tempo and pretty straight forward (no crazy hooks, tempo changes or mosh pit inducing breakdowns). The bass is all over the place, especially on the demo while the fuzzy, overdriven guitar stays away from the heavy chords, giving the songs a catchy, pop feel. The vocalist rounds it out with a sort of screaming/singing thing. The only problem is that it sounds like the tape transfer didn't go so well on the A side. (10-song cassette, with lyrics, www.punxonly.com) (Pete)

THEE MARX sound like a mid-tempo straightforward punk band. Unfortunately, I think this is a live recording, with the vocals barely registering, and the drums dominating the mix. ($2 ppd. 3 song CD, no lyrics included. 7N Prince St Apt. #3, Lancaster, PA 17602.) (Erin)

THE MOTHERFUCKERS have a cassette of sloppy, basic, up-tempo punk. The songs are sort of thrashy, three-chord numbers with a vocalist who screams with this cartoonish falsetto voice. It's not really helped by the poor recording. (7 song cassette, lyrics included, 51 Lion Lane, Haslemere, Surrey, GU27 1JF, United Kingdom, themotherlovers@hotmail.com) (Pete)

I suspect **THE PARANOID** may just be a lone maniac, programming songs into his or her computer in his or her bedroom. The recording quality is good, but the beat definitely sounds like it's coming from some sorta drum machine… I also hear, at times, guitar, keyboards, and a fair amount of samples. The music is a mix of punk, stoner rock, metal, and some weirder influences. Some of the tracks have vocals, some are just instrumental. Includes covers of Urban DK, Black Flag, and Jethro Tull, and one song called "The Hemporer." (13-song CD, no lyrics. $6 ppd: Moshpit Tragedy, 3550 Dougall Ave Box 31005, Winsor, ON, N9G 2Y2, Canada, moshpit_tragedy@yahoo.ca) (Chris)

POISON CONTROL is killer! They have rockin' instincts, but the power and aggression to keep it moving and modern. The vocals are of a mostly shouted variety, but there's more melody to it than that. It's not easy to categorize, but mostly what they remind me of is how, like THE PEDESTRIANS of Chicago, they are continuing the fine tradition of their regional sound while adding themselves into the parade of history: not just the cover band of an era long gone. Get it. ($3 ppd. 6 song cassette, lyrics included. c/o Regeneration Records and Tattoos 155 Harvard Ave., Allston, MA 02314.) (Erin)

RED MARK has early '80s punk sensibilities, drawing from AGENT ORANGE and REALLY RED, I think. It's got depth and a dismal quality, while also having a fighting spirit. Simple music, ranting clear vocals, sharp guitar, speed and energy. Fuck yeah! (Free! 5 song CD, lyrics included. 1308 Cinco St. Apt 265, Austin TX 78704.) (Erin)

THE RICH WHITE MALES play mid-tempo poppy and snotty punk rock. The vocals are too up-front in the mix, but when the singing stops, the gui-

tar takes over and the rhythm section stays buried in the back. But, when they get that worked out, it sounds fun and energetic, and properly full of attitude. ($2 ppd. 4 song CD, lyrics included. 5810 Amaya Drive, La Mesa CA 91942.) (Erin)

RYAN SOTOMAYOR AND THE WELL BEHAVED is a one-man project of sad and sappy pop songs that have a soundtrack feel to them. Lots of ambiance and texture to the songs in a low-light, alone-in-your-room kind of way. And, one dollar from each CD sale will go towards buying his Dad a chainsaw. Never seen that before… (4 song CD, no lyrics included. PO Box 35056, Juneau, AK 99803.) (Erin)

SEE YOU IN HELL has this tape of their LP songs, the split 7" with MASS GENOCIDE PROCESS, and the split tape with HOMO CONSUMENS released by Not Very Nice records from Troy, MI. The band is from the Czech Republic, and play awesome driving crusty thrashed-out hardcore. The recordings are clear and sound fabulous without sounding slick or losing any power. It's a great place to start if you've been missing this boat. ($3 ppd US /$4 ppd world. 16 song cassette, lyrics included. 5726 Sussex Ct., Troy, MI 48098.) (Erin)

STEP ON IT, from Hungary, unleashes 28 tracks of brutal metallic thrash. Tight and powerful with good recording, the music alternates between blasts of speed and more measured rockin' metal riffs. Vocals range from frantic screaming to guttural growls. Most songs hover around the one-minute mark. Nice job guys, but don't think I didn't notice you ripped that intro off of Survivor's "Eye of the Tiger"! ($6 ppd: 28-song CD, no lyrics. Moshpit Tragedy, 3550 Dougall Ave Box 31005, Winsor, ON, N9G 2Y2, Canada, moshpit_tragedy@yahoo.ca) (Chris)

THANX FOR NUTHIN plays mid-tempo hardcore, with the energy intact. It's slow enough to understand the lyrics, which are sung for the most part with some aggression, but lots of annunciation! Solid. ($3 ppd. 5 song CD, lyrics included. PO Box 233, N. San Juan, CA 95960.) (Erin)

TROUBLE MAKE plays earnest punk rock, mostly mid-tempo and fast parts trading off. The vocals change around, at times sounding like a young Kevin Seconds, and sometimes more like he's making a speech. The vocals are heavily up front in the recording. ($1.50 ppd. 6 song CD, lyrics included. 4303 11th Ave. E, Bradenton, FL 34208.) (Erin)

"Life of Monotony" is a tape compilation consisting of six bands from Minneapolis. THE AGENDA starts it off with two sloppy but driving punk rock tunes. BABY GUTS has three similar, bass driven songs but with snotty female vocals that get a bit out of control at times. GANGLION changes things up with a couple of metal inspired grindcore songs and a vocalist that reminds me of the guy from FILTH. The MOJO SPLEENS are the most interesting band, sounding like an instrumental surf version of the MINUTEMEN. FRIENDLY brings it back to more typical punk with two songs in the vein of ARTICLES OF FAITH. Lastly, DAISY'S COMPACT MICE play stripped down (really stripped down) basic punk songs. It's not the greatest thing but I'm a sucker for tape compilations. (15-song cassette, lyrics included. Tim Lunning, PO Box 6371, Minneapolis, MN 55406) (Pete)

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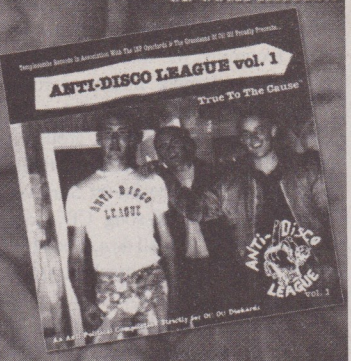

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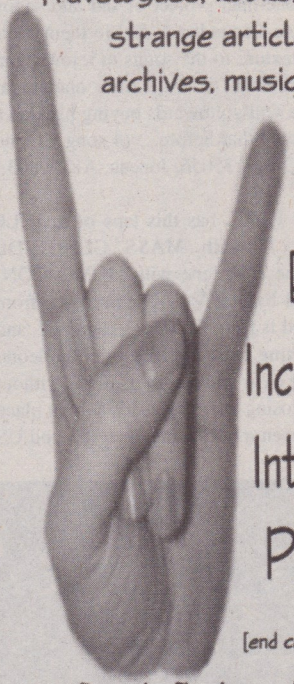

the Ever Increasing Interview Project

[end communication]

www.feastofhateandfear.com

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http://www.byofl.org

ZINES

Reviews by: Julia Booze (JB), Paul Curran (PC), Mikel Delgado (MD), Layla Gibbon (LG), Cassie Harwood (CH), Chris Hubbard (CS), Harald Hartmann (HH), Nick Mangel (NM), Jeff Mason (JM), Golnar Nikpour (GN), Casey Ress (CR), Andy Shoup (AS), Thera Webb (TW).

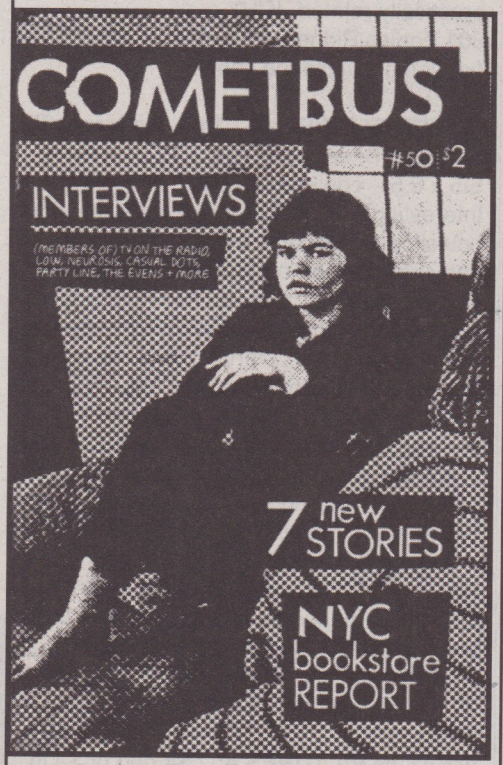
Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

ADIJO PAMET #12 / $2 or trade
11 x 8 – printed – 28 pgs – Croatian
This fanzine consists mostly of interviews including the Vibrators, Pankrti, Argy Bargy, Jonathan Richman, and finally the Briefs. There are also a bunch of record reviews and a few ads. (HH)
Adijo Pamet / Gunduliceva 12 / 44320 Kutina / Croatia
adijopamet@yahoo.com

BORN 20 YEARS TOO LATE #7 / $1 + postage
8.5 x 11 – copied – 16 pgs
Cool! I was stoked to get this zine for review again. Full of killer black and white, cut and paste drawings and pictures. Full of words and typos all over the place. This shit is cool. Basically a zine full of interviews with lots of older, mostly broken up bands. Read this issue for interviews with Simon from Alternative Attack, Javier from Brazilian punk band Armagedom, Gizz from Destructors & English Dogs, Legion of Parasites, Acrostix from Japan, and Lebenden Toten. Tons of record reviews too. (CH)
Jo / 92 Riel / Gatineau, QC / J8y 5y2 / Canada
theamebix@yahoo.com

BROKEN PENCIL #33 / $5.95
8.5 x 11 – printed – 76 pgs
As someone who loves food, cooking, and reading about food and cooking, I was hoping for more from this. There were a few interesting articles on independent cafes/eateries, and the politics of eating locally, but a lot of the writing in the magazine seems either self-serving, nothing new, or pretty dull. The second half is all reviews of music, books, and zines, little of it having much to do with punk rock. I did really like the test kitchen review of vegan cookbooks, but I can always do without pretentious poems. (MD)
PO Box 203, Stn P / Toronto ONT / M5S 2S7 Canada
www.brokenpencil.com

COMETBUS #50 / $2
5.5x8.5 printed 92pgs
Issue 50, starts pretty strong with letters and band member interviews, although the interviews are mainly kind of depressing—meaning that the questions focus mainly on



suicide and wanting to hurt your bandmates and/or fans. There is also an uncomfortable moment when somebody is confronted with the idea that people have sex while listening to their band. Good stuff. There are also seven new stories that are really awesome, well written, and short enough to be really enjoyable, and a lengthy report on bookstores in New York City, which I particularly enjoyed. In addition, there are more letters that Aaron dug up from his, apparently, cat piss filled room, that he thought were touching and fitting to be in the big 5-0 issue. Duh, *Cometbus* is a good zine with unique angles and cool information, but that doesn't mean next month I'll be happy about getting three rip offs of this issue to review. (TW)
(There is a confusing line about the closed PO Box being open now, and the previously open on being closed. so I have no idea what that means as to getting in touch with him.)

DIRGE #1 / $1 (US), $2 (World), or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
Cool little zine from NYC covering the crustier side of life. Not a lot of in-depth anything but there's an interview with Venezuelan punx Drömdead, a handful of reviews, and a New York photo scene report. Nice cut 'n' paste aesthetic, though some of the stuff looks to be taken from the internet (argh). My favorite was the fucking weird comics that were clearly produced under the effects of some sort of hallucinogen. (CS)
c/o Eugene / 147 Rugby Rd. / Brooklyn, NY 11226
projectileppuke@yahoo.com

DOLL #232 / $?
7.5 x 10.5 – printed – 132 pgs
Ah, another month, another issue of *DOLL*, Japan's long-running, thrash silly, glossy-covered magazine. Of course, I can't really read much of this (just the keywords in each interview that are in English), but that doesn't stop me from looking at every colorful page. This month, there are interviews with Cold World, Onslaught, No Use For a Name, and Grupo Sub-1 (reprinted from *MRR*), as well as a cover feature and massive discography of mid/late-'70s New York City punk and proto-punk. If you happen to come across this and like looking at ads for what Japanese record stores have in stock, or pictures of records—and who doesn't?—don't hesitate. (GN)
www.doll-mag.co.jp

DON'T HAVE A COW #4 / $3 or donation
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 60 pgs
I often really enjoy reading through some-

one's thought processes—how they make decisions about how to live their life and see those decisions to fruition. John shares a lot of ideas and experiences of how he decided to become vegan, then moved to a farm with plans of starting an animal sanctuary. In addition to lots of recipes with variations and notes, (which I always appreciate, as it shows the creator of the recipe really put thought into their cooking) there is a lot of commentary on consumerism and animal rights, well written and informative without preaching. A few thoughts—one—why buy food in bulk from Amazon.com? If you want to truly support alternatives, stay away from the Wal-Mart of the internet and order from your local co-op! Two, the second recipe was a huge turn off for me, as it suggested making "maple syrup" with artificial maple flavoring and corn syrup (one of the most evil foods on the planet!)—luckily this recipe was really out of sync with the rest of the cookbook portion of this zine. Finally, my personal plea—please don't feed your kitties vegan food—dogs may be okay with it, but it's really not safe for cats. Lots of things to think about within, highly recommended. (MD)
John Johnson / PO Box 8145 / Reno, NV 89507
zinester@gmail.com

FORMIGA ROJA #9, #11, #12 / $?
8.5 x 12 – printed – 4 pgs
This appears to be a newsletter of sorts from Spain. Everything's *en Espagnol* so I can't really say for sure, but each issue has reviews, extremely brief interviews (like 1/4 to 1/2 page features), and long lists of zines, distributors, and classified ads. Apparently these folks have a distro as well because there are CDs for sale too. This is probably worth checking out if you're located in Europe and/or speak Spanish. (CS)
PO Box 33 / 08292 Esparregvera (BCN) / Spain

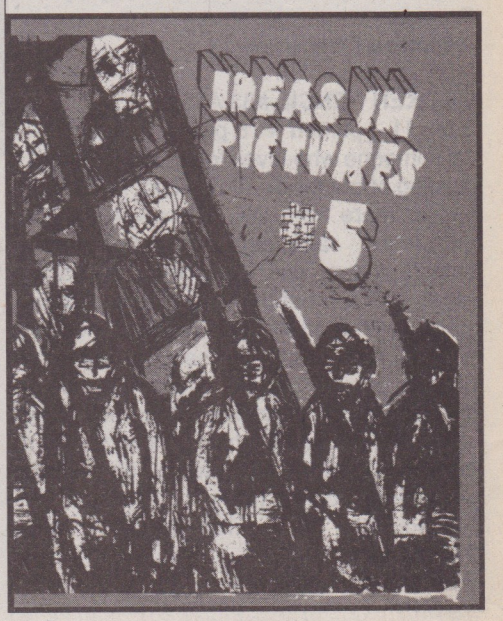
GO METRIC #21 / $2
8.5x11 – printed – 88 pgs
This is a monster of a magazine. Lots going on to stimulate your little pea of a brain. I didn't have have time to read the whole thing all the way through but I'm working on it, okay?!! There is a great interview with Craig Ums about his rising status as the United States Air Guitar National Champion. Congratulations man! A story about a boys' left nut blowing up to the size of a melon. Comparative "Battle of the Bands" with Germs cs. Green Day, and "A Beginner's Guide to Motörhead." Also much, *much* more...comics, stories, reviews...*MRR* columnist Bill Florio also contributes to this mag, so the two are practically related. (CH)
801 Eagles Ridge Rd / Brewster, NY 10509 / gogometric@yahoo.com

GUTTERFLOWER #6 / $1 + 2 stamps, $2 outside US, or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs
Interestingly, almost all the reviews mention power violence and this a page after a heavy discussion of dealing with the death of a distanced, very unhealthy mother. When a zine jumps from serious to silly in a page it can be startling but it works because of the tone through out of disappearing and reappearing "I" narrative. It is unclear whether there are contributors but if not the writer is all over the place. She speaks on having a DIY wedding, small excerpts of growing into Satanism as a response to being dragged along to dad's KKK church BBQ, and an interview with a fellow who hangs himself from hooks that almost made me puke! (JB)
Gutterflower c/o BakoZines / PO Box 30117 / Bakersfield, CA 93385

IDEAS IN PICTURES #5 / $4 ppd or $3 in person
7.25 x 8.5 – printed – 40 pgs
I am taken by the heaviness of ink drawings of business men lying in circles, or hoola hoopers ignoring the planes dropping bombs overhead, mixed with the spare words, but what writing there is speaks on "freedom," warfare, conversations at art openings, or lessons in communicating with geniuses. We have several voices and artists working towards some understanding of talking through an image. I liked that blogging, or using google as a verb (with the times) both are contrasted by the quality of offset printing (the blacks are true black and the greys tempered with a grainy quality) and two-colored screenprinted covers. The art really is masterful, so consider skipping your coffee for two days to afford the cover price. A quote: "I tried to explain how as one who has endured all the phases of the night, I wasn't the sort to be easily swayed off course."(JB)
Colin Matthes / PO Box 510214 / Milwaukee, WI 53203
www.ideasinpictures.org

MORGENMUFFEL #15 / $3 ppd
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 28 pgs
Sometimes you read a zine and it makes you really want to hang out with the editor, because they seem totally rad, smart, and fun. That's how I felt when I read *Morgenmuffel*. This is comics and stories of travels and involvement in a local collective, free skools and more. It's all very heartfelt, well drawn, and interesting. Isy will be producing a vegan cookzine soon as well, so watch for that. (MD)
PO Box 74 / Brighton, East Sussex / BN1 4ZQ / United Kingdom
katchoo63@yahoo.co.uk

MUTATED ARMS #1 / SASE or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 12pgs
Either this is the best zine I've read in a long time, or it's some art school irony crap. I believe (hope) that this is the real thing. Rants about 2-Stepping ("it's like some guy trying to prove he know karates") and "Bansky" (Banksy) who is "probably just some wannabe cult dudes who got together to make art and pretend to be against society." Pure genius. Also there is an example of "real art," an interview with the



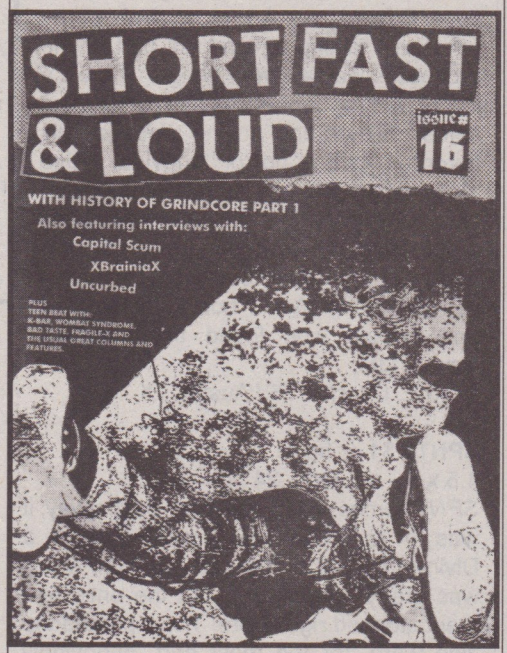
band Rabies that has some...creative questions, and a fact vs. fiction page with this gem "Fiction: folk-punk. Fact: Swimming pools can contain water." Replete with horrible spelling and teenage outrage, this reminds me of the first zine I ever read. (TW)
26072 Alejandro Drive / Valencia, CA 91355

OUR RULES #2 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20pgs
According to the back cover, *Our Rules* is "all about the GOODMOSH." I guess that's cool. Pretty much this zine is full of interviews and reviews (of books, TV shows, actual shows, and movies). Not too much to say here, it seems like this zine is East Coast (Pittsfield), which is fine. The writing is good and intelligent, and there's some political info on the front inside cover, as well as a list of songs that are about nuclear war. (TW)
Josh Landes / 14 Gaston Dr. / Pittsfield, MA 01201
bender2337@hotmail.coma

OX FANZINE #68 / $8
11 x 8 – printed – 140 pgs – German
This latest issue of *Ox* includes plenty of interviews with such bands as NoMeansNo, Bellrays, Samiam, Jane County, Lemonheads, and plenty others both known and unknown. Of course one of the best features of this fanzine are the hundreds of new record reviews. There are just pages and pages of them including lots of cool ads. Also in this fanzine are the usual columns, and articles on the international punk scene. Finally, this fanzine offers it's customary free CD sampler this one offering 31 cuts by mostly unknown bands from around the world. (HH)
PO Box 102225 / 42766 Haas / Germany
www.ox-fanzine.de

PUBICK OCCURANCES #8 / $1
5.5 x 4.25 – copied - 24 pgs
Pubick Occurances is a peculiar zine comprised entirely of hand drawn reproductions from a high school yearbook. Danny has gone through eight yearbooks now rechronicling the faces in those books. Bad hair, strange smiles, out of proportion heads, all the nuances that make a yearbook so strange are detailed in this little zine. Nicely done. (CR)
746 E. 5th St. #23 / Tucson, AZ 85719
bullmooseallstar@yahoo.com

Q FOR TREASON #10 / $2 US or CAN and $4 int'l
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 30 pgs
If only there were more pictures, sometimes the story isn't enough when you are teased with grainy photocopied reproductions of worn out signs entering ghost towns, that read warnings to newcomers and women to beware of the bachelors. This zine discovers old miner towns in Vancouver but the stories focus on the getting there and less on the histories of the towns but give references in the form of websites to visit. I love a traveling zine, but



I think this one would've been better just giving me the histories with the hitchhiking, strange conversations, and tribulative decision making passages. I'd love to go and drink the water from the spring, too. There is loneliness, fascination, getting your walkings worth. (JB)
Reece / 2028 E 12th Ave. / Vancouver, BC V5N2A8

RADIATION SICKNESS #1 / trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 14 pgs
Goddamn, I am a sucker for this stuff. All content no filler. Interviews with bands of the thrash/crust ilk, including Deathcharge, After the Bombs, and Hjerte Stop, reviews of said genre music and zines, and that killer grainy black and white collage background. It is short and sweet, but there is great potential here. (NM)
Jim Finlayson / PO Box 231004 / Boston, MA 02123

SERYOGA ROCKER #1 / $4
8 x 6 – printed – 56 pgs – Russian
There are a few interviews in this fanzine including the bands the Queers, King Kongs, Sector 4, the Hates, and Nazis From Mars. There are also a few articles that I could not understand with some cool graphics. But what is most interesting about this fanzine is the the gap the editor writes about between the politically correct and politically incorrect within the punk scene itself. The editor describes how drinking a beer at a show means one risks being attacked or humiliated by the straight-edgers. Check this fanzine out. It is pretty cool. (HH)
Hamitov Fedor / PO Box 2867 / Volgograd 400107 / Russia

SHORT FAST & LOUD #16 / $3 US, $4 Mex/Can, $6 world
8.5 x 11 – printed – 88 pgs
This music mag features large print in the interviews and columns, for the older / visually impaired punks. The interviews are all right, nothing crucial; they talk with Uncurbed, XbrainiaX, and reformed Belgian bandana thrashers Capital Scum. Columnists discuss Latin American vacations (with some history mixed in); the Maryland Death Fest; Japanese records from the '80s that you'll never see for sale; metal; noise; and the righteousness of doing hella drugs, puking, and fighting at shows, etc. The second half is reviews and ads; there is a demo review section as well. I didn't find this issue to be extra-special, but I'd buy it anyway. Even a "blah" *SF&L* is still packing enough thrash coverage, party war tales, and fighting cops stories to be on my mandatory purchase list. (JM)
225 Lincoln Ave. / Cotati, CA 94931

SHOTGUN SEAMSTRESS: A ZINE BY AND FOR BLACK PUNKS #1 / $1.50
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs
The cover of this zine—which looks great by the way, kind of like an early-'80s Lower East Side art collage—proclaims "RIP: Toni Young." The zine answers my first question (Who is Toni Young?) right away. Evidentally, Toni was the bass player in early-'80s DCHC bands Peer Pressure, Dove, and Red C. She also produced a Double-O record, and set up tons of shows. She died in 1986 of pneumonia, due to lack of health insurance. I thought the short piece on Toni was really interesting and moving. I am really into punk history, and especially histories of punk that dig deep to find the radical, marginal, freaky voices that have been inherent to the punk scene since day one. There were bands like the Brat from East LA or Alien Kulture from the UK who wrote as poignantly about being immigrants (Mexican and Pakistani,

respectively) as anyone, queer punks through the ages who have been making and remaking their image of punk, and black punks and other punks of color who have fucked with the status quo of white punk culture (not to mention bullshit mainstream culture) since day one. Of course, this is not to mention the zillions of third world punx whose daily life and commitment to punk ethics makes what most of us do in the US look kind of silly. *Shotgun Seamstress* deals very directly with race in the punk scene (as well as gender and sexuality), but not in a pedantic or two-dimensional way—there are interviews with queer punk zinester and musician Adee Licious and with delicious Bay Area hearthrob Brontez (of *Fag School* zine and Gravy Train), personal writings dealing with the zine editor's friendship relationships, and a piece about the *Afro Punk* movie. I don't see the need for more zines dealing with race (or gender, or sexuality) issues as an identity politics thing, but as a human need for more three-dimensional, radical representations of punk life, so I was super stoked on getting this zine for review. Overall, I read this pretty voraciously and look forward to more issues from Osa. My only bit of constructive criticism is that I would like to see longer pieces—from the interviews, to the historical stuff, to the personal stuff—where there would be more room to explore some of the stuff she's writing about. (GN)
Osa / 5225 N. Concord Ave. / Portland, OR 97217
osaisyourfriend@yahoo.com

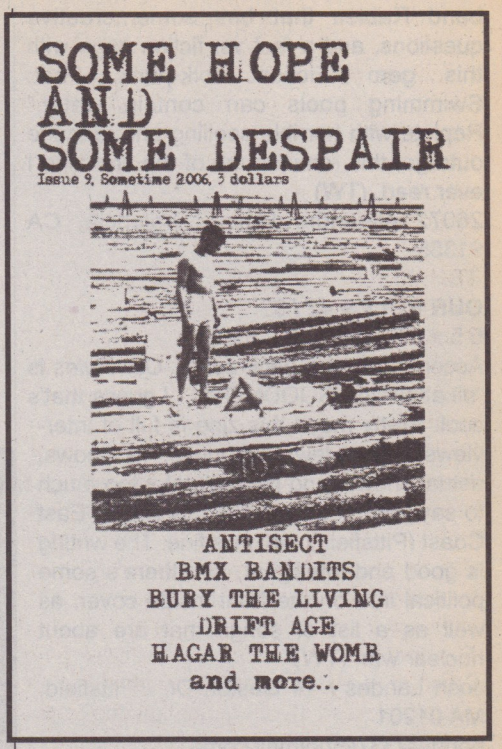
SLINGSHOT #92 / $1, trade, free to prisoners
17 x 22 – printed – 15 pgs
Slingshot is always dependable for an update on all things revolutionary and activist in the US (it generally is US based stuff). This issue covers a lot of stuff dealing with the green scare, which has been a particularly important issue in *MRR*'s home region. Also coverage of the many issues dealing with civil rights, homeland security and the subsequent arrests, violations of aforesaid rights. It's a lot to take in, but it's always an invigorating read. (NM)
3124 Shattuck Ave / Berkeley, CA 94705

SMILE, YOU'RE IN BALTIMORE! #8 / $3 US, $5 World
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 48 pgs
Apparently they won the "Best Zine 2004" in the Baltimore City Paper. Its not hard to see why such a local publication would love these guys, a lot of the content is based on that fine old city, (which I have to say I liked when I was there). Includes everything from coverage of crab eating contests, poetry, filmmakers, writings, etc. Not really my cup of tea but seems fun enough. (NM)
PO Box 11064 / Baltimore, MD 21212

SOME HOPE AND SOME DESPAIR #9 / $3
8.5 x 11 – copied – 36 pgs
This thing is filled with writing—there's no fancy layout and not many pictures to take up space. Antisect, Bury the Living, and Hagar the Womb (among others) are interviewed. If the interviews aren't all they could be, it's because the respondents aren't up to answering the questions. Editor Lance knows a lot about the folks he's talking to, and his part of the process is way above average. There's a lot of writing about movies, including some reviews and a long piece on his favorite Asian horror movies. Also reviewed are old and new punk releases, and Austin eateries. The writing is mostly pretty good, but not great enough to separate me from three bucks. But it is recommended for Asian horror movie fans and people who loved the previous issues. (JM)
1730 E. Oltorf #135 / Austin, TX 78741

SPNT / $1 or trade
4.5 x 6 – copied – 24 pgs
SPNT comes with a cassette. By the way, it was a recorded-over "cassingle" of a Divinyls tape in a TLC cassette box, which was pretty entertaining, but the entertainment stopped right there. The tape and the zine were, for the most part, annoyingly chaotic, complain-y garbage. I mean, there were little bits here and there that made you stop, and go, "okay, if they took that little morsel of a song or a story and made it into an *utterly different* kind of structure, then yeah, it might of worked," but as it was, no way. I'm being harsh, I know, but this one, like so many other zines I see, actually has little kernels of potential I can picture developing way down the road, but the zinemaker and the musician (same person, I think) totally need practice. (AS)
96 Bulfinch Rd / Lynn, MA 01902

TALES OF BLARG! #9 / $5
8.5 x 10.5 – printed – 48 pgs
As time goes by, I've seen the decline in the number of zines sent in for review, and conversely an increase in the number of comics sent in. Whether this is an example of the effect that blogs have had on zines, or just a shifting of interests, every month I get five to ten comics that have no business being reviewed by *Maximum*. This is a punk magazine and the zines that we review must have some relationship with



punk, so an emo crybaby story about your ex-girlfriend's cat, doesn't belong here. On the other hand, *Tales of Blarg!* is exactly the sort of comic that belongs in this review section. It's a punk comic and it's fucking great. I laughed all the way through this, from the recounting of the baby mummy of Gilman, through the Anatomy of The Psycho Ex, to the suggestion of The Outsiders being recast with Crusties and Hipsters (the Crusties win, always). The whole issue is filled with hilarious stories illustrated in great fashion mostly by Janelle, but also with the contributions of Jeff Heerman, Heather Jewett, and Viginia Pelley and Mike Desert. If all comics were like this, we could do away with zines altogether! (CR)
Janelle / PO Box 4047 / Berkeley, CA 94707
www.gimmeaction.com

TAZEWELL'S FAVORITE ECCENTRIC #5 / $2
2.5 x 3 – copied – 24 pgs
I have to admit, when I saw the cover of this zine—a crude drawing of a crying girl wearing a t-shirt with a broken heart, with lettering proclaiming this to be "The Breakup Issue"—I cringed. Wouldn't you? But there is actually some decent writing in here from a variety of perspectives (different writers, I'm assuming) about loss and heartbreak. An overwrought, cliché-ridden topic if ever there was one, but the best of the writing deals with body image, sexuality, and gender in interesting—and even moving—ways, though the worst of the writing deals

with the topic in hopelessly corny, poetry-addled ways. There you have it—you know if this is for you or if reading another perzine will make you want to run for the hills. (GN)
Sarah Arrr! / PO Box 816 N. Tazewell, VA 24630
piratesarah@gmail.com

TBH #3 / $10 ppd (N. America, $15 ppd (World)
8.5 x 11 – printed – 36 pgs
Wow. This zine is fucking excellent from start to finish. Clearly a lot of time was spent putting it together, and it shows—from the artwork to the caliber of the interviews to the print quality. And the layout is beautifully simple and blunt in the hardcore tradition. The focus leans a bit towards straight edge/NYHC-type bands, but not exclusively by any means—there are also interviews with the Pedestrians and Terminal State, and a wide-ranging Chicago scene report—and the author actually asks interesting, challenging questions and lets the bands explain themselves (for better or worse). Awesome. Plus there are a ton of photos and flyer reproductions, and a few bits of content from old zines from the '80s at the end. *Plus*, 500 copies come with a compilation EP featuring Expired Youth, Urban Blight, Raining Bricks, Terminal State, 86 Mentality, and Left Hand Path (all who are interviewed in the zine). I like the bit on Community vs. Technology: "It's easier now more than ever for people to exchange ideas, learn about bands, and trade music but none of it is tangible. Emails have replaces letters, file sharing has replaced tape trading, and webzines have replaced fanzines. What is going to be left for us to hand down to future generations?" This is one fine piece of work that proves people are still producing worthwhile art in the instant-gratification age of the internet. I suggest you act fast for the record, but when it sells out, copies of the zine are still available for $4 ppd, so pick it up either way. (CS)
c/o Jeff Klepper / 2271 Hiram Dr. / Wheaton, IL 60187
jeffklepper@gmail.com

TOOTHWORM #1 / $?
7 x 8.5 – copied – 30 pgs
A well-done per-zine out of Bloomington, Indiana. *Toothworm* is a potpourri of DIY advice (guitar chords, finger picking, and home recording), writings on sexual identity and rape awareness, and personal anecdotes that are interesting to read. I like the stark/dark/funny/sexual drawings and xerox art too. Nice! (PC)
909 W. 9th St. / Bloomington, IN 47404

WELCOME TO FLAVOR COUNTRY #9 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs
So Kurt moves from Indiana to Seattle, writes a bunch of letters to Shannon, doesn't ever send them, and decides to put them in a zine. Maybe if I was Shannon I would find this interesting, but I'm not and I don't. There is a difference between a zine and a creative writing piece; this is the latter. (CR)
Kurt Morris / 8820 Stone Ave. N #301 / Seattle, WA 98103

WORGINK FOR FREE / $4 "or equal trade"
5.5 x 8.75 – copied – 50 pgs
Subtitled "An Ocular Binge of Gig Art," (and yes, that is how the title of the zine is spelled), what you get are flyers this guy drew for shows (some of which he booked) in upstate NY. Some of the drawings are pretty intricate and rad. This is a good investment if you book shows and have weak flyers—just copy the pictures and put your own info over the original. The artist also does the zine Coldhandsdeadheart, so if you've seen that you'll be familiar with his style. (JM)
Mike Twohig / 145 Meadow Farm North / North Chili, NY 14514
m_twohig@hotmail.com

XEROGRAPHY DEBT #20 / $3 US, $5 world
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 48 pgs
A zine lover's zine. *Xerography Debt* is essentially a zine full of zine reviews, but what makes it more interesting is the way it is broken up into different reviewer's sections, laid out kinda like the columns in *MRR*. Each writer gets to pontificate about zines in general while also reviewing specific zines, giving *Xerography Debt* a more human feel and a very inviting read. Huzzah! (PC)
Davida Gypsy Breier / PO Box 11064 / Baltimore, MD 21212
davida@ leekinginc.com / www.leekinginc.com

YELLOW CARDIGAN #1 / $2, trades accepted
8.5 x 7 – printed – 32 pgs
Yellow Cardigan is an "art and culture zine" from New York City. There are interviews with Dr. Frank of the Mr. T Experience, the Steinways, vintage B-movie purveyors Something Weird Video, and articles on an online art gallery, Alfred Hitchcock, and the Scribner Building. I support the author producing a zine about what he "earnestly regard[s] as awesome" and hope for his personal fulfillment that he continues to do so—honestly—but if I was living in New York and his was the art and culture I was experiencing, I'd probably fucking shoot myself. Also, the layout is so boring it makes the *Wall Street Journal* look like Dada. (CS)
179 Claremont Ave. #20 / New York, NY 10027
www.yellowcardigan.com

YOU DON'T GET THERE FROM HERE #1 / $2
4 x 5.5 – copied – 28 pgs
The writer of this comic diary tries to deflect any accusations of being a *Snakepit* copycat by admitting that that's exactly what she was going for. But still I ask, why bother? We already have *Snakepit,* and it has its own thing going on that everyone knows. Even so, I suppose it would be possible to do a daily, three-panel autobiographical comic strip and make it your own awesome, unique thing, but *You Don't Get There from Here* fails to do that. Not much happens in the writer's life, apparently—acupuncture, green tea, cats—and even run-ins with real live rattlesnakes don't manage to make very interesting comics, and the drawing style itself is also a *Snakepit* ripoff and thus fails to show any true personality. Sigh. (PC)
Carrie McNinch / PO Box 49403 / LA, CA 90049

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-Jello Biafra, DKs/Alternative Tentacles, etc.
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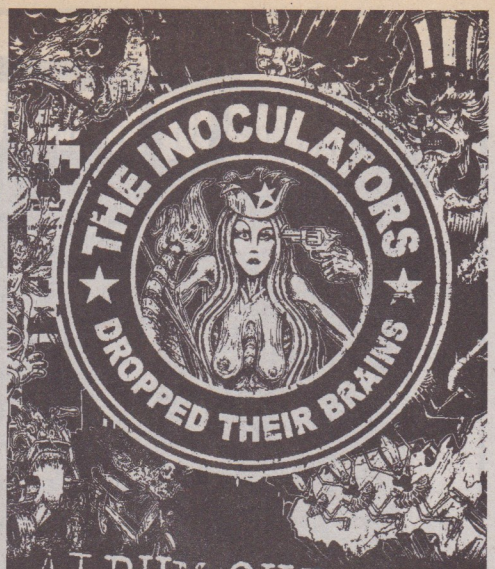

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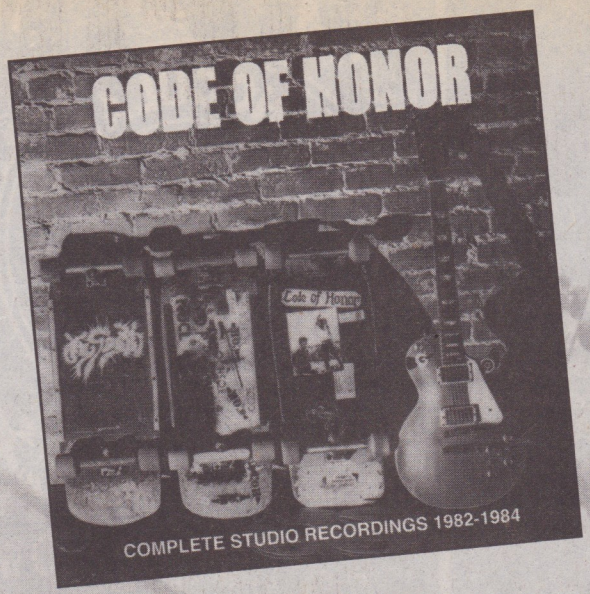

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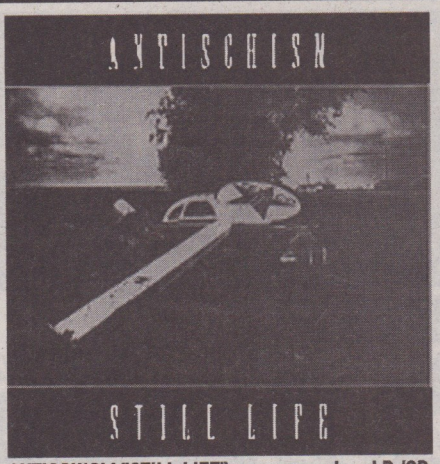

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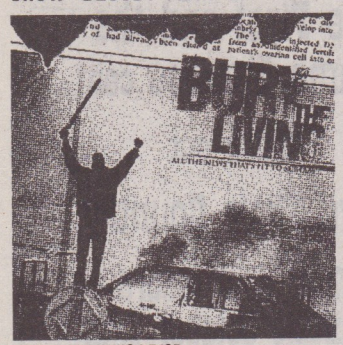

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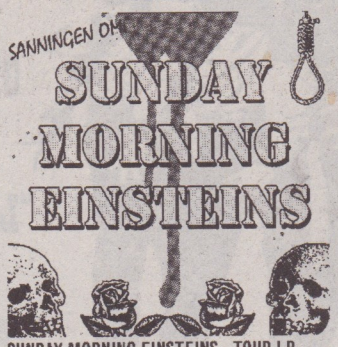

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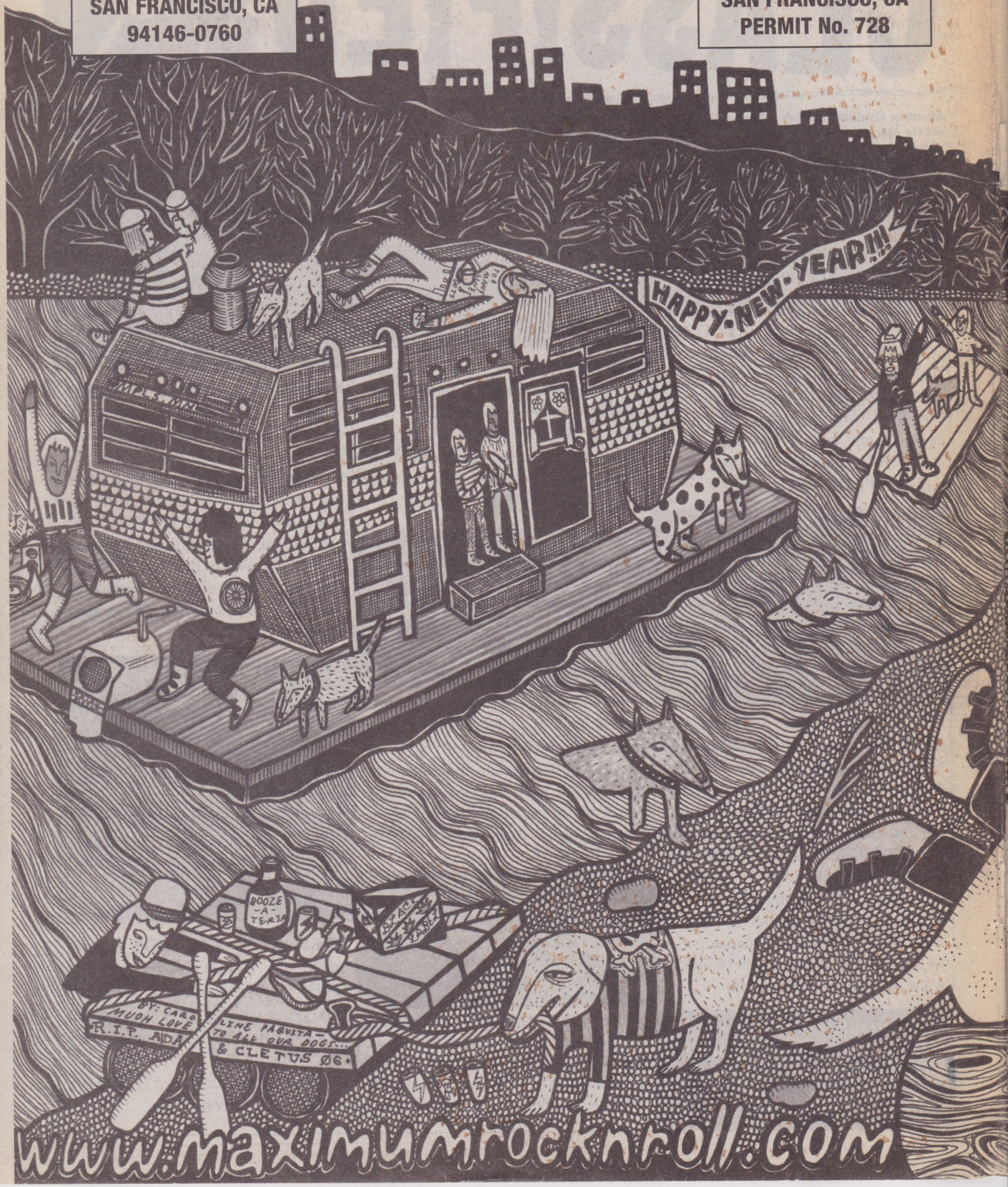

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